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PREFACE.

THE return of Christmas gives us an opportunity of congratulating our readers upon the steady progress which the cause of Welsh literature and Welsh nationality has made during the year now about to close. The appointment of a Welsh-speaking Bishop to the see of Bangor, after the lapse of a century and a half, during which time our legislators have been patiently expecting the annihilation of the vernacular language of the Principality, is a strong testimony to the frailty of human predictions and human exertions, where heaven does not co-operate. Let the mass of our countrymen continue to worship their God, and read His Holy Word in the venerable language of their fathers, and those who are in the habit of decrying it as an obstacle to wordly advancement, will be driven sooner or later to exclaim with Balaam—"How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied?"—(*Numbers* xxiii. 8.)

The Cambrian Institute has all along consistently and strongly advocated the claims of Wales, and it is presumed that the papers which have from time to time appeared in its Journal will have opened the eyes of not a few to the fact that our dear native land does possess a history and literature, which it would be worth while thoroughly to investigate. The time will come, accelerated possibly by the demands of foreign scholars, when

the great bulk of our literary treasures, now hidden in MSS. will yet see the light of day. The Welsh MSS. Society has brought within our reach a few excellent works, but from want of proper support, its progress has been necessarily slow. The Government has also undertaken to publish some of our old manuscripts, but as these must be of a certain class, illustrative of the history of Britain, works of a different character, of which we have many, will remain untouched. When will the GREAL be published? There is but one copy of this work extant—described in the Hengwrt Catalogue as "Y Greal; the exploits of Arthur and his Warriors; written in the 6th year of Henry I., in a beautiful hand. Vellum, quarto, five inches thick." Surely if the value of this compilation were properly appreciated, every effort would be made to promote its publication. We sincerely trust that the Members of the Cambrian Institute will exert themselves in respect of this volume especially—having before their eyes the calamitous fires at Havod and Wynnstay. The respected owner will, we doubt not, give them every facility for the furtherance of a design so praiseworthy.

In the course of last year a Welsh Quarterly, having the same object as the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL, but intended chiefly for those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the English language, has been established. The propriety of this step has been abundantly sanctioned by the country. All who love Wales have thus an opportunity of exchanging their sentiments on its antiquities, general literature, and future welfare.

We beg to thank those friends who have helped to fill the present Volume, and entreat a continuance of their kind offices. *Byddwch wych.*

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN EILIR.

(VERNAL EQUINOX.)

ON THE ADVANTAGES ACCRUING TO ENGLISHMEN FROM A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

By GWILLYM BRONLLYS.

[This Essay was sent too late for competition.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.]

BEFORE entering fully into the proposed essay upon the above stated subject, it will be as well to consider briefly and cursorily the nature and origin of the language in question,—the mere attempt to do which would open a field so wide, were we to dilate thereon, that the limits necessarily of an essay would be far inadequate for the purpose,—we should be obliged to enter in detail into the various views adopted by the different learned scholars who for years have given the study of the origin of the Welsh language their deepest attention.

There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has attempted to investigate its origin, that the Welsh language is one of the most ancient in modern Europe. This is clearly and admirably proved by Mr. Stephens'

able essay on *The Literature of the Kymry*. We of the present day still speak the language of our first parents, but modified, altered, and estranged from that original tongue, according to the portion of the great field of human labour which we inhabit.

Scripture teaches us that Noah had three sons,—Shem, Ham, and Japhet; and that by them was the world repeopled. From one of these sons must we then be descended; from thence must necessarily be the earliest origin of our language. From which then does the etymology and analogy of the Welsh language prove it to be derived? The received assumption is, from the descendants of Shem and Japhet. This assumption is amply borne out by some of our ablest writers. There can be no doubt that the Chaldean language was the primitive language of man up to the time of the dispersion at Babel. This became divided into Syriac and Hebrew, from the former of which, more than the latter, most of the words in the Celtic and other European languages are derived.

If we consider the European languages as a whole, there can be no doubt "that they point to some more ancient language, which was to them what Latin was to the Romance dialect; only that at that early period there was no literature to preserve to us some remnants of that mother tongue that died in giving birth to the modern archaic dialects, such as Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Windic, and Celtic. Yet, if there be any truth in inductive reasoning, that language was once a living language, spoken in Asia, by a small tribe, nay originally by a small family, living under one and the same roof, as the language of Camocus, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Dante, was once spoken by a few peasants, who had built their huts on the seven hills near the Tibris."[1]

Prichard, Pictet, Meyer, Diefenbach, and, more recently, De Belloguet, in his *Ethnogravie Gaulois ou Memoires*

[1] Comparative Mythology, by Max Müller, M.A.—*Oxford Essays*, 1856.

Critiques sur l'Origine et la Parentè des Cimmerians, des Cimbres, des Ombres, des Belges, des Ligures, et des Anciens Celtes, together with the able researches of the Venerable Archdeacon Williams, as displayed in his *Gomer*, and many others, all indisputably point to the origin of the Welsh language as that which is above stated.

The traditions, also, of the Principality, as handed down for generations, corroborate this supposition; for Taliesin says,—

> "A numerous race and fierce esteemed
> First colonized thee, Britain chief of Isles,
> Men of Asia from the land of Gafis."[2]

After alluding to the original connection of the Semitic, (Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Egyptian, &c.,) and the Indo-European languages, Mr. Woodward, in his *History of Wales*, states that, in a number of words which were found in use by the aborigines of the new continent, whose roots or simplest forms were related to roots in the languages of the old continent, two-fifths of which were directly connected with the Celtic.

The "Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain"[3] informs us that there have been three languages: the first that which Adam spoke in Paradise, and which he lost when he ate the apple through the deceit of the devil; the second was that of the prophet Moses when he passed through the Red Sea, and this tongue is that used by the prophets for 3000 years; the third language is that of the Cymry, which was that of Enos, son of Seth, son of Adam, who was the first man born after the expulsion of Adam from Paradise. It came to the Cymry through Japhet, the son of Noah, whose descendants brought it from the ends of the world when the confusion of tongues took place among those who built the castle of Babel, which was a tower of prodigious size, and displeasing to the Holy Spirit; whence came to pass the corruption and imperfection of all tongues in the world, except that of the Welsh.

[2] Near the Sea of Azof.

[3] See Taliesin by Nash, p. 145.

Of the three primeval tongues, the one is used in Heaven by God, the saints, and the angels; the second in the Holy Scriptures; and the third is the Cymraeg, or Welsh, and is used at this day in its genuine form and condition by the Cymry of the Island of Britain. All other languages are imperfect, ignoble, and half-witted, and neither song nor poetry can be composed in them, because they were taught by the devil at the tower of Babel. To the same cause is attributed the poetical inspiration of the Cymric bards.

The language itself is one full of copiousness of expression, melodious in tone, and admirably adapted to the most fertile imagination of the prose writer, orator, or poet. It shines with undimmed and unborrowed lustre when compared with other languages.

"A language this (beyond all dispute) so abounding in derivatives, compounds, propriety of words, and beauty of expression, that for the purpose of communicating the knowledge of any art or science, nothing that was attended with greater facility, or more happily calculated, could possibly be wished for."[4]

It has also been not inaptly remarked, that its compounds are so numerous as not to fall short even in the comparison with the Greek, with which language it has also, by an unprejudiced writer, been said it may also cope in majesty of expression, and with the Italian in softness and harmony. To which causes may be attributed the beauty of expression, and the easy melodious flow of words contained in the old bardic poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Heinin, Llywarch Hên, Myrddin, Llevoed, Golyddan, Meugant, Elaeth, Tysilio, Cuhelyn, Gwyddno, and others. From a perusal of these poems a great amount of historical and druidical lore may be derived; the latter, however, involving a question of considerable doubt, and one which is now receiving the attention of several eminent antiquaries and Welsh scholars, owing to the

[4] See Dissertation on the Welsh Language, at the end of Walters' *Dictionary* and Humphrey Prichard's preface to Dr. J. D. Rhys' *Grammar*.

alleged incorrectness of the hitherto received translations of these poems, the metre in which is as varied almost as the poems themselves, the Welsh laws of poetry admitting of as many as twenty-four different metres, an elaborate account of which will be found in Dr. Rhys' *Account of the Different Metres*, published in 1592, and in Jones' *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*, published in 1784.

The published compositions of the Welsh bards, to which the general reader can at present have access, represent a very small portion of their literary remains, and the same may also be said of the early prose compositions in the Welsh language. Large quantities of MSS. still exist, unknown as to their contents to the public, in London, in the private libraries of gentlemen residing in the Principality, and elsewhere, of which not even a correct catalogue exists.

If such then be the hasty and brief account we are able to give of the origin of the Welsh language, and the relics which remain, in the shape of MSS., of its earliest and most primitive traceable form, what words are sufficiently strong to describe the advantages to be derived from its study?

> "Lives there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is mine own, my native land?"

Is not our land, and that of England, one and the same; our language theirs; and our earliest traditions theirs also, previous to the admixture of the Saxon blood? Have not Englishmen and Cymrians cause equally to rejoice that the language spoken by their forefathers still exists, in its pure and uncorrupted form, amidst the romantic valleys and mountains of "Wild Wales," and that in this respect the prophetic prediction of Taliesin is still borne out?

"Eu ner a folant,	Their Lord they shall praise,
Eu hiaith a gadwant,	*Their language they shall preserve,*
Eu tir a gollant,	Their land they shall lose,
Ond Gwyllt Walia."	Except Wild Wales.

Can there be a doubt that the study of this language is one which will, in the amplest manner, repay the researches of the antiquary? How frequent it is that the names of places or objects are connected with their history, and that their derivative compounds are the means of affording a clue to the ancient history of the place or object under investigation. This fact is most patent in all Welsh names, from which, as a general rule, some clear and distinct local or historical ideas may be obtained. This then, alone, would be a sufficient ground to the antiquary for its study. But surely there is a far higher one. We allude to the study of the language as a means of mastering all the old traditions and accounts of a race which has taken so prominent a position in the history of nations, and a race with which all Englishmen are so nearly allied. These can only be obtained by a careful perusal of all the published and unpublished MSS. extant on the subject. Recent publications have shown that it is only the most learned and indefatigable scholars who can hope to arrive at this knowledge, and be enabled to sift the wheat from the chaff; or, in other words, to distinguish between the genuine accounts of the mythology, religion, history, and manners of the Cymry and the counterfeit. Such researches, prosecuted with zeal and discrimination, if published, including the hitherto unknown contents of some of the oldest MSS., would entitle the author, whether Cymrian or Englishman, to such an amount of thanks as it would be difficult for the inhabitants of the Principality to repay.

The study of the language is also a pursuit which should not only be sanctioned, but enforced, at our English Universities, equally as much as Latin and Greek, or the more modern languages, inasmuch as the language itself is of equal antiquity with the Chaldee and Syriac, and consequently of immense importance in tracing out the affinity, and facilitating the study, of other languages.

Independently of these latter considerations, its study would be of infinite importance to all who aim at attaining a high position either in the Church or in the law; in the

former case obviating any future discussions as to the question of "Church and Church Episcopacy in Wales;" and in the latter, the improper scenes which occur in our courts of law and justice.

That through the ignorance of the language in those appointed to Welsh sees, and Welsh benefices, great abuses have crept into the Established Church in Wales, causing disunion and dissent, no one will be bold enough to deny. The Welsh, as a nation, are essentially religious in their tendency, as generations have proved. No popular fanaticism, no wild apostacy, has ever found favour amongst them. But when strangers, ignorant of their language, ignorant of their ancient customs, which they have been taught from their childhood to hold most dear, are appointed as their pastors, can it be wondered that in every valley, and on every mountain side, they have erected chapels of their own, served by pastors whose language they can appreciate, and who also respect their customs. If in so sacred a matter national feelings are disregarded, may it not also be said of all that appertains to the Welsh judicature, that the very objects themselves for which the courts of law were established are rendered nugatory by the lingual inefficiency of nearly all the law officers of the crown. Every one who has attended a trial, civil or criminal, in Wales, cannot fail to have remarked this. The whole proceedings are unfair to the accused in criminal cases, or the parties concerned in all civil matters. One of the most boasted privileges, namely, trial by jury, is inefficiently and imperfectly carried out. The witnesses, it is true, are *occasionally* examined through the medium of an interpreter; but more frequently the examination is conducted in the English tongue, the speeches of counsel, and the summing up of the judge, are all made in English, to a jury of twelve men, who, upon their oaths, have been sworn to do justice to the best of their power; and yet the majority of that jury, in nine cases out of ten, are wholly ignorant of the language in which the principal part of the proceedings is conducted. Oftentimes interpreters are made use of,

to translate for the benefit of the court and counsel the replies of Welsh witnesses, and it is not at all a case of unfrequent occurrence that such translation is incorrect, or more generally falls so far short of the real meaning of the reply as to become a subversion of justice. A ludicrous instance of the ignorance of the language is reported to have taken place before a well known judge, who after, in the most impressive manner, passing sentence of death, requested the interpreter of the court to explain what he had said to the prisoner. The interpreter turning to the prisoner said, "y mae ef wedi eich crogi." Whereupon the judge is reported to have exclaimed that he was not aware before that the Welsh was such an expressive language.

When we see the numerous works that have issued from time to time of late from the foreign presses at Paris, Geneva, and elsewhere, bearing either on the Welsh language, or on the history and antiquities of the Cymry, and the great learning and ability displayed therein, showing that the authors are thoroughly conversant with the language, we cannot help regretting that the works issued from the English and Welsh presses, on the same subject, are not more numerous. Let us however hope that the spirit of emulation will get abroad, and that the knowledge of Welsh, and the past history of its inhabitants, will become to all as "Household Words." The study to Englishmen may at first appear distasteful, and somewhat strange: every language, every history is so at the commencement: but when we begin to master the subject, our sympathies are awakened; we see these matters in a different light; all the old associations of a noble race become ours; we enter into their national struggles, and the heart warms with affection as we read the glorious deeds achieved of old by some valiant warrior who, in defence of his country, has fought and died; of some divine who has preached the welcome news of the true faith to willing ears; or of the poet who, in the height of inspiration, by his warlike strains has rallied the retreating and nearly vanquished band of patriots,

and incited them on to victory—or, when the heat of battle over, he has, in heroic verse, to a listening and attentive crowd, chaunted the praises of those whose names still live in history—we feel irresistibly drawn on by the enchantment of the pursuit, until we so fully enter into it that we become proud of the nationality of the people whose joys and struggles become our own; we seek out all their old traditions, their manners, and their customs, until the pursuit becomes one of pleasure and delight, in lieu of laborious study.

Every Englishman will find these remarks especially applicable to himself with reference to the subject selected for this essay.

He will find that he is studying the language and history of his own race, and that race one from which, as from a long line of ancestry, he will feel a pride in claiming descent. He will learn to reverence and respect the Welsh as a nation; feel that they have just cause to be proud that they still retain their mountain country; and from the heart rejoice that—

> "Yet the same harp which Taliesin strung,
> And the same chords in which our sires delighted,
> Still the old music of the mountain tongue,
> Tells of a race not conquered, but united;
> That losing nought, wins all the Saxon won,
> And shares the value where never sets the sun."
>
> Bulwer's *King Arthur*.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BARDS.

By the Late Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.

(Continued from p. 363.)

SCHOOL OF TALIESIN.

II.—The school of Taliesin derives many of its peculiarities from the Roman literature which had in his time established itself in Britain; hence it is that some of our most favourite metres have their origin, as the *Toddaid*, Hexameter, *Ynglyn unodl union*, Distich, Hexameter and Pentameter, &c. Those who in all ages have written on the principles or rules of our versification attribute these, and others that are obviously of Roman origin, to Taliesin, *i. e.*, the introduction of them into our language; this has been so generally and so uniformly asserted that we have no reason to doubt the fact. Of these metres, however, we find, and but barely find, samples in what now remain of what are acknowledged to be the genuine poems of Taliesin. His cotemporary, *Aneurin Gwawdrydd*, affords a more ample supply of specimens in his *Gododin*. Taliesin retains a greater variety of the metres of the *primitive school* than any other bard of his period, and (though their introduction has been attributed to him) has fewer than any one of his age of those metres derived from the *Latin* school of versifying.

An embellishment was introduced into the versification of this that was unknown to the primitive; this consisted in a species of rhythm, in lines of eight syllables or upwards, that required two internal pauses, and each pause to *rhyme to the other*, as,—

"Golychaf i Gul*wydd* argl*wydd* pob echen
Ar bennig torf*oedd* ynghy*oedd* am ordden,
Ceint yn yspydd*awd* uch gwir*awd* aflawen,
Ceint rhag meibion *Llyr* yn *ebyr* Henfelen."—*Taliesin.*

"Gwyr a aeth Gatt*raeth* oedd ff*raeth* y llu,
Glasfedd eu hanc*wyn* a'u gwen*wyn* fu,
Trych*ant* trwy beir*iant* yn cattäu,
A gwedi e*lwch* tawe*lwch* fu."—*Aneurin.*

" Afallen be*ren* bur*wen* o flodau,
Melus ei hae*ron* carcharor*ion* geiriau,
Yr assen a gy*fyd* i sym*myd* swyddau,
A minneu ai g*wyr* syn*wyr* gorau."—*Merddin.*

Alliteration was not known to this school; it had not till some centuries later been introduced; it had, however, one peculiarity (if not rather a continuation of a primitive usage); this was a method of connecting the several stanzas in a poem so that they could not be misplaced, or otherwise arranged than as the poet intended them; this has been, by the continuators of this school, termed Cyrch gymmeriad. The English word *precapture* gives a tolerable idea of this term; it consists in beginning the second stanza with a word that rhymes to the last word of the first, the third with a word rhyming to the last word of the second stanza, and so on through the poem, as follows:—

" Ceingeneis canaf
Byd undydd mwyaf
Lliaws a bwyllaf,
Ac a bryderaf.
" Cyfarch*af* i feirdd byd
Nam dyweid Pryd,
Py gynneil y b*ŷ*d
Na syrth yn eissywyd.
" Neu'r *byd* pei syrthiei
Py ar yd gwyddei
Pwy ai gogynhaliai," &c.
Taliesin.

Another mode of linking the stanzas, or couplets, was to begin the second with the last word of the first, the third with the last word of the second, &c., thus,—

" Yngorphowys
Can rychedwys
Parch a chymrwys
A medd *meueddwys.*
" *Meueddwys* medd,
Ei orfoledd,
A chain diredd
Imi yn *rhyfedd.*
" A *chyfedd* mawr,
Ag eur ag awr,
Ag eur a ched,
A *chyfrifed.*
" A *chyfrifiant*
A choddi *chwant.*
" A *chwant* oi roddi
Er fy *llochi.*
" Yd *lawch* yd gryg
Yd fag yd *fyg.*
" Yd *fyg* yd fag
Yd ladd yn *rhag.*
" *Rhag*wedd rhoddyd
I feirdd y *byd.*
" *Byd* yn geugant
Itti yd weddant."
Taliesin i Urien Reged.

The first stanza is on this second principle linked to the second, and this on the former principle concatenated with the third, and what follows will be obvious from what has been observed.

The poem by Taliesin beginning p. 76, and ending p. 77, has its long stanzas connected by beginning every stanza with the last word of the foregoing. The first stanza ends, and the second begins thus,—

. . . . . .
" Gwaranrwy Reged
Rann gann *ogoned.*
" *Gogoned* am rann
Am roddes rwy fuan
. . . . . .
Eu clod cleu *rhagod.*
" *Rhagof* rinweddeu
Ran gan gyn angheu," &c.
Taliesin.

Taliesin has a greater variety of metres than any of the other ancient bards, and versifies on a greater variety of principles, sometimes retaining the *same rhyme* for twelve, twenty, or thirty, and fifty lines together, this most commonly on his long-lined metres, and often also on those of short lines; but his short line verses often rhyme in couplets, the rhyme changing with every couplet, as in the following instances:—

" Gwae a roes ei fryd
Ar lawr creulyd,
Fal y traetha Ieuan
Yn yr ysgrythur lan
Gwae a ymddirietto
Yn yr hwnn nid eiddo,
Nid oes or presen
Or dechreu hyd orphen
Un orig or dydd
Wrth y fuchedd dragywydd."
Taliesin.

Again,—

" Rhagwedd rhoddid
I Feirdd y byd.
Itti yd weddant,
Wrth dy wyllys
Duw ry'th beris;"

and many more instances might be produced.

Four-lined unirhyme stanzas, of five or six syllables in a line, are very common in Taliesin.

Llywarch Hen, another famous bard of this school, was a prince who had been despoiled of his territories, in the defence of which he had been through a long life engaged. His favourite metre was the warrior's triplet, which in his poems is in general very regular; and the

number of syllables in the line is, as the legitimate rules of the verse require, always seven. He sometimes uses the *Triban Toddaid, i. e.*, an hexameter, or *toddaid*, with a seven syllable line concluding it. He in a few instances uses other metres also; his subjects are most martial, *heroic odes, heroic elegies;* but numerously interspersed through all his pieces we find some of the finest moral and prudential sentiments, clearly indicating that his taste and manner was formed on the principles of the bards of the island of Britain.

Taliesin writes frequently on heroic subjects; but he seems to delight mostly in the mysteries of the druidical theology and philosophy, and in these things is of all our ancient bards the most learned.

Another peculiarity of this school is the use of vowel assonances, instead of perfect rhymes, frequently. This was the practice also of the ancient Irish bards; and is, I believe, also that of the modern poets of Ireland; was in use also, I am informed, by the ancient Germans, and by the old Spanish poets.—See Percy's *Reliques.* These assonances consist of words that, instead of perfect rhymes, have only the same vowel in the ultimate syllable of the line or verse; the ultimate consonants, if any, after the vowels, may differ. The following are instances of this from Aneurin's *Gododin:*—

"Gwyr a aeth Gattraeth buant enwawc
Gwin a medd o aur fu eu gwirawt.

"Ni ddidolit ynghyntedd o fedd wirawt
Es gwnei arceithing perthin arvodiawc.

"Nyt ef eisteddai yn tat lleithic,
Y neb a wanei nyt adweinit.

"Gorolet gogledd gwr ae goruc
Llary fron haeladon ny yssyllut,
Nyt ymda daear nyt iawn ymdduc mam
Mir eirian gadarn haearn gadduc,
O nerth y cleddyf claer y hammuc,
O garchar anwar daear ym duc,
O gyfle angheu o anghar dut,
Ceneu fab Llywarch dihafarch drut.

" Pan doddyw anghyfing o anghyfarch
Nym daw nyn dofydd a fo trymmach,
Ny magwyd yn neuadd a fei lewach
Nog ef nag ynghat a vei wastadach
Ac aryd.ben clwyd Pennant oedd ei farch
Pellennig ei glod pellus ei galch."

From TALIESIN.

" Py gynheil Magwyr
Daear yn Breswyl.

" Edd ympeibli oedd ympwylled
O Feirdd Prydein Pryddest ofer,
Ymryoreu ymryorsedd
Digawn gofal i gof angerdd.

" Pan gan ceinied canu yngof
Nyt ef wna fyt ryfedd uchon.

" Mal ceisiaw byweid yngrug
Mal peiriant anraith ynfud.

" Llyffan du gaflaw
Cant ewin arnaw
Neidr fraith gribawg
Cant enaid drwy bechawd
A boenir yn ei chnawd.
Nid er ei lyfrder
Namyn er ei fawredd.

" Arddyrchedd Cadwaladr lluch a llachar
Ar wyneb byddinawr böoedd ynial.

" Pan dau nos a dydd
Pan fyd llwyd Eryr.

" Lladd uch llynn llathrawd
Pennilliach pawb
Dybyddaf yna gnawd.

" Pwy fu fforch hwyl
O ddaear hyd awyr.

" Pan yw du troed alarch gwynn
Pedryddawc gwayw llymm
Llwyth nef nid ystyng.

" Bum ebill yngefel
Blwyddyn a hanner.

" Praidd rhag taerfrwydr taer gyfestrawn
Praidd benn gyflchi ceing orcig ar ysgwyddawr.

" Graian mor heli y dan dywawd
Am cudd y ar teithiawg
Mi hun am gwarawd
Ni ddigonir nebawd.

" Paradwys ddrws
Bugail Dews
Dawn Gwledychawd.

" Neu rygigleu
Gan broffwydeu
Llu llecnawg.

" Afel wirion, a fu lwyddon a gymyrth ffydd,
Ei frawd Cäin, Buddiwerin, drwg ei gyssyl,
Asser a soyw yn awyr loyw ei cyweithydd,
Seren angel addwyn nifer rhag eu milwyr,
A llath Voesen ef ai dorfoedd ar eu helfydd,
Rhuddech ddalen udd cilladen ydd ei genhym.

" Ynghaer Pedryfan Ynys Pybyrddor
Echwydd a muchudd cymmysgettor,
Gwin gloyw eu gwirawd rhag eu gosgordd,
Tri lloneid Prydwen ydd aetham ni ar for,
Namyn saith ni ddyrraith o gaer Rigor.

" Tri lloneid Prydwen ydd aeth gan Arthur
Namyn saith ni ddyrraith o gaer Goludd.

" Ni wddant pan ysgar deweint a gwawr
Neu wynt pwy hynt pwy ei rynnawd,
Py va ddifa py dir a plawdd,
Bed sant yn ddifant o bet allawr
Golychafi wledig Pendefig mawr,
Na bwyf trist Crist am gwaddawl.

" Lliaws peleidrad gwaedlad gwaedlan
Lliaws aerwyr bryw breuawl sidan,
Lliaws ban briwher
Lliaws ban ffoher
Lliaws eu hymchwel
Yn eu hymwan.

" Cochliw lafnau trwy falch eiriau,
Am ffrwyth eu gwŷdd
Wy cynnhaliant lle pedwar cant,
Y pedwar gwŷr.

" A gwedi boregad briwgig
Gweleis i dorf teirflin trancedig

Gwayw gohoyw gofaran gowlychid
Yn ammwyn Gwenystrad y gwelid
Hag angwyr llawr lluddedig.

" Yr attebwys Owain ddwyrain ffosawd
Nid dodynt, nid ydynt nid ynt parawd,
A Cheneu mab Coel byddai Cymmwyawg
Lew, cyn attalai o wystl nebawd.

" Derchafwn, eiddoedd odduch mynydd,
Ac ymporthwn wyneb odduch emyl.
A derchafwn beleidr odduch benn Gŵyr
A chyrchwn Flamddwyn yn ei luydd.

" Ni arddodes ei forddwyd dros foel Maelawr
Meirch o genedl brych mor greidiawl.

" Neu fi a weleis wr yn buarthaw
Sarph fonedd firain senghidydd llawr.
Neu fi gogwn rhyfel ydd argollawr.
Er main a gollwyf y argollaw.

" Pawb pan ryddioyer yd bal
A garwn y ef carei anreithgar.

" Gwryd gofurthiach.
Rhwydd gwyn rhag Eingliawnllad.
Iawn Vrinyn Vrynnyal
Rhag canhwynawl cann.

" Cad yn Rhos Terra gan wawr
Oedd hywst gwragawn egurawn.
Yn nechreu yn heniad y geirawr,
O rieu o ryfel ry ddiffawd
Gwyr a ddigawn goddai gwarthegawg
Haearnddur a Hyfeidd a Gwallawg
Ac Owain Mon Maelgynig ddefawd
A wnaw peithwyr gorweiddiawg.

" Addoerlleith dyrreith anaw barawd.
O heyrn erchwyrn edyrn ddyrnawd.
Tri dillyn diachor droch drymluawg,
Tair llynges yn aches armes cyn brawd.

" Wrth lef Corn Cadwr
Naw cant yn afrddwl.

" Colofn Ercwlf
Nis arfaidd bygwl.

" Myned yn y Trefn
Ymhlith oer Gethern.

" Echrys Ynyd
Gwawd Hu Ynys
Gwrys gwobrettor
Mon mad gogei
Gwryd erfei
Menei ei dor.

" Twll tal ei rodawg
' Ffyrf ffodiawg
Ffyrf ddiachor,
" Cadarn gyfedd
Ymhob gorsedd
Gwnelid ei fodd.
Cu cynaethwy
Hyd tra fwy fwy
Crybwylletor
Cadrn gyngres
Ei faranres
Ni bu werthfor
Am bwyf gan Grist
Hyd na bwyf trist
Pan Ebostol.
Hael archaeddon,
Gan Engylion
Cynwyssetor.

" Ynghaer Weir a Chaer Liwelydd
Ergrynawd cyfattawd cyfergyr,
Cyfanwaneg tan tra tan myr,
Llupawt glewon i gilydd,
Can cafas ei whel uch elfydd
Mal ucheneid Gwynt wrth onnwydd
Hef yn derrhyn y gwn ei gyfyl
Cyfachedwyn a choelyn cerennydd.

" Ymadrawdd cwddedawdd calledlwm
Caledach wrth elyn nag asgwrn.

" Cerdd awn y genhyd
Wylawd eil echwydd
Yn nhorroedd llynnydd
Ban bei llawn hyd
Brython ar gynghyr.

" Uch o foruch o fynydd
Uch o for ynial erbyn
Coed maes tyno a bryn,
Pob arawd
Heb erglyw nebawd
O vynhawg
O bob mehyn.

" Mae tridiau cyn brawd
Y gwledych Enawg,
Ym y dywaid pob cnawd
Dynion daearawd."

Englynion y Beddau.

" Pieu y bedd hwn bedd Eilfwlch
Yngwrth Pennant Twrch,
Mab Arthan gyflafan cyfwlch.

" Bedd unben o Brydein yn llendir Gwynassed
Yn ydd a Lliw yn Llychwr
Yng Nghelli Vrivael bedd Gwrthmwl."

From LLYWARCH HEN.

" Pen o borthaf tu morddwyd
Oes ysgwydd ar ei wlad
Oedd olwyn yng nghâd
Oed cleddyf *cad* cywladrwydd.

" Pen a borthaf ar fy mraich
Naw gorug o dir Brynaich,
Gwedy gwawr elorawr vairch.

" Pen a borthaf o du Pawl,
Pen Urien udd dragonawl,
A chyd del dydd brawd nym tawr.

" Yr aelwyd honn neus cudd tafawl
Mwy y goddyfnasai ar ei llawr
Medd a meddwon eiriawl.

" Y Dref Wenn rhwng Trenn a Thrafal
Oedd gnodach y gwaed yn ar
Wyneb gwellt nag aredig braenar.

" Ni mad wisg briger nyw dirper
O wr yn nirfawr gywryssedd,
Nid oedd lefawr fy mroder.

" Cyn bum cainfaglawg bum eirian
Oedd cynwayw fy mhâr
Oedd cynnwyf cefngrwm wyf trwm, wyf truan.

" Na wisg wedy cwyn na vid frwyn, dy fryd
Llem awel a chwerw gwanwyn,
Nam cyhudd fy mam mab yt wyf.

" Nid wyt ti ysgolhaig
Nid wyt elaig,
Unben nith elwir yn nydd rhaid,
Och Cynddylig na buost wraig."

Englynion Dyad.

" Bid aha byddar bid anwadal
Diriaid bid ymgeingar
Dedwydd ar ai gwyl ai car."

Englynion Cog Abercuawg.

" Da i ddiriaid ni atter
Namyn tristyd a phryder.
Ni adwna Duw ar a wnel."

From MYRDDIN.

" Cynan Cadwaladr
Cymry benbaladr
Byddawd eu cynnadl
Aedmyccawr.

" Gwr hir yn cadw cynnadl,
A Phrydein yn un Paladr,
Goreu mab Cymro Cadwaladr.

" Am gwrthgyfarch ynglaear
Clodleu goreu dyn daear
Pwy wledych wedy Idwal?

" Gwledychawt wedy Idwal
Yn llwrw dyfnnyn diarchar
Ysgwydwyn Howel fab Katwal.

" Nesaf yn nes y amser
Cenhadau angheu ansel
Y Bennaeth yn llaw Howel.

" Cyfarchaf im clodleu llallawc
Anmynawc yn nydd gawr
Pwy wledych wedy mab Rhodri Mawr?

" Cyfarchaf ym clodleu llallawc
Anmynawc yn nydd gwawt
Pwy wledych wedi Anarawt?

" Cyfarchaf o echlysur byd
Can gwyddost y ystyr
Pwy wledych wedy Brehyr?

" Cyfarchaf ym clodleu llallawc
Anvynnawc yn rhyfel,
Pwy wledych wedy gwynn gwarther?

" Elit llefein yn Aber
Beli hir ae wyr llawer,
Gwynn eu byd Gymry, gwae Wyddel.

" Disgoganaf un dyssawc,
Gwynedd gwedy awch trallawt,
Gorfod iwch ar bob Ciwdawd.

" Na ysgar yn annhwyadl
A mi o angwarth yn gynadl,
Pa du i discyn Cadwaladr.

" Tri mis teir blynedd teithiawn,
A thrychan mlynedd asflawn,
Caden gweithien gwledychawl.

" Pan dyfo dylat dylyet uchaf
O vor hyd verydd dylat,
Diw rhiein orphen byt.

" Llallawc cann am didderbydd
Neu er eneid dy vrodyr,
Pa bennaeth ynaeth a vydd?

" Llallawc cann am hatebyd
Myrddin mab Morfryn gelfydd
Truan a chwedl a ddywedyd."

Afallenau MYRDDIN.

" Afallen beren brenn sydd honeid
Neus gorwlych dwfr rynn pluynhwyeid.
A mi a ddisgoganaf
Ei bod yn nesaf.
Ac i mae arnaf ei harynaig.

" Amsathr yn ei bôn maon yn ei chylch
Oedd aeleu uddynt dulloedd dihefeirch,
Mi nim car Gwenddydd ag nim hennyrch
Wyf gas gan wasawg gwaesaf ryddyrch."

(Ar Gynghanedd unodl.)

" Yny ddel Cadwaladr i gynnadl Cadfäon,
ib
Yn y ddel Cadwaladr i gynnadl Rhyd Rhëon."

From GOLYDDAN.

" Dysgogan Merddin cyferfydd hynn
Yn Aber Peryddon Meirion Mechdeyrn,
A chyn ni bai un rhaith llaith a gwynyn.

" Ni wyddynt py dreiglynt ymhob Aber
Pan brynysant Daned drwy ffled calledd
Gan Hors a Hengys oedd yn ei rhyssedd.
Eu cynnydd bu ywrthym yn anfonedd.
Gwedi rhin dilein Ceith ymynfer
Dychymmydd meddwdawd mawr wirawd o fedd,
Dychymmydd angeu angen llawer.
Dychymmydd anaelew dagreu gwragedd
Dychyffroi edgyllaeth pennaeth lledfer,
Dychymmydd tristyd byd a ryher,
Pan fydd Cechmyn Danet an teyrnedd,
Gwrthotted Drindawd dyrnawd a bwyller.

I ddilein gwlad Frython a Saeson yn anhedd,
Poet cynt eu rheges yn alltudedd,
Na myned Cymry yn ddifroedd.

" Rym gwarwd y drindawd o'r trallawd gynt
Na chrynned Dyfed na Glywyssyg
Nis gwnaho molawd Meiriawn mechdeyrn,
Na Chynghorion Saeson ceffyn ebryn,
Nis gwnaw meddut meddawt genhyn.

" Dysgogan awen dyddaw y dydd
Pan ddyffo i wys i ungyssyl
Un cor un gynghor a Lloegr llosgid,
Yr gobaith arreiraw ar yn phrydaw luydd."

From MEIGANT.

" Pob Escob hunob ym mhedeirael
Nis roddes myneich llyfr afael
A gwyddws yn lu creulan o gynrhan *claer*,
Ni ddiengis o ffosawd brawd ar y *chwaer*,
Diengynt ai herchyll trewyll yn *taer*,
Ef cynnif mi wyf in eru trafwael,
O leas Cynddylan clodrydd pob hael.

" Ei folawd rybydd ry caint
Eilunid Dunawd Dihewaint,
Aer ei enwy ei arfau o *Ffrainc*."

From LLYWELYN AP GWRNERTH.

" A roddych o dda ymhob at*rec*,
Drud ym braint cadw dy wy*neb*,
Sef y cei neb ar y gan*fed*."

Gwenhwyfar.

" Glas yw fy march o liw *dail*,
Llwyr ddirmygid mefl mawrair,
Nid gwr ond a gywiro ei air."

From GWALCHMAI AP GWYAR.

" Trystan o honot ti y pwyllwn
Onim gomeddai yr ardd*wrn*
Minneu a wnawn oreu ag allwn."

Awdl.

" Ar gynnifer adeiniawg
A orug cyfoethawg,
Ac vei vei *pawb*
Tri trychant ta*fawd*."

Trawsganu Cynan Garwyn.—TALIESIN.

"Cant llen eh*oeg*
O un oflaen gyffred
Cant armell im arffed
A phympwnt cathed
Cleddyf gwein car*reg*
Dyrngell no *neb*.

"Ei biw rhag ffriw *neb*
Mab Brochwael bro*led*."

An additional number, equally great, were it necessary, might be collected from the ancient bards of this school. These assonances, and the rhyming pauses or rests, are amongst the most remarkable characteristics of the versification of this period. There are other peculiarities of rhyme, and what may be called consonant assonances; these were when two or more semivowel consonants came together at the end of a word (the semivowel is singly called *Llythyren dawdd*, two together are called *Crechlythyr*); in this case the final consonantal sounds were considered as sufficient rhymes; the preceding vowels might be either one or the other of them, it mattered not which. I shall only give one instance of this, from the *Afallenau* of Myrddin,—

"Afallen beren a dyf yn llannerch
Angerdd ei hargel rhag rhieu Rhydderch
Amsathr yn ei bôn Maon yn ei chylch,
Oedd aeleu uddudd dulloedd dihefeirch.
Mi nim câr Gwenddydd ac nim hennyrch,
Wyf gas gan wasawg gwaesaf ryddyrch,
Ry rewiniais i ei fab ef ai ferch,
Angeu a ddwg pawb, pa rag nam cyfeirch,
A gwedy Gwenddoleu neb Rhïeu nim peirch
Nim gogawn Gwarwy, nim gofwy Gordderch,
Ac yng Ngwaith Arderydd oedd aur fy Ngorthorch,
Cyn i bwy aelaw heddiw gan eiliw Eleirch."—*Myrddin.*

It will be observed that in this long unirhyme stanza the stress of the rhyme depends chiefly on the crispitude (crechlafar) of the sound produced by the crispitude of the two semivowels, *r* and *ch* with *l* and *ch* in one line, wherein there is only an imperfect assonance either of

the consonants or of the vowel. Similar to these consonantal assonances are those rhymes, admitted as legitimate by the best English poets, produced by the words *birth, worth, earth, swarth,* any two of which are allowed to be rhymes sufficiently legitimate; but the poets of our later schools have entirely exploded them.

Many pieces have for some centuries passed under the name of Taliesin, and other bards of his age and school; but, from a great number of circumstances, the most judicious critics believe them to be spurious. Their not being found in our most ancient MSS. is not of itself a sufficient reason for rejecting them as the productions of Taliesin, &c., for a transcript of later ages may remain, though the more ancient one, whence it was copied, might be lost. We believe this to be really the fact in some instances where the pieces possess all the required internal evidences of authenticity; but in most of the pieces we think spurious, the language in its words, idioms, and construction, is comparatively very modern; those pieces have none of either the vowel or consonantal assonances of the ancient bards which was often substituted for regular rhyme; none of the rhyming pauses and other little embellishments that so generally appear in the verse of Taliesin's age; they have only the externals of the ancient versification, but none of its internals. On the other hand, some of those forgeries, as we may call them, are full of those little ornaments of alliterations of that complex embellishment first introduced by the bards of the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan, called in Welsh *Cynghanedd Sain.* This had two rhyming pauses, the last of which, alliterated with a third pause or correspondent foot of this description, is a piece very mistakenly attributed to Taliesin, the first line of which is the following:—

"Ar ddwr mae cyflwr can fendigaw."

This, with several others, has been taken from a romance, entitled *Hanes Taliesin, i. e.,* the History of Taliesin, written so late at least as the fourteenth, or rather

fifteenth century, wherein Elphin, (the patron of Taliesin,) his lady, Rhun son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, &c., are principal characters. This romance has been mistaken by many for true history; but that it was not might have been easily discovered by proper attention to the language and its structure,—to the structure of the verse in the poems attributed in this fiction to Taliesin having nothing but the externals, as I have before observed, of the verse of the genuine Taliesin, and nothing of its internal rhythm, and other peculiarities.

The druidical mysticism of many of Taliesin's pieces render them very obscure; not that there is anything very difficult in the etymological acceptation of his language, but his allusions are very frequently to things and ideas of which we at this day know but very little; and the wild conjectures of some, and the extravagant systems built thereon, are truly curious. It is to be hoped, however, that in future nothing but the truth will be sought for in the poems of Taliesin, whatever that may be found to be; but some persons seem to possess eyes that see everything or anything but the truth, not only in the poetry of Taliesin, but in writings of far greater importance; and some have found out the knack of turning this to a very good account.

In one part of Wales there have been bards that may be considered of the school of Taliesin till very recent times. I have before me a pretty large volume of manuscript poetry written in the time of Elizabeth, and by bards of that age. From this MS. I compare the following extracts with the versification of Taliesin in parallel passages from him.

One of the metres of Taliesin is that called by the bards of his school *Cyhydedd Gyrch*, but by those of the school of Edeyrn Dafawd Aur *Owdl Gywydd*, and by the new Northwalian school *Owdl Gywydd o'r hen ganiad.* Taliesin's *Elegy on Owain ap Urien* is in this metre, which is unirhyme throughout, as follows:—

" Enaid Owain ap Urien gobwyllid ei Ren oi raid,
Rheged udd ai cudd tromlas nid oedd fas ei gywyddaid,

Isgell cerddglyd clodfawr Esgyll gwaywawr llifaid,
Can ni cheffir cystedlydd I udd llewenydd llathraid,
Medel calon gyfeiliad Eissillydd y Tad ai Taid,
Pan laddawdd Owain Fflamddwyn nid oedd fwyn og ef cysgaid,
Cysgid Lloegr llydan nifer a lleufer yn ei llygaid,
A rhai ni ffoynt hoeach a oeddynt ach no chaid,
Owain ai cospes yn ddrud fal cnud yn ymlid defaid,
Gwr gwiw uwch ei amliw seirch a roddai feirch i eirchiaid,
Cyd as cronnai mal caled ni ranned rhag ei enaid."

The following, on the same principle of versification, and in the same unirhyme metre, is from Hopcin Thomas Philip, who flourished about 1560:—

" Trugaroccaf Dad a Duw a wyr pob rhyw feddylon,
Trwy ras a seiliawdd y nef lle preswyl ef ei engylion,
Tri undod sy orau gyd a wnaeth y byd mor gysson,
Tonnau, tiroedd, trystau, mellt, a gwydd a gwellt yn leision,
Tes ag oerfel crwybr a gwlith, Haidd, Ceirch, a gwenith ffrwythlon
Trwy fawr alluoedd i daw y gwynt ar glaw ar hinon,
Ychen, defaid i ni a roes, wrth dreulo 'n hoes afradlon,
A phob pethau ag oedd raid, yn oed yr hediaid gwylltion,
Ag ni cheisoedd genym ni dros ei ddaioni mawrion
Ond ei ofni 'n fwya i gyd a charu 'n cyd Gristnogion,
Ninnau fynnwn ymddryccâu a dwedyd geiriau chwerwon,
Wrth ein brawd o glecc neu ffrost ai ddigio 'n dost 'n ei galon,
Nid wir felly mae ini fyw o charwn Dduw yn ffyddlon,
Rhaid ini rhoi geiriau da ir sawl wnel leia dryson
A phucho uddyn fo les, au caru mes yn feibon,
Heb gariad perffaith a ffydd rhy ddiffrwyth fydd gweithredon,
O charwn ni Dduw a dŷn a bod yn un frawdolion,
Tragwyddol nid awn ar goll os dyna 'r holl orchmynion.
Llyma 'r achos megis rhôd i ddwy 'n dyfod ddygylchon,
Ar matter hynn nid er cael na chlod na mael na rhoddion,
Ond er cael mi ddweda 'n frau gyssylltu dau 'n heddychlon,
A fu ryddynt ormodd fâr cans Duw ni char ymryson,
Un yw *Rhys ap Thomas* lân, 'dd oedd fwy o'r tan na 'r afon
Wrth ei wneuthur, hynn a wys, mae 'n wr anwydus creulon,
Ar llall yw *Edwart fy nai*, fe gymmer rhai yno i feion
Fel bei gwnelei Dduw sarhaed am gwnnu gwaed y gwirion,
Maddeued pob un i'r llall a byddant gall, mal gweision
I'r Brenin a wnaeth bob peth, a hynny 'n ddifeth ddigon,
Ag archen faddeuant Crist trwy fod yn drist mewn calon,
Mewn gestyngder er ei fwyn, fe wrendy 'n cwyn yn union.
Ag a faddau beiau 'n hawdd o cymran wawdd pan caffon,

A dyfod chwippyn ar daeth heb wneuthur Chwaith esguson,
Ag ymdrwsio gyda 'r tâd mewn dillad priodolion,
Hwy gân fynd at Jesu gwynn mor wir yw hynn ar ganon,
Llyna welliant mawr i ddau, a vu fal gau elynion,
Gael meddiannu bywyd hir a bod yn wir etholion,
Felly bo hynt *Edw a Rhys* a fu mor ddyrys ddewrion,
Felly yddelon ninnau i gyd, oddiwrth y byd yn rhyddion."
Hopgyn Thomas Philip o'r Gelli Fid ym Morganwy ai cant.

The specimens of versification with rhyming pauses by Taliesin and others, are exactly paralleled by the following by Thomas Rhys ab Ifan ab Rhys in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Compare this specimen with the samples from the ancients already given:—

"Tri chyfaillt *sydd* nos a *dydd* yn daeron,
Gwrthwynebwyr D*uw* yd*yw* 'r cyfeillon,
Y cnawd y *byd* ar ysp*ryd* creulon,
Drwg yn *troi* 'n ym*loi* 'n y meddylon,
A chred cy*bydd* ni *fydd* yn ffyddlon
Y caiff yn ei *fyw* gan *Ddiw* ddigon,
Casgliad y *bydd* y cy*bydd* cysson;
Ef ai gad i *gyd* i'r *byd* Estron,
F' â'n hoeth, lle ydd *oedd* gwisg*oedd* gwychion
Ger bron Barn*wr* o Ddeddf*wr* cyfion,
Lle y derbyn *farn* gad*arn* gan Dduw Iôn,
Ai gyrr i *goll* ai *holl* weithredon."

And so on, all unirhyme, to the end of the poem.

The following are in exactly the same kind of verse:—

"Rhagwedd rhoddyd
I Feirdd y Byd,
Byd yn geugant,
Itti yd weddant,
Wrth dy wyllys
Duw 'yth beris."
Taliesin.

"Buant Gwychawd
Gwedy meddwdawd,
A medd yfed,
Ni bu wared,
An gornylam
Ennyd ffrwythlam."
Gododin.

"Porthloedd Vyddin
Porthloedd läin
A llu rhac nedd
Yn rhagyrwedd
Yn dydd Gunedd
Ynghyfrysedd,

"Gair Duw in mysg
Drwy gywirddysg
Sy 'n rhoi cariad
Perffaith difrad,
A phob rhinwedd
Mewn anrhydedd."
Thomas Llywelyn Deio Pywel o Regoes.

This metre is by some grammarians called *Cywydd deuair fyrrion o'r hen ganiad.* In Glamorganshire, where till very lately it was much used, it is often called *Cywydd pen bawd*, and *yr hen fesur bach.*

In these kinds of ancient verse a great number of bards wrote in Glamorgan, from about 1500 to 1600; and even since that time we have many specimens of such poetry, and in all the intermediate centuries (or nearly so), from the above periods up to the time of Taliesin, we have specimens of this kind of versification. A noted bard of this school, about the year 1130, or thence to 1150, was Rhys Goch ap Rhys Rhiccert ap Einion ap Collwyn, or Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, as he was often called. Of his pieces there are extant more than twenty, more perhaps than thirty.

The bards of this school have through all ages also retained the triplet (*Englyn Milwr*), whilst it had been rejected by those of nearly all subsequent schools.

Contemporary with Taliesin lived Dygynnelw, bard of Urien Reged, (as most writers call him,) or of Owain ap Urien Reged. He was probably bard to both father and son. He introduced blank, or rhymeless verse; and those who have written on the Welsh art of versification, always when treating of blank verse, call it *Dull Dygynnelw.* Edward Dafydd, in his *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, gives a specimen of it by Dygynnelw himself. The Northwalian writers also mention it under the appellation, but generally exemplify it in the following englyn, which is no rhyme:—

" Llafuria gweithia ym mysg gweithwyr byd
Bid d' enaid yn deilwng,
Rhag ofn o fewn rhyw gyfnod,
I'd farw yn dy oferedd."

Hywel Bangor ai cant i fab Dafydd ab Edmwnd —oferur mawr a diogyn hynod.

This kind of verse, however, has never been much used by the Welsh bards. Some bards of the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan, or the ancient Northwalian school, such as Llywarch Brydydd Moch, Mab Cryg, Ustus

Llwyd, and one or two more, have written in blank verse. It will be more fully noticed in the account of that school.

It should seem that the bards of all other subsequent schools have retained the manner of Taliesin and his contemporaries, both as to subject, matter, and the simple structure of the verse, under the terms of *Cardd Deuluaidd* and *Teuluwriaeth.* Edward Dafydd and others say that what in former ages was called *Derwydd* (druid) has in later times been called *Bardd Teulu* and *Teuluwr.* He was the family or domestic bard; his vocation was to teach, in the family that retained him, the doctrines of religion, the principles of morality, the maxims of domestic and social decency and good manners; it was his duty also to educate the young persons of the family in these things, and in the knowledge of the most important points of the national laws; he was the recorder of the family, kept written pedigrees, registered marriages, births, &c.; kept memorials of the boundaries of lands; taught to read and write the Welsh language, &c.; his poetry was always in easy and simple verse, without the trammels of alliteration, as best adapted to the purposes of conveying useful instruction in clear and appropriate language. This practice was continued through all ages in every part of Wales, I believe, till that huge mushroom of a very foggy night, the new Northwalian school, or rather the school of Caerwys, whose founder was Dafydd ap Edmund, obliterated every trace of antiquity in North Wales. New versification, new bardic regulations, new orders of bards, new everything that was absurd and irrational took place, and was established, to the utter damnation, as I may justly say, of all our ancient and magnificently rational principles of bardism, poetry, moral discipline and regulations of the bards in their several orders, &c.; but more of this new-fangled school when I come to treat more particularly of it, or to take it in hand, as we often say of things and persons that merit castigation.

The revival of the school of Taliesin, which, properly speaking, is only a continuation of the primitive school,

would be a very desirable thing; rational improvements and embellishments of later ages should be admitted; and I would be a little indulgent, but for the sake of good sense, of good taste, of everything that is purely natural, and consequently purely beautiful and just. Let us absolutely dismiss, and that for ever, the extravagantly ridiculous school of Caerwys. It has thrown into the lowest degradation principles of versification, of poetical composition and criticism, that are infinitely superior to its own, and in the room of them has substituted absurdities that baffle all the powers of conception in any mind that has never been acquainted with the Welsh poetry, especially the Northwalian poetry, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the eighteenth century, indeed, it had one foot in the grave, and the other on the point of slipping in; but there have been such as have endeavoured by efforts of some strength to crutch it up; in doing this they only consign to future ages names that will be uttered with contempt.

(To be continued.)

PROVERBS OF BARDIC ORIGIN.

"Da yw'r Maen gyda 'r Efengyl;"—

That is, the stone is good with the Gospel, or the bardic lore or wisdom is good in conjunction with the Christian religion, or when subservient to it. This adage is common to the present day. King Arthur is said to have first uttered the sentiment. He had instituted a new order of discipline for the bards, which was subsequently termed *Y Gadair Fedydd*, or the Chair of Baptism, of which Taliesin was the chief or ruling bard; the other two being Merddin Emrys of Maes Aleg, and Merddin ap Madoc Morfryn of Bangor Illtud. After he had established this new order, Dyfrig (Dubricius), Bishop of Llandaff, asked him why he had restored the bards, who were supposed to be averse to the Christian religion, when he answered,—

"Da yw'r Maen gyda 'r Efengyl;"

thus expressing his approbation of the bardic wisdom or ethics when connected with the Christian religion, or not inconsistent with it. This adage continued to be the motto (gair cysswyn) of the Chair of Caerleon-upon-Usk. But when Robert Earl of Gloucester, and Lord or Prince of Glamorgan, founded the bardic Chair of Glamorgan in Tir Iarll, restoring the ancient British institution, (Beirdd wrth Fraint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain,) and under its protection or superintendency the Chair or institution of the Round Table, he altered the motto, and substituted

"Nid da lle gellir gwell;"

i. e., nothing can be considered purely good where what is better can be obtained.

LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By Lady Marshall.

CANIAD IV.

(Continued from page 346.)

"When softly falls the autumn leaf,
We sigh that summer life is brief,
But mourn not with a deeper grief,
We know its hours were told;
But when the vernal zephyr blows
Upon the bosom of the rose
And strait its budding beauties close
We cannot be consoled!

"Royal, youthful, fair and good,
Type of gentle womanhood,
Round the spot where'er she stood
Breathed heaven's own perfume:
Her charm the weariest hours could wile;
With her soft enchanting smile
She could the deepest griefs beguile,
The darkest lot illume.

"Like the grafted eglantine
She did graciously entwine
Round the lofty mountain pine,
Fragrant, bright and cheering;
Where her beauteous relics lie
Am'ranth garlands, lo! we tie,
Deathless as her memory,
Tenderly revering!"

So sung Arfona's mourning maids,
Through the transparent sun-lit shades,
While the mocking beam
Danced on the stream
And the wood-birds' lay
With its discord gay
Broke the long cadence of their plaintive theme.

Strangely the vernal breezes breathed
Upon their darkling groupes,
While through the garb of woe
Twined in funereal movement slow,
Their snowy arms all inter-wreathed,
As when the lily droops
Beneath a sable cloud, did gleaming show.

From every bending head in gentle wise
The unbound tresses fell adown,
Veiling the tearful lustre of their eyes
With silky waves
Of amber or of brown,
Mixed with long garlands of funereal leaves:
Grief is most touching where young girlhood grieves!

On the warm stillness lingered
The sad vibrations of the hymn,
As pressure of the vitreous rim
By some wild wood-nymph fingered—
Swelling—sinking—as emotions
Of the heart the voice betrayed,
Like the heave and fall of oceans
By deep under currents swayed.
Now in one loud wail-note thrilling—
Now in chorus melting slow—
Harps concealed the pauses filling
With deep minor tones of woe.

Out-bursts of nature's feeling,
Down the long valley stealing,
Upon the mid-day's slumbering air,
It met the practised tones
In which proud orthodoxy moans—
Solemn requiem—chanted prayer—
From the lofty chancel pealing.

The hunter watching for his game—
The shepherd for his flocks—
The fisher in his fragile frame
That every wavelet rocks—
Each felt the plaintive monody
Heave from his rugged breast,
Albeit unused to melt—the sigh,
And wished the Lady rest!

But John of Peckham knit his brow
To hear the MISERERE'S flow
Broke by unauthorised lament,
Apter, as he thought, to be sent,
With rites fantastic interwove,
From pagan pile or Druid grove.

With all the superadded awe
That functions both of church and law
Impersonate in one present,
He now to the Cathedral went;
Within its cincture to abide,
Until the Gorsedd should decide

For peace and deep humiliation,
Or war and excommunication.
Besides his own official suite
The prelate who with bearing meet
Filled DEWI'S apostolic seat,
Good Bishop THOMAS at his rein,
Now swelled his all but regal train.
What charm upon the senses falls
Within a stately church's walls:
From giant base how lifts the eye
Through grades to fairy-work on high—
The graceful groining's mazy thread
Through many a mystic tangle led,—
A coil whose plan we partly see,
Like that that weaves our destiny!
From forms colossal near at hand
How does the raptured gaze expand
Through long perspectives—transepts—aisles,
Where order's magic power th' approving mind beguiles.
Ofttimes a ray of purest light,
Piercing some corner hid from sight,
May through surrounding gloom have stole
Like hope upon a sinner's soul.
All is suggestive—solemn—deep,
Like fragrances from heaven to steep
The yielding sense, as dews distill
Their precious balms on Hermon's hill.
If such then is the influence
Of sacred precincts on the sense,
Much more there was on ear and eye
This impress to intensify
When through the minster's massive door
The Primate trod its marble floor:
With almost pain the shrinking eye,
Fresh from the blaze of mid-day's sky,
Plunged headlong in the murky wave
That merged it in the lofty nave;
For every window in the pile—
Loop, louvre, lancet—quaterfoil
Was screened through which a single ray
Of solar light could find its way,
A gloom enhanced as are the dark
Sea deeps by phosphorescent spark,
Where the high choir receding far
Burned like a constellated star.
At each advancing step that light
Unfolded to the strengthening sight
Some object to admire—the height,

Expanding scope, proportion true,
Majestic whole and finish due,
  Were in succession viewed
By thirty waxen torches' blaze
That on the altar's graduate dais
  In solemn order stood.

But works of gilding—cedar—stone,
  Of brush or chisel rare,
On which those perfumed tapers shone
  Were not so touching fair
As *she* who from her nuptial throne
Deposed, was on her death-couch lone,
  Reclined so calmly there—
    Llywelyn's royal bride,
    At whose endearing side
    Two years did gently glide,
Unreckoned but by the increase
    Of joy from day to day,
    As winged the hours away
Upon the dial of domestic peace.

Now in that spotless robe arrayed
In which, a virgin wife, she made,
  Before the altar kneeling,
With trembling lip her whispered vow,
While softly o'er her parian brow
  A roseate tint was stealing—

Once more that holy precinct near,
But now upon her funeral bier,
  She lies—the virgin veil
Is gone, and ah! the rose no more
Its vermil floods shall dare to pour
  Upon her cheek so pale!

But yet her marble features smiled,
  Impressed by that fond gaze on her
  Who did for one short day confer
A *mother's* treasured name—her child—
  Death's strangely chosen messenger!

Yet as she lay it might appear
  Her smile the sacred emblem met—
A crucifix, the which to rear
Upon her breast her folded arms were set.

So, 'neath her lashes dark and deep,
In posture as of waking sleep,
And looking on the cross she seemed
To lie, and smiling as she dreamed.

'Twas a sad sight to look upon,
And fair as sad:—Archbishop John,
His Cantuarensis Reverend Grace
When he at regulation pace
With long procession reached the place,
Looked earnestly upon that face;
And o'er his features while their gaze
They kept, there gleamed, as through the glaze
Of worldly habit—priestly art
A ray that strangely told
That statue hard and cold
Had once contained a human heart!

Then stealthily, as if in fear
Such indications might appear,
He moved his eyes from side to side,
As less they seemed to glance than glide;
And as those piercing lenses turned,
Another object they discerned
Which did for notice call—
Behind and kneeling in the shade
That by the catafalque was made
A female figure tall,
In attitude of deepest wail,
With rosary, and garb, and veil,
Not strictly of conventual use,
But as befitting lay recluse.

This form the lynx-eyed Primate spied,
And questioned of her to his guide,
The Bishop Thomas, who replied
"It is the Abbess of the Wold;
The people for the most part hold
Her for a saint; and some there are
Who in there credence go so far
As say that not by human birth
She came a denizen of earth;
And with enthusiasm fond
Attribute to her e'en beyond
The power to solace and to heal—
A gift from heaven to reveal
And e'en to sway men's future weal."

The Primate mused:—"E'en so," quoth he,
"Meseems your bead-roll all too free;
Hedge-saints like these should rather come
In ban than brief of holy Rome.
In parts from central care remote
Much to reform there needs no doubt:

Such your own bishopric [1] requires,
Which sons have herited from sires—
Oh! sin to call down heaven's consuming fires."

The reverend Father now gave care
The scene for action to prepare,
His power on those to thunder down
Who ventured to assert their own.
At every blazing waxen brand
A tonsured giant took his stand,
Whose brawny arm and iron hand
Were meeter far to rear
The battle-axe and spear,
Than with soft touch prepare
The sacred host, and lift with action bland:
Each held aloft a steel-capped wand,
Prepared to smother at command
The torch that blazed him near.

Enlisting still her cause to fence
Each lurking instinct—outward sense,
Thus did the Church in solemn wise
Her hidden meanings symbolize:
The scenic darkness—sudden gloom—
With dire effect might typify
Their moral blackness—awful doom
Who dared Rome's menaces defy.

A postern entrance in the aisle
Adjoining was reserved meanwhile
For egress from the darkened fane
For John of Peckham and his train,
If, still sustained, the mad revolt
Drew down the impending thunder-bolt.

All things appointed thus, and still
Some time remaining, as to fill
The pause with profit, Primate John
Bethought him of the quasi nun,
And her encroachments on the ground
Where churchly censures bristled round;
A laic and a woman dare
Intrude her ministrations there—
Presume to feed or guide the flocks
With other aids than orthodox—
'Twas monstrous—something must be done—
He sought the kneeling form—'twas gone.

And thus the occasion passed;—for through
The long perspective now in view
The Prince and his procession drew:

But not as erst its single head
Alone did now Llywelyn tread,
Beside and near his level walked
Another chieftain golden torqued,[2]
Whose cast betrayed the block in rough
Of which Llywelyn's was the proof,
And trailing step and lurching eye
Contrasted with his bearing high.

Confronting the primatial band
The Prince and Council took their stand;
And he who caught the Primate's look
Of wonder at his brother, took
The initiative

"Since last we met,
A star whose glory long had set
Has risen unclouded on our sight,
And traced again its path of light:—
Our princely brother, waked to feel
His true position—country's weal,
Asserts his nobler nature's force,
And signals thus his lightning course—
Lo! Hawarden on your northward way—
Southward the towers that crown the bay
Where Ystwith falls, our arms obey:
Yet think not that I track the line
Of these his conquests with design,
Inferring that the cordon shows
Our power your journey to oppose—
Clothed with an envoy's sacred name,
Freely you go as free you came—
Tell England that we scorn to use
Her treacheries for our excuse."

A brief emotion of surprise
Dilated John of Peckham's eyes
At sight of David; but howe'er
What followed touched his safety near,
No sign of feeling left its trace
Upon his unimpassioned face;

"Lightning—aye truly," he replied,
In tone as inly to deride,
"And now between his thunder-claps,
Sir David will inform us p'rhaps
How he acquits him of the pledge
He took upon him at the edge
Of Edward's knightly sword, when he
With sacred garter[3] clasped his knee,
And deigned accept his fealty?"

A pang knit up Llywelyn's brow—
It burned beneath an honest flush—
Ah! thus it is too often how
The noble for the dastard blush:—

"I feel your sting," he said, "but sure
They who a false allegiance lure,
Can never count it will endure:—
The sapling oak which adverse powers
Hath bent awry in woodland bowers
When from the pressure freed at length
It springs uprightly in its strength,
A mightier energy doth show
Than if it ne'er had bended low;
And thus Prince David from his late
Distortion starts—more strong—more strait."

"Inherent weakness he betrays
Who cloaks ill-deeds with specious phrase,"
The Primate said; and none indeed
To feel that truth had greater need;
"These laches but one feather add
To plaints our king already had.
For that you hint of power to stay—
Enforced or not—my homeward way,
Not though my path of duty lay
O'er burning shares could that dismay:
Though in myself of humble note
The man by heavenly choice promote
To stand where stood the Martyr-Saint,
THOMAS THE BLEST,—must never faint.
Voice of the Church, then, I demand
If you to peace will set your hand,
And hie you to the Holy Land,
Or that tremendous curse entail
Which bars you from the Christian pale—
Have you had wisdom well to scan
The workings of that awful ban?—
This sacred relic, which no less
Your duty than your tenderness
Devoutly claims—that precious dust—
Are you prepared to see it thrust
Like carrion offal out of sight—
Unsung the prayer—unpaid the rite—
To know that soul implores in vain
Release from purgatorial pain?"

Again was shown beyond control
The struggle in Llywelyn's soul;

The thrilling muscle—changeful skin
Betrayed the agony within:
But it was short—amid the sway
Of adverse calls he saw his way:
One look he turned upon the bier—
"Sir Priest," he said "you touch me near:
My life as nothing were to pay
In duty to that honoured clay;
But sure I am the spark divine
That lighted up that lovely shrine,
Wherever now beyond the ken
And reach it lives of mortal men,
Would nought of its effulgence owe,
Or peace or bliss to knees that bow
Where hearts their duties disallow,
But smiling from its heavenly sphere,
Our country's onward efforts cheer.
Oh! sure the day is not remote
When the freed mind shall cease to dote
On credences fantastic coined
By blind who feign to lead the blind!"

At this vaticination bold
Wrung from Llywelyn's tortured breast
The Primate did like that High Priest
In that great case prejudged of old,
Who rent his clothes and cried "Behold,
Ye hear him now blaspheme—what need
We further witnesses—proceed—
List to the Church's ban, and all take heed."

THE CURSE.

"Be thou curst in the house—be thou curst in the field—
Thy roof shall not shelter—thy land shall not yield—
Be thou curst at departure, and curst at return—
The fire shall not cherish, but blast thee and burn—
The water shall choke thee but slake not thy thirst—
In the air—on the sea—on the shore be thou curst!
Thy friend shall betray thee—
He is blest who shall slay thee:
Thy dead shall not sleep to the sound of the bell—
If a leaf does but quiver
Thine heart-strings shall shiver—
This life shall be only thy first step to *hell*—"

And at that word the darkness fell.
But ere the nerves could fully prove
The shock, on sudden from above,

In the veiled clerestory's height,
A curtain fell, and streams of light,
Intensely narrowed, poured their flood
Exactly where Llywelyn stood:
Full in his face the nimbus shone—
Mid hundreds there he seemed alone.

The brooding darkness, deepened yet
By contrast with that 'lumined jet,
Concealed upon the Primate's face
The frown that marred its stately grace
At what appeared a heaven-sent charm
His anathêmas to disarm:
He coupled not the marvel done
With disappearance of the nun.

And now by resined torches' glare
He bade his myrmidons prepare
The sacred fane to desecrate,
And fix the ban upon the gate
They spat upon the altar fair;
Defaced each holy emblem there;
Trampled the vestments rich and fine;
Scattered the relic—sacked the shrine;
While through their havoc strange and wild
Fair Eleonore still lay and smiled.

With sworded hand and watchful eye
Llywelyn to the bier kept nigh,
Albeit the Primate's own command
Had fenced it from unhallowed hand:
The Church still held through terrors dread
Inviolate the helpless dead.
There must she lie—each outlet sealed,
Until the ban should be repealed.

Llywelyn bent him down to press
On her pale cheek a last caress—
"Sweet spouse," he said, "my heart thou knowest;
Pray for and wait me where thou goest!"

Then seeing out the churchly train,
He was the last to quit the fane.

(To be continued.)

NOTES TO CANIAD IV.

[1] The celibacy of the clergy was long resisted in the primal British Church: perhaps never fully accepted. In the see of St. David

Bishop Sulien had a large family of sons, and one or more of them succeeded in the episcopacy.

[2] The gold chains already alluded to, which were a distinctive appendage of royalty—called *torques*, or *torch*.

[3] I have taken the liberty of ante-dating the garter ceremony in the Order of St. George; it is well known to have been engrafted on that solemnity in the reign of Edward I.'s grandson, Edward III.

ERRATA IN CANIAD III.

Page 331, line 30, *for* "meeting," *read* "meting."
„ 334, „ 2, cancel period at sake.
„ „ „ 32, cancel period at grows.
„ 345, „ 19, transpose inverted commas to commencement of line 18.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS.

[From a MS. of the late WILLIAM ROBERTS, of St. Athan.]

THE Normans of Glamorgan made a law that no man should enter their towns and castles but who could talk the Norman tongue, and that their tenants and subjects should put their children under the care of Norman fosterers to be taught their language, and that every child after a certain time who should be accused of knowing Welsh should be deemed a villain or slave. This was the chief cause of the insurrection under Ivor Bach, when many thousands of the Normans were put to the sword, and were never after so powerful in Glamorgan. Hereupon they repealed most of the severe laws they had made against the Welsh. The kings of England were so jealous of the Norman lords of Glamorgan, that they declined giving them any powerful assistance against the Welsh. Some help, however, was given them in order to secure them in the English interest against the Welsh; and King Edward II. gave the castle of Caerffily to Hugh Spencer, to keep both Welsh and Normans in awe. This proceeding of the kings of England produced a

coalition of the Welsh and Normans, which, in the times of Owen Glynndowr, had like to have proved very dangerous to the English, as the whole county of Glamorgan arose with him, both Welsh and Normans; but the last played their cards so well that they made it appear that they were forced rather to submit to the arms of Glynndowr, than freely take his part, by which they both saved to themselves the favour of the English, and acquired a sway over the natives of the county which they had not enjoyed for many years, and were exempted with their subjects from the severe laws which were made to curb the Welsh.

In the reign of Richard II. a very high tide in the month of March, drove on by a great south-west wind, destroyed the castles of Aberthaw and Porth Cirick, and also utterly destroyed the harbour of Porth Cirick. The castle of Aberthaw stood on the place now called the Garland Acre, where were games kept yearly on May-day, and where those who excelled in them set up garlands decked with the favours of their sweethearts on a May-pole. This spot of ground was the Castle Green. The beach and sand were drove up so high that the wide plain called the Lays was almost entirely ruined and torn away by the sea. The towns of Cynfick and Cantlupestone were also ruined by this tide, which, together with the wind, threw the sand up in such large heaps as to overwhelm the houses and destroy all before it. The church of Towin was so damaged that it fell down, and was never after repaired or rebuilt. Here was the principal place of burial of the lords of Glamorgan and their families.

A Saracen who escaped from a ship that was cast away on the Welsh coast was employed by many of the Normans as master builder to their castles. He was converted to Christianity, and he built the village, or rather town, of *Lales Town*, called after his own name, which was Lales.

The first English school in Wales was one at Lantwit Major, for the use of the Flandrians, which came to live there in the reign of Elizabeth, though the gentry before that time had their own domestic tutors, by whom many of the poor were sometimes taught.

The gentry had formerly the privilege of coining their own copper money, and the halfpence and farthings of the Stradlings, St. Johnns, Bassets, and many others are often found. These pieces are called counters now by the common people in Glamorgan.

One of the first glass-houses in the kingdom was erected at Cardiff, but a house soon after taking fire, the people of the town destroyed the glass-house, as they supposed the house was fired from the flames which flew by night out of the glass-house chimney.

The Earls of Glamorgan had begun to erect a borough town at Broughton by Wick; but the wars of Owen Glynndowr was the occasion of its being demolished; but the place is still called by the name intended for the new town.

The stone crosses on the cross-roads in Glamorganshire were demolished by Oliver Cromwell's men, who also tore down almost every one of the fine stone crosses that were in most of the church-yards of this county. The pedestals of these crosses are still remaining in our church-yards, and on our cross-roads, and in most of our towns.

In the time of King Charles the plague broke out in Newton Nottage, and spread abroad over other parts of Glamorganshire. A man at Newton who had for a long time drank a decoction of horehound escaped the disorder, though he had attended on his wife, children, and many others, who all died. Many who heard of this followed his example, and drank the same decoction, and as many as did so escaped.

CARADOC OF LLANCARVAN.

Caradoc was the son of Llefoed, domestic bard to Gruffudd ap Morgan ap Iestyn, Prince of Glamorgan. He was a native of the present county of Brecon, and was born apparently about the middle of the eleventh century. The first time, however, that he attracts our attention is as a partizan of Iestyn, in whose services he lost his lands. Whether this was before the return of Rhys ab Tewdwr from Armorica in 1077, when that prince made war upon Iestyn, is not clear. According to one account, Caradoc was in high favour with Rhys, until some differences arising between them, he took offence, and retired to a monastery. Another, and a more probable, account says that, owing to the losses which he suffered under Iestyn, he transferred his allegiance to Gruffudd the son of Rhys ab Tewdwr, but that a misunderstanding ensuing between Rhys the son of Gruffudd and himself, he forsook him also, and became a monk. If we may judge from these angry outbursts, he does not seem to have been blessed with the best of tempers; indeed they show him to be vindictive and selfish, though, if the latter account be the true one, he did not abandon the cause of Iestyn until it had become absolutely hopeless. For the veteran, on being dispossessed of his territory by the Normans in 1089, retired from public view, and died at Keynsham, at the patriarchal age of 129 years.

Gruffudd, who had been brought up in Ireland, crossed over into Wales in 1113. His arms were directed chiefly against the English, Normans, and Flemings, whom he defeated in numerous battles. Having at length succeeded in recovering his dominions, he celebrated the event by a splendid feast at his palace of Ystrad Towy, to which he invited all who would come in peace from every part of Wales. The remainder of his reign he spent in reforming and enforcing the laws. He died in 1136, and was succeeded by his son Rhys, with whom Caradoc

quarrelled, but for what reason it is not known. It had the effect, however, of driving him to seek the monk's cowl in the church of S. Teilo at Llandaff; from thence he retired to the desolate church of S. Kened; thence to S. David's, was made priest there; and ended his life abbot of S. Ishmael's, in Pembrokeshire, in 1156. A chronicle in the Red Book of Hergest places his death about three years later.

Giraldus Cambrensis informs us that Caradoc was buried in the north transept of S. David's Cathedral, near the altar of S. Stephen. He was canonized by Innocent III., at the instance of Giraldus, and miracles are said to have been wrought at his tomb.

Caradoc inherited the poetical genius of his father; he is said to have composed many good songs, according to the art which prevailed in his time. There is a poem, of which he is said to be the author, printed in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, iii. p. 144, and addressed to his friend and contemporary Gwgan Varvawg, the bard of Iestyn, followed by Gwgan's answer, likewise in verse; "Englynion yr Asswynau," and "Englynion y Gorugau," are attributed to him; but according to some the latter were the production of his father Llefoed; whilst in the *Iolo MSS.*, where they are printed, they are said to have been composed by Geraint Vardd Glâs. Be that as it may, Caradoc is more particularly distinguished as a chronicler. When Geoffrey of Monmouth had finished his history of the British kings, he fixed upon Caradoc as the most competent person to carry on the register of events under the princes. "And the princes," he says, "who were over the Cymry successively afterwards, I committed to Caradoc of Llancarvon; he was my contemporary, and to him I left materials for writing that book." Where Geoffrey got his materials from he does not inform us; there is no doubt, however, that Caradoc added the greatest portion of what related to the wars of Iestyn and Rhys ab Tewdwr, the Norman invasion, and the earlier part of Rhys ab Gruffudd's reign, from his own observation. There are many copies of the chronicle

attributed to Caradoc still extant in MS., and though they differ more or less in style and phraseology, they generally agree in matter. There are two versions printed in the *Myvyrian Archaiology;* one from a MS. of the fourteenth century in the Red Book of Hergest, the other from a MS. at Aberpergwm, of a much more modern orthography. Both are carried down, of course by other hands, to the years 1281 and 1196 respectively. Guttyn Owen informs us that the successions and acts of the Princes of Wales after Caradoc, until the year 1270, were kept and recorded from time to time in the Abbeys of Conway, in North Wales, and Stratflur, in South Wales.

It is not my purpose in this paper to enter upon a critical examination of the two versions alluded to, or of any of the numerous copies that are scattered throughout the country. I believe that the Rev. J. Williams ab Ithel is now preparing a collated edition of the *Brut y Tywysogion*, which is to be published under the auspices of Government; and I have no doubt that the characteristics of each of his copies will be judiciously discussed in the preface. My object was simply to sketch the life of this historian, because in no modern work have I met with anything of the kind. Perhaps, if this attempt be acceptable, I may try to put together the scanty materials we have relative to Geraint Vardd Glas, Sion Kent, and others,—men who were remarkable in their days, but of whom very little—and that in a confused form—is now popularly known.

EINION.

THE ERA OF TRAHAEARN THE POET.

CELTIC DAVIES, as he is generally called, was a person of great research, and exceedingly ingenious; but, like many of his class, he suffered his zeal and prejudice to outrun his judgment. In order to disprove the authority of the chair of Glamorgan, at which Trahaearn is said to have presided in A.D. 1300, he thus attempts to show that such a thing was impossible:—

"*Trahaearn Brydydd Mawr* is recorded as having presided in the year 1300; and several of his successors, between that date and 1370 are also mentioned. But the learned antiquary, Ed. Llwyd, gives the era of the same Trahaearn, An. 1380; and this from the Red Book of Hergest, a MS. written about the close of the fourteenth century, when the age of our bard must have been accurately known. He could not, therefore, have presided in the year 1380, nor be succeeded by the persons who are recorded as his successors; and thus the *ratified* account of the establishment of the chair, betrays a combination of fraud and ignorance."—(*Mythology*, &c., p. 33.)

Let us see whether the charge cannot be disposed of. Gruffudd Llwyd, son of Rhys ap Gruffudd ap Ednyfed Fychan, was knighted by Edward I., upon his bringing the first news of the queen's safe delivery of a son at Caernarvon Castle. This Sir Gruffudd Llwyd, seeing the intolerable tyrannies of the English officers in Wales, especially of Roger Mortimer, Lord of Chirk, and Justice of North Wales, broke into open rebellion, and suddenly overran all North Wales. But in 1322 he was taken prisoner, and confined in Rhuddlan Castle, where he died in the same year.—(See R. Vaughan of Hengwrt's Notes on Powel's *Hist. of Wales*, printed at Oxford, 1663.)

Gwilym Ddu o Arfon, who is known to have flourished from 1280 to 1320, addressed two odes to this Sir Gruffudd Llwyd.

Gwilym Ddu also wrote an elegy on Trahaearn Brydydd Mawr.

Trahaearn was a native of Llangyfelach, in Glamorgan, and lived in the time of Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who was married to Joan de Meres, daughter of Edward I., and died at Monmouth Castle in 1295.—(See Collins' *Peerage.*) In the Llyfr Coch of Hergest, there is a satirical poem on Trahaearn, by Hywel Ystoryn, who mentions the Lord Clare, and severely satirizing Trahearn, charges him with being a ploughman, a clown; that his son and daughter assisted in ploughing his land; that his ancestors were only ploughmen.

"Tarw yw hwn tewbwn tabar—du bradawg,
Dibryder ofergar,
Taid eirddiaid braeniaid brynar,
Tegach nai forach ei far.

Mewn cae y mae y maerwr
Plant a deiliant ei dalar,
Mab a ardd carnhardd cornhir,
A merch goch wyllgoch walltgar."

He calls him

"Mab Gronwy fab Rhotpert fab Bledri,"

a tribe always feeding on milk only, clothed with

"Dwlban gwlan gwlad Eryri;"

his only liquor whey; his father Gronwy was

"Mab maerwr berwr Bwri."

Such are the crimes laid to the charge of Trahaearn by a virulent lampooner, who similarly accuses his neighbour and contemporary bard, Casnodyn, of Cil Fai.

Trahaearn addresses an ode to Yr Arglwydd Clâr. Now, admitting this to have been the last of the name, he died in 1313; so that the proper medium of the time when Trahaearn flourished must have been about 1300, or very little later. But that it was the last Clare is very improbable, for he was but five years of age when his father died in 1295, and was in ward, and brought up by his uncle Edward II., at his court, by whom he was taken to the siege of Stirling, where he died. It is, therefore, more probable that Trahaearn addressed his ode to the father of the last Clare, of course before 1295.

As to Llyfr Coch, there are no dates in that MS. Dr. Davies, in 1632, gave the dates as well as he could, but at random. He gives that of 1400 to Gwilym Ddu o Arfon, the bard who celebrated Sir Gruffudd Llwyd, who was knighted by Edward I. in 1284!

PENMARK, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

TRADITION.

PENMARK is a Welsh name, signifying the head of Mark, or Mark's head. An old popular tradition says that, before the Reformation, a human skull was kept in the church, and supposed to be the skull of St. Mark, to whom the church is said to have been dedicated. How far the tradition respecting the skull of St. Mark may be true cannot be well known, but there is a curious legend attached to it, to the effect that a holy hermit, possessed of St. Mark's skull, had retired to this place; that the hitherto unconverted heathens of the country made several attempts to steal this skull from the poor hermit; that to secure it he hid it in the ground, under a stone of a certain form; over the skull he put a very small stone, too small to be noticed; that on a hill, about half a mile eastward, he placed a large stone of the same form. The hermit was at last tortured to death, but he had previously told some of his persecutors that the skull might be found on the hill, under a stone of a certain description. At the death of the holy man, many of his persecutors dropped down dead; this had such an effect upon the rest, that they became converts to Christianity, whereupon, they resolved to seek for the place where the skull was buried, and finding the larger stone on a hill, near the place where the hermit had his habitation, they began to build the church, but what was erected by day, was the following night removed to another place. This

having continued for several days, a search was made under the large stone, but no skull found; they then searched in the place whereunto the building of the day was removed at night; the skull was found under a small stone, of the same form as the large one on the other hill. In this place thenceforward they resolved to finish the church, naming it Pen Mark, *i. e.*, Mark's Head. The hill, where the church was originally attempted to be built, is to this day called Church-hill, and the wood on its side Church-hill Wood.

THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE—WHICH?

A LANGUAGE will retain in itself, or in its own words and phrases, all the abstract ideas and principles of science that were or are known to those who spoke, or speak, such a language. Though nothing but grammars and lexicons of the Greek language remained, we could positively asssert that those who once spoke it were acquainted with philosophy, geometry, arithmetic, &c., for terms for such sciences, which are retained in the Greek, can never exist in any language till the sciences themselves are known. A language possessing terms for science, and philosophical ideas of its own, and not borrowed from any other tongue, proves that the people who spoke it were self-civilized to a degree corresponding with the science or knowledge that such a set of terms and phrases express and indicate. On the other hand, when a language has no terms of art but what are borrowed from other languages, this is an undoubted proof that the speakers of this borrowing language had never any science of their own, and that of course they were in a state of barbarism, before they became acquainted with those languages whence their arts and terms are borrowed. Thus the Saxon language appears to have no terms of art, or at the utmost of any other arts but

such as appear common to the rude Goth, Hottentot, beaver, fox, magpie, and wren; whilst almost every noun and verb in the Welsh language express with metaphysical precision all the objects, properties, and agencies of nature, *e. g.*, *damwain;* refined and sublime ideas of theology, philosophy; it has a multiplicity of terms definitive of all sorts of lines, circles, curves, angles, simple and compound figures of all the principal parts in very complicated machinery, as wheels of various kinds, screws, springs, &c.; all the parts of a ship and its rigging; all the parts of a house, as rooms, chambers, pillars, every kind of aperture (goleuddor), sub-division (cell, clior, &c.); every useful implement and process in agriculture; in the smelting and refining of metals; in pharmacy, &c. Its native terms in literature, as *coelbren, peithynen, ebillwydd, gwyddor, darllen, cerdd, cân,* prove that they were not borrowed from any other nation. The Saxon *write* and the word *wright,* maker, are of the same original, and until the Greek word *poet* became generally used, the English and Scots had no better term than that of *maker* (wright). A fellow named ———, has arrogantly pronounced the Celtic language barbarous; if he had any knowledge of either the Welsh or Irish, and compared their copiousness, richness, energetic power, grammatical perfection, and all their characteristics of high and very ancient cultivation, with the rude and barren Saxon, he would probably have changed objects of applied barbarity. Surely the language that has within itself the most ample stores and resources on all occasions, is not so barbarous as that which begs, borrows, and steals from all others.

E. W.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS, MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE, &c.

It is with painful feelings we record the death of the Venerable John Williams, A.M., Oxon, Archdeacon of Cardigan, Canon of St. David's, and Prebend of Brecon, who, after a life of great usefulness, closed his earthly career on the 27th of last December, at his residence, Bushey Heath, Herts. In him Wales has lost one of her most illustrious sons,—a true Cymro both in heart and speech, and, at the same time, one of the best Greek scholars and most able philologists of the day. We particularly feel that in this Journal—a Journal which he regarded with great interest as a necessary addition to the literature of the day, in originating which he was an adviser, and for which he wrote several papers—there ought to be something more than a casual notice of his life and works. We shall therefore give a short sketch of his laborious and useful life, before entering into any disquisition on the imperishable remains he has left behind him in his writings, and which embrace every topic interesting to the ethnologist, the philosopher, the philologist, the archæologist, and the theologian. John Williams, the late Archdeacon of Cardigan, born at Ystradmeirig, on the 11th of April, 1792, was the youngest child of the Rev. John Williams, Vicar of Ystradmeirig, and of Jane his wife, daughter of Lewis Rogers, Esq., of Gelly, high sheriff for the county of Cardigan in the year 1753. His father had other benefices besides Ystradmeirig, and was also for forty-two years Head Master of Ystradmeirig School—a school which in his time, and that of the founder, Edward Richards, sent forth some of the most remarkable men in Wales, and many of whom are to this day the most strenuous and successful supporters of the Church in the Principality. Of great strength of body and vigour of mind, John Williams early evinced proofs of uncommon talents. A precocious child, and an intellectual boy, he

passed so quickly through the course which all the pupils had to run previous to their divinity studies, that, while yet in his sixteenth year, he became classical assistant to the Rev. Thomas Horn, Head Master of Chiswick School, where he remained for a year, and derived great benefit from the hard and sharp scholarship of Westminster School, where Mr. Horn had himself been educated. For the next two years he acted as assistant to his father and eldest brother, (the Rev. David Williams, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford,) in teaching the numerous pupils who crowded into the school of Ystradmeirig; the number during one of these two years amounted to one hundred and seventy-three. He then went for a short time to Ludlow School, where he obtained a scholarship, and in November, 1810, entered Baliol College, Oxford. He was delighted with the line of studies carried on in that college, and with the companions of his toils. He worked vigorously, and in Easter term, 1814, was, with four others, placed in the first class. The examination he passed was so brilliant, and the number of books he gave in so large, that for years it was remembered in his college. His strong points were philosophy and history. In after life he became an excellent mathematician; but he has been heard to remark that, at the time of taking his degree, he was little acquainted with that science, from want of mathematical instruction. In the same class with him was the well known master of Rugby School, Dr. Arnold. To quote a writer in the *Times*,—

"Like the latter (Dr. Arnold), the Archdeacon chose the life of a public teacher as his sphere of usefulness—a sphere for which his great bodily strength, his energy, his wonderful faculty of imparting knowledge, and his unvarying equanimity of temper, peculiarly fitted him."

He willingly, therefore, availed himself of a proposal made to him to become the immediate assistant of Dr. Gabell, the celebrated and accomplished Master of Winchester College. Here he spent four years, to the unbounded satisfaction of Dr. Gabell, and his own great improvement; and during this period was ordained in St. Martin's

Church, by the Bishop of Ripon, by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Winchester, to the curacy of Durley, Hants, and afterwards ordained as priest in Winchester Cathedral, by the bishop of the diocese. On leaving Dr. Gabell he became the assistant of the Messrs. Richards, Masters of Hyde Abbey School, Winchester. A warm and sincere friendship sprung up between him and the two brothers, Charles and George Richards, accomplished Etonians, and then Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, and from them he said he had acquired the art of turning out Sapphic and Alcaic odes, as well as Ovidian elegiacs, with facility and correctness. At the termination of the second year of his engagement at Hyde Abbey, the then learned Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Burgess, offered him, without any solicitation on his part, the living of Lampeter, in Cardiganshire, with the expressed hope that he would continue to teach the school established there by the late vicar. Now, as his father had brought him up with strong patriotic feelings, and imbued him with the desire of devoting all the experience and knowledge he had gained under the varied school systems of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster to the service of his young countrymen, when this opening presented itself, he gave up without hesitation the rectory of St. Lawrence, Winchester, and the chief management of Hyde Abbey School, and accepted the living of Lampeter, with the school annexed. At the time he returned to Wales, Dr. Burgess, the Lord Bishop of St. David's, had for years been annually collecting, principally from the clergy, a sum of money intended eventually for the establishment of a college, where the young men about to enter into holy orders might receive more systematic instruction in their divinity studies than could be furnished under the roof of a grammar-school, however well conducted. The plans of the bishop, with respect to the site of the future college, had considerably vacillated. The first proposal was to make it an addition to the schools at Ystradmeirig; latterly, to found an institution, altogether new, near the church of Llanddewi Brevi, in Car-

diganshire, venerable for many traditions of the patron saint of Wales. The plan, however, was changed; and, through the influence of the Archdeacon, then Vicar of Lampeter, the bishop finally determined to build the college at Lampeter. About this time (1824) the project for the establishment of the Edinburgh Academy was in agitation, and as the sons of two of the leading directors were, with several other young men, under the Archdeacon's private tuition, (viz., Mr. Charles Scott, youngest son of Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. William Forbes Mackenzie, eldest son of Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore,) he, the Archdeacon, was advised by Sir Walter Scott to propose himself as candidate for the Rectorship of the New Academy, Edinburgh, and was unanimously elected Rector. One of the most distinguished of the rival candidates was a well known fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. This was in the year 1824; and, entering Edinburgh society when the *literati* of the northern capital were men of mental vigour and sparkling genius, he brought into the intellectual arena a wit as choice, and an intellect as powerful, as possessed by any of that wonderful generation of Scotchmen. It may be interesting to some of our readers to quote a passage from an article in a leading Edinburgh paper, giving, from the pen of an old pupil, now a distinguished scholar and influential man, a graphic sketch of the Archdeacon as Rector of the Edinburgh Academy:—

"For twenty-two years Mr. Williams continued to discharge the duties, and exercise the influence, belonging to this honourable position, with the short interval of one year, during which he accepted and resigned the situation of Professor of Latin in the London University, and employed his leisure time in the composition of his *Life of Alexander the Great*. Those years many hundreds now dispersed over the world—not a few of them in positions of great importance—were informed and moulded by his intellect. As a teacher, his perfect mastery of the subjects which he taught, enabling him generally to dispense with the use of a book in the school, a hearty sympathy with the feelings of boyhood, and a keen eye to watch any tendency to disorder, enabled him to have his pupils 'well in hand,' and to maintain

discipline without severity; while the lesson of the day was discussed with a careful and minute analysis, the dryness of which was relieved by the copious information which his well stored mind supplied. But it was not less as *Rector* than as *Master* that he was distinguished. After the model of the High School, four junior classical masters were appointed along with himself, besides others for the collateral departments, and, through them also, his influence was indirectly felt. With his ample scholarship, his active intellect, and powerful memory, conscious of his strength, and social in his disposition, he sat daily among his juniors in the Academy Lodge, with much to impart, and, touching Scottish matters, something perhaps to learn; discussing all subjects, ancient and modern, classical and profane, ready with his information, his aid, or his advice, while his colleagues were interested and stimulated by his conversation, and fully prepared to support him in promoting the ends for which the institution was formed. The power was surely not the less enviable, because it was exercised among men of spirit, with a strong sense of personal responsibility."

Again, quoting from the notice which appeared in the *Times* of the Archdeacon, we find,—

"He was one of a literary set in which, at various times, among many names of note, we find those of Sir Walter Scott, Maculloch, John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Lord Cockburn, Lord Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, and Colonel Mure. On the death of Sir Walter Scott, the Archdeacon read the burial service over his remains in Dryburgh Abbey."

To the list above mentioned, we must add the name the great philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, an intimate friend of the Archdeacon, and those of Dr. Chalmers, Carlyle, and Sir Daniel Sandford. During the Archdeacon's sojourn in Edinburgh, he wrote and published *The Life of Alexander the Great*, *The Geography of Ancient Asia*, and *Homerus*. He read several papers on philological, ethnological, and philosophical subjects before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which he was a member; and he contributed some masterly articles to the *Quarterly Review*, then edited by his talented friend and fellow-collegian, Mr. Lockhart. It was to the Archdeacon's brother, the Rev. David Williams, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, that Mr. Lockhart addressed

his clever epistles named *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* We cannot do better than quote here part of a speech made by the Lord Bishop of London, a year and a half ago, in which he thus testified to the success of his old master as a public teacher:—

"He (the Archdeacon), besides being affectionately respected by all the students, had left lasting marks of his success as a scholar and a teacher, not only on his own immediate pupils, but on the whole of Scotland. He (the Bishop) had no hesitation in saying that, to the influence of Archdeacon Williams, more than to any man living, was to be ascribed the present movement in Scotland indicating a wish for a higher standard in the classical department of the universities, as might well be inferred from one fact, among others, that both the great schools in Edinburgh, the High School, and the Academy, have pupils of the Archdeacon among the masters; and nine professional chairs in the Scottish Universities are occupied by gentlemen who were either pupils, or coadjutors, of the first Rector of the Edinburgh Academy."

After spending two-and-twenty years in Scotland as a public teacher, the Archdeacon longed to confer a similar benefit on the rising generation of his young countrymen; and it was therefore with feelings of peculiar gratification that he accepted the offer made to him by the late beneficent Thomas Phillips, Esq., of Brunswick Square, London, to appoint him the first Head Master of the infant institution which he was preparing to found at Llandovery. Part of Mr. Phillips' first letter to the Archdeacon runs as follows:—

"I hope that I shall receive from you what instruction may be useful to make the school as effective as you have already done in Scotland."

For five years the Archdeacon, as Warden of the Llandovery Institution, spared no labour of body or mind in endeavouring to carry out the beneficent intentions of Mr. Phillips; and when, at the close of that period, he was compelled by ill health, brought on by overwork, to resign, he left Llandovery deeply regretted by all, and the trustees of the institution expressed at a meeting the deep sense they entertained of his services and liberality, at a time when neither the foundation nor the accommo-

dation was in any way adequate to the wants of the school. But when the Archdeacon resigned, he left spacious buildings, admirably adapted for scholastic purposes, erected by patriotic subscribers, and richly endowed by the posthumous munificence of Mr. Phillips, and we can add with truth, that the magnificent sum collected for the building fund, and the posthumous generosity of Mr. Phillips, were mainly owing to the *prestige* of the Archdeacon's name. And so strongly is felt at Llandovery the sense of his services, that, although it is five years since he left, all the shops were closed on the day of his funeral,—the last mark of respect a grateful people can pay. We may add that at Bushey Heath, where he had only resided a year and a half, the same mark of esteem and regard was paid to him; and at the hour of his funeral, the pupils of the Edinburgh Academy were dismissed by the Rector, and the school closed.

In the year 1853, while residing for his health at Brighton, he took for three months the duty of his friend and pupil, the well known popular preacher, the talented Mr. Robertson, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, and on his death preached his funeral sermon. In 1854 he published *Gomer*, Parts I. and II., which ought to be a text book with every Welsh scholar, and his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, in which he describes the intercourse of that great commander with the Celtic nations, in a manner more consistent with truth than is to be found in the usual popular narrative of the same events. In the course of the last year he published, by Messrs. Hughes and Butler, his striking letters on *A Barbarian Episcopate;* and, by Messrs. Rivington, a volume of *Discourses and Sermons on the Unity of the Will of God;* and another volume, published by J. Russell Smith, Soho Square, containing publications and republications of various essays and papers on almost all the questions connected with the true history, the laws, language, the literature, (poetic, historic, and philosophic,) and with the pre-historic documents of the Celtic races, and especially that branch which early took possession of Great Britain.

The Cymry cannot have two better manuals than these two volumes for their guidance in studying the past history of the human races, and the special dealings of God with our ancient and truly religious people. We cannot better finish our notice of the life and works of this great and good man, than by quoting a passage from his second part of *Gomer*, as truly illustrative of his creed:—

"I have worked in this field for more than forty years, amidst the daily toils of a hardworked schoolmaster, without any encouragement from my superiors in church and state, without the sympathy of the learned, and without the approbation of many of the wealthy and high-born among my own countrymen. I have so acted under an irresistible impulse, and from a firm conviction that a general knowledge of the treasures contained in the history of the Cymry, in their language and literature, must tend to invigorate the spirit of religious freedom and independence, will furnish their champions with most efficient instruments, and will prove that most of the evils which have afflicted mankind under the patriarchal, legal, and Gospel dispensations, have sprung from that unchanging tendency in corrupt men to render the Word of God of no effect by their own traditions, and to adopt other standards for their belief than the pure and uncorrupted revelations which, in various times and places, He communicated to mankind, and are now contained in the Old and New Testaments."

So wrote the Archdeacon; and through all his writings may be traced the same spirit of patriotism, the same love of civil and religious freedom, the same belief in the truth of revelation. It is said, in the notice already quoted from the *Times*,—

"To the cause of Welsh history and archæology, of which he was always the most able and successful exponent, he is a most irreparable loss. The peculiar feature of his character was his ardent love of his fatherland, of its people, its language, customs, and traditions. No one ever laboured more zealously than he, not merely for the welfare but for the honour of Wales."

His was truly a full life, presenting a wonderful variety of relations to scholarship, to history, to art, to politics, to religion, and to every great interest of human society. He united in a peculiar manner the erudite scholar and

the lover of nature. Zoology, entomology, astronomy, geology, and botany, were fields to him of interesting study and speculation. With a keen eye for the beautiful in nature and art, no man enjoyed fine scenery more. A true lover of poetry and painting, he would recite favourite poems with kindling eye and enthusiastic fervour, and has travelled miles to see a good painting. Possessing an excellent temper, and a cheerful disposition, his life was, notwithstanding many trials, one of great happiness. In every movement for the spiritual, temporal, or moral improvement of the human race he took great interest. An able advocate of the Missionary and Bible Societies, he presided at their local meetings on many occasions. His feeling against slavery was strong and decided, and he did not scruple to denounce in public the iniquity of the system. He ever believed in the close connection between national sin and national punishment, and preached eloquently and fearlessly on the subject. In his long and severe illness he proved the truth of his principles as a Christian philosopher, and resigned his spirit in the full assurance of the life to come through the merits of the one great Sacrifice. His faith at the last was as simple and confiding as that of a little child, and yet his intellect was as clear and vigorous as ever. His remains were interred on the 4th of January, in Bushey church-yard, Herts, in the presence of a few relations and old friends, among whom were the Lord Bishop of London, Sir David Davies, the Rev. Dr. Williams, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair.

On the 16th of August, 1854, his beloved wife died. She was the only child of Thomas Evans, Esq., of Llanilar, Cardiganshire. He has left five daughters behind him to lament the loss of a kind and loving father, one of whom is the wife of Robert Cunliffe, Esq., Chancery Lane. Among his MSS. are several unpublished works, which, with a varied correspondence with the *literati* of his day, will be published, with his Memoirs, in the course of the ensuing year.

Prayer composed by the Venerable John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan, in his last illness; written to dictation, and finished (as it now is) on the 21st December, 1858, Bushey Heath, Herts.

O God Almighty, who hast revealed Thyself to us both in Thy works and in Thy Word as the Maker of all things visible and invisible, and as the first person in the Godhead, I approach Thee as my Father which made me and all my faculties, and I approach Thee according to the command of Thy glorious Son, who has taught and commanded me to address Thee as our Father; look down from Thy throne of grace upon me, Thy sinful son, but who would turn from all that is contrary to Thy will, and would gratefully submit to be guided in all my thoughts, words, and actions by Thee, most merciful, gracious, and loving Father.

O God the Son, who hast been fully revealed to us in Thy gracious Gospel as the second person in the Godhead, and as the special Son of our common Father, I flee to Thee as a feeble brother to the protection of a Brother able to save in the utmost of extremity, and deliver from the hands of all enemies my soul, purchased with Thy precious blood, which can wash from all uncleanness the soul that truly believes and trusts in Thee. Save me, O my adopted Brother, both from my sins and from their burden. In Thy mercy, in Thy mediation, in the merits of Thy great Sacrifice, I alone look for grace and the hopes of salvation.

And O Holy Ghost, revealed to mankind as completing the Godhead, though in a manner not comprehensible by us, exercise in Thy person Thy peculiar office of purifying and sanctifying all the faculties of my soul and body, cleanse me from all my past uncleanness, and place me in the Sanctuary honoured by God's real presence, as a due offering to Him, without wrinkle or blemish.

Have mercy upon me, God the Father;

Have mercy upon me, God the Son;

Have mercy upon me, God the Holy Ghost;

Have mercy upon me *now*, holy blessed, and glorious Trinity; and at the present awful crisis accept my soul as a due sacrifice, worthy of that place honoured by the immediate presence of God; or whether it is the will of the Divine Trinity to prolong my unworthy existence, or to summon me to the world of spirits, I sincerely say and feel the truth of the words of my Saviour Jesus Christ, "Thy will, not mine, be done." *Amen.*

DEATH OF WILLIAM OWEN, ESQ., TAN Y GYRT.

In addition to the loss which the Institute has sustained by the death of Archdeacon Williams, we have the sorrowful task of recording the death of William Owen, Esq., of Tan y Gyrt, which took place on the 7th of February last. Mr. Owen was son of the late lamented Aneurin Owen, Esq., assistant tithe commissioner, and grandson of Dr. Owen Pughe, the noted Welsh lexicographer. Mr. Owen practised at Caernarvon as an attorney for a short time. Receiving the appointment of Chief Clerk of the Bangor County Court, he resided in that city for a very brief period. On the death of his father in 1851, he resigned the clerkship, and returned to the family seat, Tan y Gyrt, where he spent the remainder of his days. Mr. Owen was a magistrate of the county and borough of Denbigh, and his knowledge of the native language enabled him to be of great service in the administration of justice. He was a good antiquary, a fair Welsh scholar, an excellent musician, a zealous promoter of the literature of Wales, and, as such, a warm supporter of the Cambrian Institute, to the Journal of which he contributed largely, and a strenuous advocate for Welsh bishops. Mr. Owen founded a literary society at Nantglyn, and through his liberality and exertions a school has nearly been completed in the same village. Though himself a churchman, he was ever ready to aid his fellow Christians of all persuasions. His amiable disposition endeared him to a large circle of friends, and in him the poor have lost a kind and liberal benefactor.

ST. PAUL'S TRIADS.

THESE Triads, which will be inserted at length in the very important volume on BARDISM about to be published under the auspices of the Welsh MSS. Society, are found in very numerous, and some very old manuscripts. They contain in clear, strong, and pointed expression some of the most essential doctrines of Christianity, unmixed with any of the superstitions of the middle ages. Indeed, being found in MSS. that were written before the Reformation, we may safely infer that they were either written before Popery became prevalent in Wales, or that in this country there were some in all ages who never assented to what are considered the errors of the Church of Rome. Of these conjectures, some will probably adopt the one, and some the other.

St. Paul's Triads naturally suggest the inquiry, how came they to bear that title? We cannot answer it with historical proof, but we will deliver a few of our opinions, or rather conjectures, on the subject.

Some of our best ecclesiastical historians seem to be almost, if not fully persuaded, that it was St. Paul who first preached the Gospel to the ancient Britons. Of this opinion were the learned Dr. Stillingfleet, and Archbishop Usher, which they formed on authorities that are more respectable, we conceive, than anything that has been produced to the contrary.

We have nowhere, indeed, met in our old MSS. with passages that expressly and indubitably assert that St. Paul ever preached the glad tidings in Britain; but there are numerous passages that imply so much fairly enough. The ancient term for the Gospel or Christian Scriptures is "Pregeth Bawl," *i. e.*, St. Paul's sermon or preaching. We have an ancient aphoristical poem called, "Deifregwawd Pawl," *i. e.*, St. Paul's distichs or verses. "Efengyl Ieuan," St. John's Gospel, is the only Book in the New Testament that we have ever found mentioned in our oldest MSS. This, and "Pregeth Bawl," whatever

it was, "Deifregwawd Pawl," and "Trioedd Pawl," were seemingly the only ancient Welsh writings of which we can yet obtain any knowledge that contained the doctrines of Christianity. Why should these three last documents be so called, unless it was from a prevalent belief, or opinion at least, that their doctrines were those of St. Paul? And why of St. Paul, unless because they were first taught or preached by him to the Britons? But of whatever origin these writings or their titles are, they appear to have been for ages to the Cymry the only sources of Christian knowledge, in conjunction with St. John's Gospel.

Admitting it to be true that St. Paul was the Apostle of Britain, there is nothing absurd in the supposition that he might have put, or have directed to be put, into this bardic and very popular aphoristical form, the doctrines which he taught; he must have perceived that they would be in this manner much more speedily, and more extensively, disseminated among the Britons—many of whom were well qualified to recite them—than they could have been by the very slow process of teaching the British youth to read and write. This would have taken up a long time, and been attended with much greater labour and expense. Verse was also with the Britons one, and probably the principal, vehicle of knowledge. Verse, or a song, can be orally learned by ten thousand persons in less time than one person can be taught to read it, and much more so than to write it, which in those days was indispensably necessary. Christianity would be orally, speedily, and extensively taught by bardic verse and aphorism, and much more so than could be done in writing, even among a literary people in that age. This must have been obvious to St. Paul, who doubtless taught as he prayed, "with the understanding," as well as "with the spirit."

St. Paul might, in a sense sufficiently proper, have been the Apostle of the Britons, without having ever been in this island. He was acquainted with, and in one of his Epistles mentions, *Claudia*, the wife of *Pudens*,

who was a noble British lady, as Martial informs us, and one of his converts; it is very possible that she might have in her train, or among her acquaintance, a Briton, learned in the bardic lore of his native country, who, being also a convert, might from the dictates of St. Paul compose a set of Triads, the number of which might be increased subsequently, and yet retain, like the *Psalms of David*, the original title.

Caradoc ap Bran, and his whole family, were carried prisoners of war to Rome. Our oldest writers, and a great number of them, say that Bran ap Llyr Lledíaith, the father of Caradoc, went to Rome, and returned a Christian; that he was the first Briton ever converted to the faith of Christ, and the first preacher of His Gospel in Britain, in conjunction with *Ilid Sant, gwr o'r Israel, i. e.*, St. Ilid, an Israelite, or Jew. He is, moreover, said to have been a bard, and is so represented in the history of his life and adventures, a very ancient Welsh MS., entitled *Hanes Bendigeidfran ap Llyr*, for he was called, after he became a Christian, "Bendigeidfran," or "Bran fendigaid," *i. e.*, Bran the Blessed. He being converted, and dictated to by St. Paul, might have been the original composer (we will not say writer) of these Triads, to which he might give the title of *St. Paul's Triads*, being purely his doctrines and dictates. If St. Paul, at Rome, converted and instructed the four Britons who became Christians, and who afterwards in their own country propagated Christianity, he was in a just sense the Apostle of Britain. On the idea of this conjecture *we may reckon St. Paul among the bards of the Isle of Britain.* These are our conjectures, with a mixture of what some persons may deem *reverie.* We intend thus only to suggest some hints, adduced from certain historical facts, to those who may have more time and ability for the investigation of that incident in our ecclesiastical history, the first introduction of Christianity in Britain.

St. Paul's Triads may be by some supposed to have been produced by a *pia fraus* of some ancient Christian bard. We confess that it might possibly enough be so;

but if this gave weight and authority to doctrines the most important that ever blessed mankind, we shall be greatly at a loss to know *how*, and in *what*, we are to censure the writer. Wherein lies the turpitude, and what is its magnitude? It is hard to say that the author did not mean well, or that he was not a good man and a Christian; and we cannot discover that this fraud, supposing it to be one, has produced hitherto any bad effect. Fraud, however, is in its own nature of such a pernicious tendency, that we will not venture to vindicate it on any occasion or pretence whatever, till some sound casuist, keeping his arguments perfectly and demonstrably clear of everything that borders upon sophistry, shall prove that it may safely, and with benign effects and consequences, continuing so to all eternity, be practised in the propagation of truths, or in the production of effects of self-evident beneficence that could never otherwise be as well or as speedily effected, whilst at the same time the truths so propagated are, independently of such pious frauds, in themselves true to the clearest moral, if not mathematical demonstration. For our own part, rather than bring the charge of fraud against anyone on this occasion—and let it be termed credulity or weakness, as the reader pleases—we would believe that these Triads were composed by, or from the dictates of, St. Paul. To us the probability lies on this side of the question; but who can be positive either for or against this opinion, or rather conjecture, one side or the other.

Divine inspiration apart, it seems to me that the composer, whoever he was, had, as a writer, a thinker, and a pious man, abilities and qualities similar to those of St. Paul.

After all, what fraud could we discover in, or impute to, a writer who, having put into verse some of St. Paul's Doxologies, and other passages in his Epistles, should entitle them "St. Paul's Hymns," when it would be obvious that he meant no more than that he had versified St. Paul's sentiments and doctrines; as we say "the

Psalms of David, by Sternhold and Hopkins," well knowing that he never intended to insinuate that St. Paul was the poet or versifier? On quite a similar idea we may suppose that the Welsh bard, whoever he was, put the doctrines of the New Testament into triads, to which he modestly chose to fix St. Paul's name—these doctrines and sentiments being purely his—rather than his own, which would have bordered upon presumption, and would also have lessened the authority of the precepts. We thus form conjectures, suggest hints, but affirm nothing, conclude nothing, but leave that to those who may (at least in their own opinions) be able to do so. The critic who clearly points out our mistakes by advancing what appears more probable, we shall respect and thank, but not him who can only doubt and carp, and substitute nothing in the room of what he dislikes, on a subject that seems to us worthy of being attended to.

It is not unreasonable to think that, in the primeval ages of Christianity, there were many apostolical writings, though not received into the canon of Scriptures, that were in the languages, adapted to the manners and state of civilization of the several nations that in those ages were converted to Christianity. Why might not "St. Paul's Triads" in the Welsh language be accounted among these? That they were not admitted into the canon may have been because they were not in either the Greek or Latin languages, and of course not universally, or anywhere out of Britain known—not anywhere else necessary, or even so useful as to excite notice, and induce a translation into other languages.

Of course we do not here mean to insinuate anything on the subject of inspiration—whether for instance these Triads, if written by divinely inspired men, *could* have been left out of the Bible, according to the dispensation of divine providence.

We have often wished that the Apocryphal Christian Scriptures were collected into a volume and published; among them "St. Paul's Triads" might perhaps merit a place.

Perhaps they might be, with advantage, introduced into our schools as a child's book. They are more capable of being retained in the memory than anything in prose, possibly, that has yet appeared, and their sentiments are not inferior to those of that most excellent school-book the "Economy of Human Life."

However, our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves very soon, as the work in which these Triads are embodied will be sent to press immediately after the publication of "The Physicians of Myddvai."

LORDSHIP OF GLAMORGAN.[1]

THE winninge of the Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok oute of the Wailshmen's hande and firste the description of the same Lordshipp.

1. IN PRIMIS. The saide Lordshippe is in lengthe from Rymny bridge on the easte side to Poule Cynan on the weaste side 27 miles.

2. THE bredth thereof from the Havon of Abyrthawe on the south side, to the Confynes of Brecknock shere above Morleys Castell is 22 miles.

3. *Item*—the same Lordshippe being a Lordshippe Marcher, or a Lordshippe Ryall, and holden of no other Lordshippe, the Lorde therof ever sens the wynnynge of the same owinge theire obedience onlie to the Crowne, have used therin *Jura Regalia* viz the triall of accions aswell reall as parsonalle and plees of the Crowne, and aucctoretie to pardone all offences Treason onlie excepted.

4. *Item*—theire were 11 Lordshippe, viz *Senghenyth, Myskine, Glynrothnoye, Ruthyn, Lanblethian, Tyr Iarlle, Avon, Neth, Coytie, Talavan*, and *Lantwyt* alias *Bov-*

[1] British Museum: Harleian Collection, No. 368, Plut. $\frac{39}{D}$—C., compared with No. 6103, Plut. $\frac{15}{D}$—A.

yarton, that were membres of the saide Lordshippe of *Glamorgan* and *Morgannok*, in eny of the whiche membres were the like JURA REGALIA, used in all thinge saving that yf anye falsse Judgmente given in anye of the Cowrtes of the saide members it shoulde be reverssed by a writte of false Judgmente in the Countie Cowrte of Glamorgan and Morgannok as superior Cowrte to the saide membres. ALSO all matters of conscience happeininge in debate in any of the saide membres shoulde be hearde and determened in the Chancerie of Glamorgan and Morgannok before the Chancelor therof.

5. *Item*—the Bodie of the saide Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok was before the alteracion of the Lawes in Walles a Countie of it sealfe, wherin the Lorde had 2 Castells and 3 Market Townes, viz the Castell and Towne of Kenfyge in the weste parte therof, and Coubridge Towne in the middeste, and the Town and Castell of Cardiff in the este part in the w^ch^ Castell of Cardiff the Lorde did moste inhabit, and therin he had his Channcerie and an escheker, and a faire Cowrte house wherin the Countie Cowrte was monthlie kept on the mondaie for all the suters of the shere fee, that is to witte of the bodie of the saide Lordshippe it sealfe withoute the saide membres.

6. *Item*—within the saide shere or body of the saide Lordshippe were 18 Castells and 36 Knyghte fees and an halfe, that helde of the Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok, by knyghte service, beside a greate nombre of freholdars.

7. *Item*—in eyghte of the saide membres were 10 Castelle, and 4 borough Townes.

8. The value before the purchasse therof } *Item*—the annuall revenues of the saide Lordshippe withe the membres was ỿ_£. Markes [2. M. Markes] whereof was allowed in fees O—CCCC Markes [2. CCCC Markes] of the w^ch^ 11 membre aforesaide M^r^ Robarte Gamege Esquier occupieth one at this daie descended unto him from the Turberviles his annscestors, that is to witte, the Lordshippe of *Coitye*.

And the heire of John Bassett enjoieth an other that is to witt the Lordshippe of Talavan by purchasse from Kinge Edward the 6.

And the other 9 membres with 12 of the aforesaide knyghte fees and all the Castells mkett Townes and borough Townes with they Demains of the same, and all the Landes els that were in the said Lordshippe and p'cell of the saide Lordshippe and membres, the erle of Penbroke hathe purchassed so that there remaineth nate [now to the] seignorie Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok 2 mth hands [Queen's Majesties hands] but the moitye onlie of the mannor of Dynnaspoys, [Dinas Powys] of the value of ττvi^{li}. by the yeare.

THE MANNOR OF THE WIÑING OF THE SAIDE LORDESHIPPE.

In the year of oure Lord God 1090 [1000] and of the reigne of Kinge W^{m} Rufus the iiijth yere [fouerth yeare], one Justinus [Iestinus] beinge Lorde of the saide Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok and the membres, Rys ap Tewder [Tewdwr] then Prince of Sowthe Wales, viz of Caermarthen shere and Cardigan shere, made warre on him, and the saide Justine consideringe hymsealfe to be unable to withstande the saide Rise withoute some aide otherwise, he sente one Eynon a gent^{n} of his [a gentleman of hisne] into Englande to one Robartus filius Hamonis, a worthie man and knyghte of the privie chamber with the saide kinge, to retaine hym for hys succore, the w^{ch} Robartus beinge desireous to exersise himsealfe in the feate of warre, agreid sone theireto, for a certaine salarie to hym graunted, for the same. Wheruppon, the said Robarte Fitzhaman reteyned unto hys suitte for the saide Jorneie 12 knights and a competent nombre of souldeares, and wente into Wales and wyninge theire with the power of the said Justine, foughte with the saide Rys ab Tewdar, and killed hym and one Cynan his sonne, after w^{ch} Victory the said Fitshamon mynding to retorne home againe with his company, demanded his salarie of the saide Justine, accordinge to the covenants and promises agreed betweene him and the foresaide

Eynon on the behalfe of the saide Justine his M^r^. the w^ch^ to pforme in all points the saide Justine denied, and thereupon they fell oute so that it came to be tried by battaile and for as muche as the saide Eynon sawe his Master go from divers of the Articles or promises that he had willed him to conclude with the saide Fitzhamon on his behalf, he forsoke his M^r^. and toke parte he and his frends with the said Robart filius Hamon, in the whiche conflicte the saide Justine with a great nombre of his men was slayne, whereby the saide Robert fitzhamon wan the peaceable possession of the saide Lordshippe of Glamorgan and Morgannok, with the membres of the whiche he gave certaine Castelles and maners in reward of service to the saide 12 knyghts and to other his gentilmen. The names and surnames of the saide 12 knyghts were theise.

1. William de Lundres borne in London [de Londres baron in &c.]
2. Ričus de Granavilla alŝ Graynfeld
3. Paganus de Turbeville [Turberville]
4. Robtus desĉo Quintino, al. St Quintyn.
5. Ričus de Syward
6. Gilbtus de humfreville [Umphrevill]
7. Rogerus de Berkrolls [Berkerolls]
8. Reginaldus de Sullye [Sullie]
9. Pter Le Soor [Peter le soore]
10. Johnes de Flemyng [Johannes le Flemynge]
11. Oliverus de S^to^ Johnes a yonger Brother of the house of L^d^. S^t^. John of Bafyn [Basin]
12. William, le Estinge, whose ancestors came into oute of Dansk and came unto England with the Danes and is now by shortness of speche callid Stradlinge [Easterhinge &c.]

THE VOSSE FAMILY.

Boverton House was given by William, Earl of Pembroke, (Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, say some,) with some freehold land and much copyhold to one Vosse, his tenant, for protecting him, as some say, till he could obtain a pardon for the murder of a man. This Vosse spent almost all his property in behalf of his lord in this affair, for which he gave him all that remained unsold of the Boverton estate. The house and some land being freehold went to the eldest son, and at last to a sole daughter and heiress of Griffith Vosse, who married Serjeant Seys; the copyhold, descending to a younger son, went to another branch. Serjeant Seys bought of one of the Vannes all the lands between the house and the sea-side, and lands of other families, for which, it is said, he gave ten years' purchase, which was thought in those days an extravagant price. This estate he entailed on heirs male, but his son Richard afterwards docked the entail, and disinherited his eldest son Roger, who had disobliged him by marrying (some say paying his addresses to) a daughter of the brave but very licentious Sir Richard Basset, of Bewper. According to others it was the above Richard Seys, on disinheriting his eldest son Roger, that first laid an entail on the estate.

Serjeant Seys converted the fine park of Boverton into inclosed fields, and demolished the old castellated walls and fortifications that surrounded the house, which was a castle. It was he that made the foot causeway from Boverton to Lantwit.

The Vosses, it is said, were a family of masons that came into the country with Sir R. Fitzhamon, and held lands of him and his successors, on condition of keeping the castles, halls, towers, chapels, granges, &c., of the chief lord in proper repair at the public cost.

DEUDDEG PRIFGAMPAU GWYBODAU GWROLION, NID AMGEN.

1. Barddoniaeth neu Brydyddiaeth yn Addysg ar wybodau daionus, ac er cadw cof gwlad a chenedl yn ddosparthus ym mraint a gwarant Gorsedd a Chadair Beirdd Ynys Prydain dan ddamdwng Cyfrinach, a Barn gwlad a chenedl o glyw a gweled.

2. Llythyr, nid amgen no llenyddiaeth yn cadw Rhîn a chyfarwyddyd yn nirprwy cerdd dafawd a llafar gwlad a chenedl dan warant Gorsedd a Chadair Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

3. Arwyddoriaeth sef arwydd farddoniaeth yn cadw cof arddangos gan arwydd yn arwydd cyfarwydd, herwydd gwarantedig o bwyll a deall, gan farn gwlad a chenedl herwydd cadwedigaethau dosparthus a chadarn.

4. Aryddiaeth yn osmaeth, nid amgen na llafuriaeth a thrin tir a daear yng nghyfarwys cyfar cenedl y Cymry.

5. Saerniaeth, sef Rhysgwydd, nid amgen na saerniaw coed a cherrig ag addail, ac o hynny cartrefig gadarn a meueddawl.

6. Gofaniaeth yn cymmynu, nid amgen nog arfau gwaith a gorchwyl yn hedd ac yn rhyfel.

7. Llongwriaeth yn mordwyaw, ac yn dwyn all ac ymewn a fo achos dros for a gweilgi, a thros afonydd heb rhyd heb bont.

8. Marchwriaeth yn marchogaeth yn garglud cymmrawd, ag yn gyrch ar ormes a difrawd ac anraith a brys rhybudd, a chyffro, ac ymdaith.

9. Saethyddiaeth, sef helwriaeth, a gwrthladd estron a gwylltfil yn anraith, a gyrru rhybydd gal yng ngal, hyd ben ymgyrch.

10. Milwriaeth, nid amgen na gwrthladd difrawd ac anraith a phob brad yng ngwlad a chenedl.

11. Teyrnedd, nid amgen na Brodoriaeth ddosparthus herwydd iawn a chyfraith yn gadarn o gyd gwlad a

chenedl, a chynnal Braint a Bonedd modd nas galler yn eu herbyn, a chynnal Hedd a Hawl.

12. Cerdd Dant, nid amgen Crwth a Thelyn, er llawenydd a diddanwch teuluaidd ac yn olychwydawl.

Ag un prif gamp yn ben ar bob eraill o gampau—Dewiniaeth, sef, ymgflwyn a Duw yn ddoeth ag yn olychwydawl, ac a phob daioni a phob tangnef, a phob iawn a phob dyled, a phob cariad a chymmwynas a rhadlawnder, a haelioni bucheddol, a phob rhagorbwyll a rhagorwaith parth gofynion y Ffydd yng Nghrist.

Ac felly terfyn dosparth a dangos y prif gampau gwrolion.

O Lyfr y Parch^{d} Tho^{s} Richards o Langrallo a gafas ef o un o Lyfrau Tre Bryn.

The above is a valuable document, as showing us what were the principal arts which obtained with our ancestors whilst they were yet in a state of political independence. The style is grand, and thoroughly Cymric in character, and is such as we of the present age would do well to copy. The allusions point to very remote times, when the bardic Gorsedd received national warranty; when joint-ploughing was in vogue; and when wattled work was much used in the erection of houses. We offer it as an exercise for our young friends at Llandovery, Lampeter, and other Welsh institutions, to try their hands upon. Let them send their translations to us, and the best, with the name of the writer, shall be inserted in our next Number. To him also we shall make a present of the *Cambrian Journal*, vol. I., with the view of encouraging him in his philological studies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—I thank you for your insertion of my "Notes and Queries," and for the answers you have so obligingly given to some of the latter. I hope some of your learned correspondents may be able to furnish me with information on the remainder. I will venture to submit two or three more in the like anticipation.

I.—What is the origin of the word Wales?

II.—What of the word Welsh?

III.—Does the patronymic "Welsh" imply a Welsh origin of the family bearing it?

IV.—The Scotch character is considered cold and calculating; the Irish warm, hasty, and impulsive; the English calm, energetic, and determined. Is there considered to be any similar national characteristic trait of the Welsh, and if so what; in addition to their acknowledged religious tone and brave spirit?

V.—What is the origin of the leek as the national badge of Wales?

VI.—What is the Welsh national motto (in Welsh and English)?

VII.—In a former Number of the *Cambrian Journal* there was a proposition suggested for the obtaining by the Prince of Wales of a Welsh mansion and estate. Has any progress been made in this direction? Would it not be a good plan to publish in the *Cambrian Journal* the names of gentlemen able and willing to forward it?

VIII.—In the *Cambrian Journal* for Alban Arthan, 1858, there are several surnames given from the Registrar General's *Report*, to show the prevalence of Welsh names in England; but it seems to me that the writer cannot have intended to say that all the names adduced are such. Many of them appear very English. He gives the whole as an "extract;" but I conclude he means that the Welsh ones are to be further extracted. Would he be kind enough to specify them.

IX.—What is the meaning of the word Eisteddfod, and is it to be inferred from the report in the *Cambrian Journal* of the last gathering held at Llangollen, that they had previously, or until lately, fallen off in importance and interest? What was its origin, and when?

I remain, &c., AP MORRIS.

In reply to the first and second queries of our correspondent, we beg to give the following from "the Description of Wales," prefixed to Powel's *History of Cambria*:—"And bicause the name of this countrie is changed, or rather mistaken by the inhabitants of England, and not by them called Cambry, but Wales: I thinke it necessarie to declare the occasion thereof, which is, that where the Saxons a people of Germanie were the first that after the Brytaines inhabited and ruled the greatest part of this Ile, and droue the Brytains to that corner,

which according to the maner of their countrie they called Wales, and the people Welshmen, and the toong Welsh, that is to saie strange, or not of them vnderstood. For at this daie the inhabitants of the lowe countries call their next neighbours language of Henegaw, or other that speake French, Walsh, as a language to them vnknowne. Likewise the dwellers of Tyroll and other the higher countries of Germanie doo name the Italian their next neighbour a Welshman, and his language Walsh. And this is an euident proofe, that they which harped vpon a Queene Gwalaes, and of a Prince Wala (of whom neither Brytish, Latine, nor English historie maketh mention) were fowlie deceiued; and so likewise was a great historiographer of late daies, which saith, that it was called Walia, quasi Italia, bicause the rest of the Romans which remained in the Ile were driuen thither. . . . . To returne to my former matter of the name of Wales, which name to be giuen of late by a straunge nation may be otherwise proued; for the Welshmen themselues doo not vnderstand what there words Wales and Welsh doo signifie, nor know anie other name of their countrie or themselues but Cambry, nor of their language but Cambraec, which is as much to saie as Cambers language or speech. So likewise they know not what England or English meaneth, but commonlie they call the countrie Lhoyger, the Englishmen, Sayson, and the English toong Saysonaec, which is an euident token that this is in the same language which the Brytaines spake at the beginning; for the works of Merdhyn and of Taliesin, who wrote about 1000 yeares past, are almost the same words which they vse at this daie, or at the least easie to be vnderstanded of euerie one which knoweth perfectlie the the Welsh toong, especialie in Northwales."

III.—We are inclined to believe that it does.

IV.—The "Triads of the four nations" will prove a sufficient answer to this question:—

1. "There are three things characteristic of a Welshmen: poetical genius, generosity, and mirth.

2. "There are three things characteristic of an Englishmen: slowness, confidence, and industry.

3. "There are three things characteristic of a Frenchman: gaiety, courtesy, and inconstancy.

4. "There are three things characteristic of an Irishman: flattery, deceit, and boasting."

V.—In the *Iolo MSS.*, p. 451, we have the following account of the origin of the leek as a Welsh emblem:—"In 1346, the battle of Cressy was fought, where the Welsh acquired great fame for their brave achievements in support of Edward the Black Prince. It was at this time that Captain Cadwgan Voel called to the Welsh, desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle there being in a field of leeks; and when they looked about, they were all Welshmen in that locality except 29; and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks."

VI.—The motto usually assigned to the Red Dragon, the cogni-

zance of Wales, is "y Ddraig Goch a ddyry gychwyn," *i. e.*, the Red Dragon ought to lead the van; we are unable however to account for its origin. Bardically, Wales has four mottoes; that for Gwent and Morganwg is "Nid da lle gellir gwell," nothing is purely good where a better can be obtained; for Dimetia, "Calon wrth galon," heart to heart; for Powys, "A laddo a leddir," who slays shall be slain; for Venedotia, "Jesu," Jesus; whilst for the whole island of Britain the motto is "Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd," truth against the world.

VII.—We are sorry to say that nothing has come of this project. If Ap Morris or any other person will supply us with the names of such as are willing to forward it, we shall be happy to publish them.

VIII.—It occurred to us that the intention of the writer of the Essay on "the Advantages accruing to Englishmen from a Knowledge of Welsh," when he furnished the extract in question, was to show *by comparision* the number of persons of Welsh origin in England. Perhaps he will kindly explain.

IX.—The meaning of the word Eisteddfod is simply a *session*. The Eisteddfod dates as far back as the time of Owain, son of the Emperor Maximus, in the fifth century. There is never any lack of interest attached to an Eisteddfod in Wales.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

Sir,—In reply to the query of "Llallawg," in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1858, p. 154, touching the existence of a manuscript translation of the Bible into the Welsh language, made upwards of a century before the printed version, I beg to state that I have discovered the following memorandum in the *Cambrian Register*, i. p. 444:—"At Celydd Evan, in Betws, near Bridgend, belonging to the Widow Evans, living in Ystrad Havodwg, is a translation of the Bible into Welsh, made about the year 1480." If any of the Members of our Institute, resident at Bridgend, would kindly inquire of the present occupiers of Celydd Ieuan whether the manuscript still exists there, and publish the result of such inquiry in a future Number of your Journal, it would be a satisfaction to me, and others, who feel an interest in the ancient literature of our country.—I remain, &c.,

Holmfirth. Glan Egnant.

REVIEWS.

Poems by the Author of "Uriel." Second Edition. London: J. Chapman, King William Street, Strand. 1858.

We have no idea who the author of this unpretending little book may be; but whoever he is, he is a poet in the truest sense of the word, and his name cannot lie long concealed. Two of his poems are on British subjects, namely, that entitled "The Hall," which we quote *in extenso*, and the one headed "Vortigern," and from both of these we infer that the author has read British history deeply, and with advantage. We trust that we shall have many more compositions from his pen on similar subjects. Whenever the book reaches another edition, we hope that a small preface and a table of contents will be added.

The Hall.

I.

Rose the bard, a bard of battle, who had pierc'd so far in fight
As the bard of King Cadwallon when the Dragon blaz'd so bright,
As the bard of dread Cadwallon, bold Avan,[1] bard of blood,
When they thunder'd on Deira, and flash'd from flood to flood.
Rose the bard before the chieftain; then sat and harp'd and sang,
Long and loud, until the rafters like a tower at storming rang.
And the gleaming arms around him rang choral on the wall,
And the steel hearts of the warmen rang high reverberant all,
Rang as oft on helms of Saxon had rung the Brython blade,
Which not the Saxon buckler and not the helm had stay'd,
As oft on mail of Norman had clash'd the brazen mace,
Which not the Dane's broad axes had warded from his face.
And the hand was on the pommel, and the steed throbb'd for the word.
And they turned them to the chieftain; and the chieftain sat and heard.

II.

And the bard rose in his fury, and soar'd with fiery speed
To the viewless upper ages, to the height of ancient deed;
Rose, and hover'd in the aerial, in the starry wilds of Heaven,[2]
Then descending with the whirlwind that had borne him through the Seven,
Swoop'd adown the steepy desert to the dawn within his ken,
And adown the generations, to the days of godlike men.
And he sang of ancient empire that had wan'd but had not ceas'd,
Of the immemorial sun-king of the mighty, mystic East,
Of the first bold westward voyagers who had track'd him o'er the waste,
Far across the world of waters, to the evening land of rest.

[1] Avan of the bloody spear, bard of Cadwallon ap Cadvan.

[2] "It was common with the bards to begin their performances with invoking the Deity."—(R. Llwyd, Llygad Gwr, bard of the last Llewelyn, *Ode of Triumph*.)

And he sang the glorious Belyns of the sunbright orient crown,[3]
And the golden sunbright blazon that with their race came down;
Of the sun and orient[4] Dragon, borne high in beacon-light,
To the isles of utmost ocean, to the Occident and Night.
And he bade the loud Gododin of the stormy North resound;
And he sang of Cymric conquest, and of Cymry conquest-crown'd,
And the Cymric sword comes flashing from the broad, bright northern vale,
And the Twelve dispart the kingdoms; and Caswallon smites the Gael.
And he sang the song of triumph that had rung in Cymric halls.
Ere the bolt had scath'd Diganwy,[5] or the Saxon tried its walls.
And he sang the slaughter'd Saxon, the ruin far and wide,
When the sword of Rhun the royal swept the land like Conway's tide,
When the men of stern, strong Arvon, where the tempest dwells on high,
Bore the thunders of Eryri, and fir'd the morning sky.
And he sang of sea-borne Mervyn, and of thrice-great Rodri's might,
And the battle-deaths and heirship, and of Rodri's vengeance[6] bright;
And of Tudwal thron'd in Dyved, and of him[7] who smote the Dane
When the dire black pagan's[8] raven swoop'd on lone Menevia's fane.

III.

So he sang a race of heroes—the long heroic all
Since the royal Cambrian wanderer sang his peerless hero's fall[9]—
Kings and bards[1] and well-sung warriors, men whose spirits songs had stirr'd,
And whom song had borne to glory; and the chieftain sat and heard.

IV.

"O! the land is Wales as ever and the land is Britain's boast;
And the hills are high and haughty, and they spurn each surging host.
And the children of the mountains shall sally from on high
With their thunders and their torrents that are born in purple sky.[2]

[3] "In former times they wore crowns in form of the sun's beams, because they were suns, and as flaming lights, for the whole world was led by them and their examples. Jupiter three such crowns in pale sol borne by Bely Maure, the last king of Britain."—(Randle Holme, *Academy of Armoury and Blazon.*)

[4] See Gwarchan Maelderw, 2. Davies, *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, p. 583, 4; but also the note † p. 584. Davies, *Mythology*, p. 437.

[5] A.D. 812. "Decantorum" (*Vel* Degannoe) "ictu fulminis comburit."—*Annales Cambriæ.*

[6] Rodri Mawr (Roderic the Great) was slain in battle by the Saxons, A.D. 877, (*Brut y Tywysogion*, *Annales Cambriæ*,) as was his father Mervyn, A.D. 844. (*Ib. il.*) Anarawd, his son, obtaining a victory in 880, called it "Dial Rodri," "Vengeance of Rodri." (Gueit Conguoy digal Rotri a Deo."—*Ann. Camb.* "Weith Conwy y dial Rodri o Duw."—*Brut.*)

[7] Gwaithvoed, ancestor of Oliver Cromwell, and of several Welsh families. He is said to have been wounded in defending the temple of St. David against a *Scythian* infidel.—Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 3.

[8] In the *Annales Cambriæ* the Danes are usually styled *gentiles*, or *gentiles nigri*; and in the *Brut*, *Paganyeit genedyl*, *pobloed*, and *kenedloed duon*; (the Normans, *Nordmani* and *Normanyeit duon*).

[9] Gwên, son of Llowarch Hen.

[1] Several Welsh princes were distinguished bards.

[2] "The deep aerial blues" of North Wales, &c. "Those deep blues which Londoners think unnatural in pictures."—*Life of Stothard.*

And the moonlight lies as lovely o'er the lovely land below,
O'er the wide Powysian Marches, as a dreaming maiden's glow.
And the fords of Dee and Severn lie bright among the woods:
And the thousand brave would beat them though they foam'd with all their floods.
And the plains of warlike England lie ripe, and broad, and fair,
And the flower of English maidens breathes ripe as harvest there,
And watchful is the Norman, and a noble foe withal;
And strong are Norman castles, and high the Norman wall.
And proudly waves his banner; and proud in topmost tower
Sat the lovely Norman lady with the sunset in her bower,
And she smil'd on knightly champion; and folded now in rest
Lies the lovely Norman lady with the moonlight on her breast.
And the bard should sing her vespers in the shade of yon dim grove,
And the red lips of the maiden should glow to British love."
So he sang and aim'd his song-shafts, he the bard who had not err'd,
So they said, in many aimings; and the chieftain sat and heard.

V.

And again the bard rose mighty, rose in storm, and rose in fire,
Like a prophet in the spirit, like a prophet in his ire;
Strong and fierce as swollen torrent when it sweeps away the flocks,
When it whirls away its barriers and raves around the rocks;
Fierce as fire that tears the forest, as the thunder on the hills
When it launches flaming glances and a gather'd wrath fulfills.
So the Awen[3] rose within him, so it swell'd and so it sped.
And they saw the bard of battle in the glory of the dead.

VI.

Then it sank, then hover'd, floated, in the air, that trembling lay;
'Twas the wailing of a spirit that must fleet and pass away.
Then it throbb'd along the harp-strings, that had thrill'd as thrills a heart;
'Twas the moaning of a spirit that must to its fate depart.
Then it died upon the harp-strings like a last, sweet dying word.
And it linger'd, and it fleeted; and the chieftain sat and heard.

Y Delyn Gymreig. Parts I. and II. Ruthin: J. Clark.

This work, which another part will complete, consists of a selection of Welsh songs, by various authors, on moral and social subjects, accompanied moreover by the music to which they are respectively set. It is very creditably got up, and we doubt not will prove a welcome guest by the fireside of many a cottage in Wales.

[3] Bardic inspiration.

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN HEVIN.

(SUMMER SOLSTICE.)

PYMTHEG LLWYTH GWYNEDD;

o Drefn y Brenin Alfryd ac Anarawd ap Rhodri Mawr; lle nid oedd cyn no hynny amgen na phob gwr ei dir.

I.

Hwfa ap Cynddelw ym Mon, a Phresaddfed ei lys, yn amser Owain Gwynedd ydoedd efe, a phenteuluwr iddaw, a'r swydd arodded arno ef ai etifeddion o baladr ydoedd gwisgo 'r dalaith am ben Tywysog Aberffraw pan ai coroned. Pedwar mab oedd iddaw, nid amgen, Methusalem, Cyfnerth Ieuan, a Iorwerth; a rhai lyfrau a ddywedant fod iddo fab arall ai enw Bledrws. O honaw ef y mae Hywel y Pedolau ap Gruffudd ap Iorwerth ap Maredudd ap Methusalem ap Hwfa ap Cynddelw. Mam Sir Hywel oedd mammaeth Edward yr ail, a elwid Edward o Gaernarfon, a mawr y perchid Syr Hywel gan y Brenin hwnnw, ai urddoli ef yn Farchog Rhyfel. Cymmaint oedd nertholdeb dwylaw a breichiau Syr

Hywel fal y cymmwysai efe'r bedol gryfaf a welsid erioed, ac o hynny y cafas efe ei enw Syr Hywel y Pedolau.

Arfau Syr Hywel y Pedolau o Hwfa ap Cynddelw, Coch, yrhwng tri llew ar naid, cwpl aur.

O Syr Hywel y Pedolau y mae Llywelyn ab Hwlkyn o Fodychen ym Mon.

II.

Llywarch ap Bran, yn amser Owain Gwynedd, a brawd ynghyfraith y Tywysog ydoedd, cans chwaer y dywysoges oedd ei wraig ef, a merched Goronwy ap Edwyn Brenin Tegeingl oeddynt, fal y mae llyfr Gruffudd Hiraethog yn dangos. Arglwydd Trelywarch ym Mon ydoedd efe, a phencyfeistedd y Tywysog, a hynny o swydd a rodded arno efe ai etifeddion o baladr. Meibion iddo oeddynt Iorwerth, a Chadwgan, a Madoc. Efe a ddwg tair bran mewn maes arian rhwng cwpl du.

III.

Gweirydd ap Rhys Goch, o Dalebolion ym Mon, oedd yn byw y Nghaerdegog. Pengwastrawd Aberffraw ydoedd. Meibion iddo, Madoc, a Hywel, a Meuryg. Efe a ddwg triphen llew mewn maes ariant, ar fend or sabl.

IV.

Cilmin Troettu yn amser Merfyn Frych a brawd iddo. Penynad Gwynedd ydoedd efe ai etifeddion. Efe a ddwg arian yn fannog, eryr hedegog sabl, tair pastwn wynias o'r gowls, ac ar ysgwdsiwn arian, coes gwr o'r sabl.

V.

Collwyn ab Tangno Arglwydd Eifionydd ac Ardudwy a Lleyn, ac efe a wnaeth Dwr Bronwen yn Harlech. Asser ap Merwydd ap Collwyn ap Meirion ap Merwydd ap Collwyn, a Gwgawn ap Merwydd ap Collwyn, oeddynt yn amser Gruffudd ap Cynan; a phencenedlaeth Eifionydd ac Ardudwy arno ef ai etifeddion o baladr;

a goruwch hynny o fraint nid oes namyn Penteyrnedd, sef yw hynny y Tywysog. Y ieuaf o feibion a bieuffai'r ty tref tadawl, a rhannu 'r cyfoeth rhwng y plant o gymhriodas. Efe a ddwg maes du, ac ynddo dri fflwr dilis a chwpl ariant.

Syr Hywel y Fwyall a ddathoedd o Gollwyn ap Tangno, ac yn amser Edward y drydedd efe a wnaeth yn orchestawl ai fwyall yn ymladd o'r Ffrainc, ac o hynny y cafas ei enw; ac yn dal iddo y cafas efe gastell Cricciaith, ac er clod iddo saig feunyddiol a roddid ymlaen ei fwyall hyd fyth, ac ni attaliwyd hyn hyd amser y Frenhines y sydd yn awr.

VI.

Nefydd Hardd o Nant Conwy yn amser Owain Gwynedd a roddes iddo ei fab Idwal ar faeth, a braint maethu y Tywysawg arno dros fyth, ac ar ei etifeddion o baladr; eithr Dunawd ab Nefydd a laddes y Tywysawg Idwal drwy arch ei dad Nefydd yn y lle a elwir Cwm Idwal yn yr Yri, lle yr oeddynt yn hebocca, achos i Idwal daraw Dunawt am ddwyn a laddasei ei hebog. Ac am y gyflafan honn y doded llwgr ar yr eppil dros fyth, ac o foneddigion eu gwneuthur yn gaethion. A Rhun ap Dunawd yn iawn am y gyflafafan ac yn werth y llwgr a roddes dir a chyfoeth i Eglwys Llanrwst. Ac Ysdiwart Llywelyn ap Iorwerth oedd Madoc Goch ap Iorwerth ap Gwrgynon ap Cyfnerth ap Nefydd Hardd, fal y mae yn Llyfr Gruffudd Hiraethog. Efe a ddwg ariant triphen gwayw gwaed trochaid, au blaenau tuag i fyny.

VII.

Maeloc Crwm Arglwydd Llechwedd a'r Creuddyn yn amser Dafydd ap Owain ynghylch 1175, fal y mae yn Llyfr Wiliam Cynwal; a phen cyllidydd Gwynedd oedd efe ai etifeddion. Efe a ddwg ariant, cwpl du, ac arno tri angel euraid.

VIII.

Marchudd ap Cynan oedd Arglwydd Abergeleu ac ym

Mryn Ffenigl yr oedd efe 'n byw; yn amser Rhodri Mawr ydoedd. Pencad Gwynedd oedd efe, a hynny o swydd arno ai etifeddion o baladr, ac o honaw Ednyfed Fychan. Efe a ddwg gowls, triphen Sais, cwpl ermin. A gwedy marw'r tywysog penbonedd Gwynedd oeddynt a ddaethant o Ednyfed Fychan.

IX.

Hedd Molwynog, Arglwydd Uwch Aled; ai gyfoeth Nant Aled, a Llanfair Talhaiarn, a Dyffryn Elwy. Efe a ddwg sabl, carw cerddedog arianwisg. O honaw oedd Dafydd Siancyn o Garreg y Walch a fu wrol a gorchestol ymhlaid y brenin Harri y Seithfed.

X.

Braint Hir, Arglwydd Is Dulas, pencadrawd Anarawd ab Rhodri Mawr, tywysawg Aberffraw. Efe a ddwg wyrdd a chroes flodeuawg euraid. O honaw ef ydd oedd Rotpert ap Seisyllt o Forganwg, ac o hwnnw y mae yr Arglwydd B . . rlai y sydd yn awr.

XI.

Marchweithan Arglwydd Isaled; ai gyfoeth Carwed fynydd, Din Cadfael, y Prys, Berain, Llyweni, Gwytherin, a thiroedd eraill. Efe a ddwg gowls, llew rampiwnt ariant arfog or asur.

XII.

Edwyn Brenin Tegeingl; ei fab ef oedd Owain Brenin Tegeingl, ac Angharad ach Owain ab Edwyn oedd gwraig Gruffydd ap Cynan Brenin Gwynedd. Mab Edwyn oedd Aldyd, a Mab Aldyd oedd Owain ap Aldyd, a gadwes holl Degeingl y danaw o lwyr nerth a gorchest er yn waethaf Brenin a gwlad ag Arglwydd dros dair blynedd, oni hyddychwyd y Brenin ag ef, ag yna ei eiddaw i bob un a gymerasai efe eu tiroedd. Efe a ddwg ariant, a rhwng pedair cawgfran arfog or gowls, croes flodeuog deinhiog sabl.

XIII.

Ednywain Bendew, Arglwydd Tegeingl cylch 1079, penrhaith Gwynedd oedd efe ai baladr. Efe a ddwg ariant, cwpl sabl, a thri phen baedd.

XIV.

Efnydd ap Gwenllian ach Rhys ap Marchan, Arglwydd saith trefgordd Dyffryn Clwyd a elwir Maenor Rhuthyn, nid amgen Efenechdid, Tref Ben y Coed, y Groes lwyd, Pant Meigen, a thair eraill, ac ni bu iddo eppil nac o fab nac namyn un o ferch. Mam Efnydd oedd Gwenllian ach Rhys ap March Arglwydd Coed Marchan yng Ngwent a rodded gan Fleddyn ap Cynfyn yn briod i dad Efnydd, yr hon Wenllian oedd gyfnitherw i Fleddyn ap Cynfyn Brenin Cymru, yr hwn a roddes i Efnydd gyfoeth tiroedd ym Mhywys a Thegeingl. Ei unferch ef oedd Hunydd Wen, gwraig Maredydd ap Bleddyn Brenin Powys. Efe a ddwg asur, llew rampiwnt euraid, ag yn gwarterly arfau ei fam, nid amgen asur triphen ebolfarch ariant a thrawst aur. Arnaw ydd oedd penrhingynllaeth Gwynedd, a phen arddymgais Powys.

XV.

Ednywain ap Bradwen oedd Arglwydd Meirionydd, ai dir cyfoeth efe oedd Tal y Bont; yn amser Gruffyd ap Cynan ydoedd, a phen Meiriondawd Tywysawg Aberffraw; ac arnaw fwyd a llynn o gig a blithfwyd i gadau Gwynedd yn rhyfel. Efe a ddwg gowls, tair neidr gylmedig yn drionglog ariant.

Translation.

THE FIFTEEN TRIBES OF NORTH WALES;

regulated by King Alfred, and Anarawd, son of Rhodri the Great; whereas previously it was only every man his own land.

Hwva son of Cynddelw, in Anglesey, whose palace was Presaddved. He was of the time of Owain Gwynedd, and the head of his household. The office imposed upon him

and his male heirs was to tie the bandlet round the Prince of Aberffraw's head at his coronation. He had four sons, namely Methusaleh, Cyvnerth, Ieuan, and Iorwerth; but some books say that he had another son, named Bledri. It is from him that Howel of the Horse-shoes, son of Gruffudd, son of Iorwerth, son of Maredudd, son of Methusaleh, son of Hwva, son of Cynddelw, is descended. Sir Howel's mother was the foster-mother of Edward the Second, called Edward of Caernarvon. Sir Howel was greatly respected by that king, and was made a knight of war by him. Such was the strength of Sir Howel's hands and arms that he could bend the strongest horse-shoe that ever was seen; and it was from that circumstance that he obtained his name of Sir Howel of the Horse-shoes.

The arms of Sir Howel of the Horse-shoes, from Hwva, son of Cynddelw, are, *gules* between three lions rampant a chevron *or*.

From Sir Howel of the Horse-shoes is descended Llywelyn, son of Hwlkyn of Bodychen, in Anglesey.

II.

Llywarch, son of Bran, in the time of Owain Gwynedd. He was brother-in-law to the prince, for the princess' sister was his wife, they being the daughters of Goronwy son of Edwin, king of Tegeingl, as the Book of Gruffudd Hiraethog shows. He was the lord of Trelywarch in Anglesey, and chief assessor to the prince, which office was conferred upon him and his male heirs. His sons were Iorwerth, Cadwgan, and Madoc. He bore three crows in a field *argent* between a chevron *sable*.

III.

Gweirydd son of Rhys Goch of Talebolion in Anglesey, lived in Caerdegog. He was the head groom of Aberffraw. His sons were Madoc, Howel, and Meurug. He bore three lions' heads in a field *argent* on a bend *sable*.

IV.

Cilmin Troettu lived in the time of Mervyn the Freckled, and was his brother. He was the supreme judge of North Wales, which office was likewise held by his heirs. He bore an eagle displayed *sable*, and on an escutcheon *argent* a man's leg *sable*.

V.

Collwyn son of Tangno, was lord of Eivionydd, Ardudwy, and Lleyn. He erected Bronwen's tower at Harlech. Asser, son of Merwydd, son of Collwyn, son of Meirion, son of Merwydd, son of Collwyn, and Gwgawn, son of Merwydd, son of Collwyn, lived in the time of Gruffudd, son of Cynan. The headship of clan in Eivionydd and Ardudwy was conferred upon him and his male heirs; and there is no greater dignity than that except the sovereignty which belongs to the prince. The youngest of the sons owns the hereditary mansion, whilst the territory is divided among the children of the same marriage. He bore a field *sable*, and in it three fleur-de-lis and a chevron *argent*.

Sir Howel of the Battle-axe came from Collwyn son of Tangno; and in the time of Edward the Third he distinguished himself with his battle-axe whilst fighting with the French, whence his name. By way of remuneration he obtained the castle of Criccieth, and in honour of him a daily mess of meat was perpetually served before his battle-axe, and this has not been discontinued until the time of the present queen.[1]

VI.

Nevydd Hardd, of Nantconwy, lived in the time of Owain Gwynedd, who gave him his son Idwal to foster; and the privilege of fostering the prince was bestowed upon him and his male heirs for ever. But Dunawd, son of Nevydd, slew Prince Idwal by command of his father Nevydd, in the place called Cwm Idwal in Snowdon,

[1] That is, Queen Elizabeth, which fixes the date of this document.

where they were hawking, because Idwal had struck Dunawd for stealing what his hawk had killed. And on account of that murder degeneracy was attached to his descendants for ever, and from being gentlemen they were made slaves. But Rhun, son of Dunawd, to atone for the murder, and as the price of the degeneracy, gave land and property to the church of Llanrwst. Madoc Goch, son of Iorwerth, son of Gwrgynon, son of Cyvnerth, son of Nevydd Hardd, was steward to Llywelyn, son of Iorwerth, as is recorded in the Book of Gruffudd Hiraethog.[2] He bore, *argent* three spears' heads imbrued, pointed upwards.

VII.

Maelog Crwm was lord of Llechwedd and Creuddyn in the time of Davydd, son of Owain, about 1175, according to the Book of William Cynwal.[3] He was the head collector of revenues for North Wales, which office was held also by his heirs. He bore, *argent* a chevron *sable*, and on it three angels *or*.

VIII.

Marchudd, son of Cynan, was lord of Abergele, and lived at Brynffenigl, in the time of Rodri the Great. He was the head officer of war in North Wales, which office was confirmed to him and his male heirs. From him was descended Ednyved Vychan. He bore, *gules* three Englishmen's heads, a chevron *ermine*. When the prince died, those who came from Ednyved Vychan became the head of the nobility of North Wales.

IX.

Hedd Molwynog was lord of Uwch Aled, and his territory lay in Nant Aled, Llanvair Talhaiarn, and the vale of Elwy. He bore, *sable* a hart passant, attired *argent*. From him came Davydd Siancyn of Carreg y

[2] Gruffudd Hiraethog wrote from 1520 to 1550.
[3] William Cynwal flourished from about 1560 to 1600.

Walch, who distinguished himself bravely in favour of King Henry the Seventh.

X.

Braint Hir, was lord of Is Dulas, and head of the army of Anarawd, son of Rodri the Great, prince of Aberffraw. He bore, *vert*, a cross flowery *or*. From him was descended Rotpert son of Seisyllt, of Glamorgan; and from him is the present lord B... rlai.

XI.

Marchweithan was lord of Is Aled, and his territory lay in Carwed Vynydd, Dincadvael, Prees, Berain, Lleweni, and Gwytherin, and other lands. He bore, *gules*, a lion rampant *argent*, armed *azure*.

XII.

Edwin, king of Tegeingl. His son was Owain, king of Tegeingl, and Angharad, daughter of Owain, son of Edwin, was the wife of Gruffudd, son of Cynan, king of North Wales. A son of Edwin was Aldyd, and a son of Aldyd was Owain ap Aldyd, who kept all Tegeingl in subjection to himself by mere force of arms, in spite of king, country, and lord, until he and the king were reconciled, when he restored his property to every one whose lands he had seized. He bore, *argent*, and between four ravens armed *gules*, a flowery cross engrailed *sable*.

XIII.

Ednowain Bendew was lord of Tegeingl about 1079. He was the head of the jury of North Wales, which office belonged likewise to his male heirs. He bore, *argent*, a chevron *sable*, and three boars' heads.

XIV.

Evnydd son of Gwenllian, the daughter of Rhys, son of Marchan, was lord of the seven townships of the Vale of Clwyd, called the Manor of Ruthin, namely, Evenechtyd, Trev Ben y Coed, Groeslwyd, Pant Meigen,

and three others. He had no male issue, and had no daughters but one. The mother of Evnydd was Gwenllian, daughter of Rhys, son of March, lord of Coed Marchan, in Gwent, who was given by Bleddyn, son of Cynvyn, in marriage to Evnydd's father. This Gwenllian was cousin to Bleddyn, son of Cynvyn, king of Wales, who gave to Evnydd landed property in Powys and Tegeingl. His only daughter was Hunydd the Fair, wife of Maredudd, son of Bleddyn, king of Powys. He bore, *azure*, a lion rampant *or*, quartered with the bearings of his mother, namely, *azure*, three nags' heads *argent*, a fess *or*. He was invested with the head serjeantship of North Wales, and the head solicitorship of Powys.

XV.

Ednowain son of Bradwen was lord of Meirionydd, and his territory lay in Talybont. He lived in the time of Gruffudd, son of Cynan, and was head dairyman of the prince of Aberffraw; and it was his duty to provide food and drink of meat and milk to the armies of North Wales in times of war. He bore, *gules*, three snakes enowed in a triangular knot *argent*.

AN ESSAY ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, BY PRINCE MADOG AP OWEN GWYNEDD.[1]

An inquiry into the first discovery of America is not to be regarded merely in the light of an attempt to verify a moot point in history, or to adjust the science of ethnology; it involves the question of national proprietorship.

[1] We shall be glad if others who take an interest in the subject will follow the example of the author of this essay, and kindly furnish us with such additional matter as will make the evidence, in favour of the claims of Madog to the discovery of America, as complete as possible.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

We do not mean that those parts which are known to be inhabited should have their several tenures examined, with the view of being re-arranged in conformity with some fixed and acknowledged principle; such a course under present circumstances would be politically unwise and dangerous. Still, occasions may arise, such as the discovery of wild and isolated tracts, or the identification of that colony which is supposed to have been planted by the son of Owen Gwynedd, when the principle of priority of occupation might be brought in with great advantage to settle any national disputes that may occur relative to the regions in question. It was, therefore, not without a practical purpose, that the Committee of the Llangollen Eisteddfod endeavoured to determine the subject in reference to the New World, by offering such a prize as would induce men of research to bring together all the evidence in their power relative to the claims of Madog and his followers to be the first discoverers of the western continent.

Prior occupation is the oldest tenure in the world by which lands have been held, being that according to which the general dispersion of mankind itself was conducted in the days of Peleg. There was a regular division of the earth amongst the grandsons of Noah. By the sons of Japheth "were the isles of the Gentiles *divided in their lands.*" The sons of Ham were arranged "in their *countries* and in their *nations;*" the sons of Shem "in their *lands*, after their *nations.*"—(*Gen.* x.) "Might" was not for some time afterwards adjudged to constitute "right;" a principle which is now, alas! allowed too frequently to rule the actions of nations, but which is, undoubtedly, morally wrong, and opposed to the spirit of Christianity. The Cymry, always more or less conservative of primitive truth, acted most strictly upon the patriarchal principle, and asserted their rights to their lands solely and entirely in virtue of prior occupation. Hu Gadarn, who led them over into Britain, "would not have lands by fighting and contention, but of equity, and in peace."—(*Triad* 5.) "No one has any right to it,"

the Isle of Britain, "but the nation of the Cymry, for they first took possession of it, and previously no men lived in it."—(*Triad* 1.) It was this principle that would not let them desist from their strifes with the Anglo-Saxons until they had recovered the ancient British monarchy in the person of Henry VII. And it is a remarkable fact, in immediate connection with our subject, that several persons advised Elizabeth Tudor to assert her claim of prior discovery in opposition to that of Spain, which claimed the continent of America in right of the expedition of Columbus.

The alleged discovery of America by Madog is dated A.D. 1170, whereas Columbus did not land there before the year 1492. If, therefore, the truth of the former can be established, it would follow that the claim of Britain to the New World is older than that of Spain by more than 300 years—a pretty wide margin, assuredly, in a deed of prescription!

We will now proceed to lay before our readers the various proofs which have been adduced in support of Madog's expedition. Of course we cannot expect that the new land, in which he and his followers are said to have settled, should, in early documents, be expressed by name. Its identity with the western hemisphere must be inferred from the course they took; the description given of the new land; and, above all, from the discovery, if it can be proved, of traces of a Welsh settlement in America.

There is allusion made to the departure of Madog even by poets who were his contemporaries. The most clear on this subject is *Llywarch ab Llywelyn*, or *Llywarch Prydydd y Moch*, an illustrious bard, who flourished from 1160 to 1220. In a poem addressed to Rodri, the son of Owain Gwynedd, the bard is supposed to refer to the event in question in the following passage:—

"Deu deyrn derrwyn didorres yn llid
Llu daear ae hoffes
Vn ar dir ar doruoet ry dres
Yn Aruon yn arwar trachwres

Ac arall mynawc y mynwes mawrvor
Ymawr uar agkymhes
Yn esguraw hawl hawt adnes
Yn esgar y bawb am beues."

which is thus translated,—

Two princes of strong passion broke off in wrath;
The host of the earth did love them;
One on land, leader of impetuous troops,
In Arvon allaying ambition;
The other, self-willed on the bosom of the vast ocean,
In trouble great and immeasurable,
Beating about for a claim easily guarded,
Separated from all on account of a place of abode.

These two princes are supposed to be Howel and Madog. Indeed, the description here given of a seafaring man can scarcely apply to any one of the brothers but Madog, who alone has been mentioned as having a turn for nautical affairs. Seeing then it was Madog who was at sea, the object of his navigation, as here expressed, seems to refer very clearly to an expedition such as the one usually associated with his name. He was in search of a possession easily guarded, "hawt adnes," not obtained by force of arms, but in right of prior occupation; and this search for a place to settle in caused him to be separated from all his friends and relatives in Wales.

In another poem by the same bard there is a clear allusion to the mysterious disappearance of Madog from among his people. It would seem that Llywarch was subjected to the ordeal of the hot iron, on suspicion of having murdered the prince, because he had been, perhaps, the last person seen in his company. The bard, in the poem under consideration, invokes the hot iron to exonerate him from such an imputation:—

"Archaf arch y bedyr o berthynas Crist
A duc crog yn vrtas
Trwy eiryawl tec ymyawl tomas a phylip
A phawl ac Andras
O afleu uy llaw a llauyn wyn las
O afeith goleith galanas
Da haearn diheura pan llas

Lleith madawc nad om llaw y cauas
Noc ae ceif cain ae glas
Ran o nef ae naw teyrnas
A minheu mynnaf gyweithas
Bot duw ym a dianc oe gas."

Thus in English,—

I will ask advice, through Peter, of Christ,
Who honourably bore His Cross,
And through the fair intercession of the laudable Thomas and Phillip,
And Paul and Andrew,
Lest my hand be misplaced, and I be slain by the bright sword,
And my kinsmen pay the retribution fee for murder.
Good iron! exonerate me in respect of the murder;
Show that the murder of Madog was not caused by my hand;
And that neither white nor green-clad persons (who did it) shall obtain
A portion of heaven and its nine kingdoms.
But I shall obtain the society of God
And His abode, and escape His enmity.

If this poem refers to Madog's expedition in search of a settlement, it must signify his first departure, for it is not probable that his countrymen should suspect his death on occasion of his second disappearance. It is a sign also that he had gone away the first time by stealth, and with little preparation. On the supposition that the bard shared in the ignorance of his countrymen respecting his fate on this occasion, it would appear that his "Ode to Rodri" was written after his return, when the object of his voyage had become known.

The testimony of Llywarch ab Llywelyn is valuable. Had there been no reference whatever to the naval expedition of Madog in the poems of his own time, then, indeed, might a doubt have been reasonably cast upon the authenticity of the story. But here we have just enough to support it, without being sufficiently prominent to suggest the account as given by subsequent writers.

The earliest detailed account which we have of Madog's expedition is that given by Guttyn Owain, thus translated by Dr. Powell, in his *History of Wales*, published A.D. 1584.

"After the death of Owen Gwyneth, his sonnes fell at debate who should inherite after him, for the eldest sonne borne in Matrimonie, Edward or Iorwerth Drwyndwn, was counted unmeete to governe, because of the maime upon his face, and Howel who tooke upon him all the rule was a base sonne, begotten upon an Irishwoman. Therefore David gathered all the power he could, and came against Howel, and fighting with him slew him, and afterwards enjoied quietlie the whole land of Northwales, untill his brother Iorwerth's son came of age, as shall hereafter appeare. Madoc another of Owen Gwyneth his sonnes left the land in contention betwixt his brethren, and prepared certaine ships with men and munition, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so far north, that he came to a land unknowen, where he saw manie strange things."

At p. 228 Dr. Powell again proceeds:—

"Of the viage and return of this Madoc there be manie fables fained as the common people doo use in distance of place and length of time rather to augment than to diminish: but sure it is, that there he was. And after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitfull countries that he had seen without inhabitants; and upon the contrarie part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephues did murther one another; he prepared a number of ships and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness, and taking leave of his freends took his journie thitherward again."

The following note is moreover added in p. 229:—

"This Madoc arriving in that westerne countrie unto the which he came, in the yeare 1170, left most of his people there: and returning backe for more of his owne nation, acquaintance and freends, to inhabite that faire and large countrie; went thither againe with ten sailes, as I find noted by *Guttyn Owen.*"

We have no means of comparing Dr. Powell's translation with the original, but from what is known of that great man's general accuracy and candour as an annalist, there can be no doubt that he has given the substance of Guttyn Owen's account.

Guttyn Owen was one of the most distinguished poets of the fifteenth century. He was historian and herald bard to the abbeys of Basingwerk and Ystrad Flur, and he resided alternately in those two monasteries; where he must have had ample opportunities of learning the past history of his country. He was the compiler of *Llyvr Du Basing*, which is still extant, and in the possession of

Thomas Taylor Griffith, Esq., of Wrexham. The last entry in that valuable work is in 1461, which, as the events recorded purport to be continued to his own time, enables us to calculate the era at which he flourished. We find, moreover, that Guttyn Owen was named by Henry VII. the second person in the commission to inquire into the pedigree of his grandfather, Owen Tudur, immediately upon his accession to the throne, which occurred in 1485. This circumstance, whilst it narrows the time at which he lived, furnishes also a remarkable testimony to the eminence which the scholastic reputation of the bard had attained in public estimation. He is supposed to have died shortly afterwards. The date usually assigned to his death is 1480, which could not be, unless, as is improbable, the commission above alluded to was issued before the Battle of Bosworth Field.

There is no question, however, but that he was dead before the return of Columbus in 1493. His account, therefore, of Madog's expedition could not have been a fabrication suggested by the success of the Genoese sailor.

There is something in Guttyn Owen's narrative, as given in Powell's *History*, so true to nature, and so conformable to the genius of his countrymen, that it bears on the face of it a great appearance of truth.

The Cymry, as a people, were never aggressive; their occupation of successive countries, on their way from the East, was the result of hostilities on the part of other adventurers, who drove our ancestors from land to land, until they arrived in Britain. As before remarked, they "would not have lands by fighting and contention, but of equity and in peace." The same desire to avoid "contention" is the principle which is said to have actuated Madog: when he had discovered "pleasant and fruitful countries," and "*without inhabitants*," he prevailed upon "such men and women as were desirous to live in *quietness*" to return with him. All this is certainly but a manifestation of the eternal principles which were implanted in the national mind.

Madog is said to have sailed westward, and to have

left the coast of Ireland far to the north. According to this direction, he must ultimately have reached the American shores.

Sir Meredyth ap Rhees, a clergyman, and a celebrated bard, who died in 1477, some fifteen years before the discovery of America by Columbus, bears witness to the preference which Madog evinced for a nautical life, though he certainly makes no allusion to his having found out any new lands. Personating a seafaring man, he says,—

"Madoc wyf mwydic ei wedd,
Iawn genau Owain Gwynedd,
Ni fynnai dir, f' enaid oedd,
Na da mawr, ond y moroedd."

In English thus,—

I am Madog, with a drenched countenance,
The legitimate son of Owain Gwynedd,
O! how I venerated him, he desired not land,
Nor great wealth, but the seas.

We may probably consider the testimony of the Triads as belonging to the period antecedent to Columbus' expedition. At the end of those curious records in which mention is made of Madog, occurs this notice,—

"These Triads were taken from the Book of Caradoc of Nantgarvan, and from the Book of Ieuan Brechva, by me, Thomas Jones of Trègaron—and these are all I could get of the three hundred—1601."

Caradoc died 1156, (*Myv. Arch.* ii. 389,) some few years before the alleged expedition of Madog; we must therefore conclude that the particular Triad which notices the event was taken out of the Book of Ieuan Brechva, who is said to have died about 1500. It is not therefore easy to determine whether the memorial in question was drawn up before the voyage of Columbus or not, though the probability is that the Triad of the "Tri difancoll" had received the sanction of a gorsedd of the bards some time previously. At any rate there is here no indication whatever of a knowledge of Columbus' expedition, or any attempt to claim the honour of a prior discovery, though

there is certainly an unmistakable statement as to the expedition of Madog to some unknown country.

"The three missing ones of the Isle of Britain—the third, Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, who went to sea with three hundred men in ten vessels, and it is not known whither they went."

The statement is very simple, and seems to have been made with sole regard to truth. Forgery would never have stopped short of a description of the place, whither the prince and his followers had sailed, or of the new country they had discovered. Though he had returned from his first voyage, and described the "pleasant and fruitful countries" which he had seen, and taken with him back again a number of his countrymen, still it could not have been known for many years subsequently "whither they went," or even whether they had succeeded in reaching any land. All that the annalist was warranted in saying was that ten ships had sailed with three hundred persons on board.

This simple narrative, then, wearing as it does the guise of ingenuousness, is particularly valuable in connection with other authorities on the subject in question.

We have said that Ieuan Brechva died about 1500, which was shortly after the voyage of Columbus. We are assured, moreover, by the date of some of his poems, that he was in the prime of manhood about the year 1480.

Independently of the Triad, which was taken from his book, Ieuan Brechva speaks of Madog's expedition in another place. Where he gives an account of the family of Owain Gwynedd, he observes that Madog in his second voyage was accompanied by his brother Rhiryd, who was Lord of Clochran, in Ireland. His words are,—

"Madoc a Rhiryd a aethant draw i'r Morwerydd, i diroedd a gawsant yno, lle trigfanasant."

In English,—

Madog and Rhiryd went beyond the Atlantic to lands they had found there, where they remained.

These words seem to have been written subsequently

to the formation of the Triad, when news had been received of the safe arrival of the emigrants at their destination in the West.

We come now to the full and clear testimony of Sir Thomas Herbert, which we find in a book entitled "Travels into Africa and Asia the Great, especially describing the famous empires of Persia and Industan, as also divers other Kingdoms in the Oriental Indies, and the isles adjacent. The Third Edition, further enlarged by Sir Thomas Herbert, Bart. London, printed in the year 1677. Pawb yn y arver."

The author first quotes Seneca's predictions, as given in the *Medea* of that philosopher,—

> "Venient annis
> Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
> Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
> Pateat Tellus, Typhisque Novas
> Delegat Orbes, Nec sit Terris
> Ultima Thule."

Which he thus translates,—

> The time shall one day be,
> Guided by Providence when men shall see
> The liquid ocean to enlarge her bounds,
> And pay the earth a tribute of more grounds
> In ample measure. For the sea gods then,
> Will show new worlds and rarities to men,
> Yea, by his leave who every thing commands,
> See Thule far less north than other lands.

And then he proceeds to say, that these words are, "Dim lights to show the way to the western world. So that upon the whole it may be granted, the discovery of that vast continent was reserved for a succeeding generation. The first we meet with is Madoc son of Prince Owen Gwynedd, who for 30 years ruled Wales after his father Griffith ab Cynan had at St. David's done homage to William the Conqueror, for lands he held on the other side of the Severn. The annals of those times acquaint us, that Owen was no sooner dead, but that the custom of gavel kind induced the numerous sons of that prince to claim a division of his dominions among them. Iorwerth

Drwyndwn, or Edward the broken-nosed, the eldest son of Owen, was set aside, and denied the right of succeeding to his father's throne on account of that blemish, and other imperfections, when Howel claimed the throne, but was objected to on account of his illegitimacy, being the son of Owen by an Irish concubine. David opposed the pretensions of Howel, and in the war that followed between them, the latter was killed. David having married Emma Plantagenet, the sister of Henry the II., was supported in his usurpation by the arms of England, in addition to those of his own adherents. However, as soon as Llewelyn the son of the unfortunate Iorwerth arrived at the age of manhood, he dethroned his uncle David, and became with the general consent of the country, Sovereign Prince of Wales. These intestine broils were no way pleasing to Madoc, another of the sons of Owain, who seems to have foreseen that the ruin of their country would be the consequence of their discord and fraternal rage. Therefore, to avoid the storm, and provide for himself, he resolves upon a sea adventure, hoping to find some place abroad where he might fix himself securely and not be liable to invasion. Thus says tradition. It is not unlikely but that Madoc was acquainted with the prophecy, or 'dim lights,' which led to the discovery of the western world. Madoc having provided ships, men, and provision, put to sea from Abergwilley, in the year 1170. Wind and sea favouring his design, after some weeks' sailing due west he descried land, probably Newfoundland; but whatever it was it overjoyed him. Madoc then ranging the coast, so soon as he found a convenient place, sat down to plant, meaning, fixt on a spot to form his intended settlement. After he had stayed there awhile to recruit the health of his men, he fortified his settlement, and left 120 there to protect it. And by providence (the best compass) he returned in safety to his own country. Having recounted his voyage, the fruitfulness of the soil, the simplicity of the savages, the wealth abounding there, and facility of enlargement, after some months' refreshment, in ten barques

loaden with necessary provisions they put to sea again, and happily recovered their settlement. They found but few of those whom they had left remaining, their death it is conjectured being by an incautious indulgence in the produce of a novel climate and country, or the treachery of the natives. Madoc, with the assistance of his brothers Eineon and Edwal, put things once more in comparative good order, and remained there some time, expecting the arrival of more of their countrymen from Wales, for which they had made arrangements previous to their departure; but they never came, and caused grevious disappointment. The cause of this failure is said to have been the wars which ensued, and which called for the service of every man for the defence of his country, but which ended in the subjugation of Wales by the English.

"But though Madoc and his Cambrian crew be dead, and their memory moth-eaten, yet are their footsteps plainly traceable, which the language they left, the religion they taught, and the reliques they found do clearly evidence. Otherwise how are we to account for the British words, not much altered from the dialect used at this day, among the Mexicans. Whence had they the use of beads, crucifixes &c. All which the Spaniards, as we read in Lopez de Gomeza and others, found amongst those, Acusano and Calhuaean at their first landing in America. Yea, whence comes that tradition amongst the Mexicans, that a strange people came thither in corraugles who taught them the knowledge of God, and by whose instruction they became civilized? As is related by Columbus, Postellus, Francus, Lopez, Cortes, and other Castilians.

"That of Herniando Cortes, who Anno Dom. 1519 was ambassador and general for Ferdinand and Isabella, is most remarkable. In some discourse between him and Montezuma, the second son of Antzol, and father of Quabutimoc, the last King of Mexico, Cortes, observing the Indians to have many ceremonies which the Spaniards used, demanded who instructed them. The answer was, that many years before, a strange nation landed there,

who were such a people as induced his ancestors to afford them a civil reception. But how they were called, or whence they came, he could not satisfy. Another time in a panegyrick which Montezuma returned them, he had this expression. One chief cause of my affection to your nation is, I have heard my father say, how that he had heard his grandfather affirm, that some generations before, his progenitors came thither as strangers in company of a nobleman who abode there awhile, and then departed, but left many of his people behind. That upon his return, most of those he left there died; and that from him or some some of them they supposed themselves to be descended. By which narrative it may be presumed, the people he meant were Welsh rather than Spaniards. And the records of that voyager writ by many bards and genealogists confirm as much, as may appear by the learned poems of Cynwric ab Grono, Guttyn Owain, who lived in Edward IVth's time; and Sir Meredith ab Rees, who lived in 1477, of Madoc had this eulogy.

"'Madoc ab Owen called was I
Strong, comely, brave, of stature high,
No home-bred pleasures proved my aim
By land and sea I won high fame.'[2]

By their language also, Welsh names being given to birds, and beasts, rivers, and nooks, &c. &c. As Pengwyn, a bird that has a white head; craigwen, a white rock; Gwynddwr, white water; nev, heaven; llwynog, a fox; wy, an egg; calaf, a quill; bara, bread; trwyn, a nose; mam, a mother; tad, father; dwr, water; pryd, time, and many others. There are islands called *corrhoeso*, and a cape Britain. Buwch, a cow; and clugar, a heathcock, &c. Nor is it a phansie of yesterday. Since learned men both of late and former times have taken notice. Such are Cynwric ab Grono, Meredydd ab Rees, Guttyn Owain, Lloyd, Howel, Prys, Hackluit, Broughton,

[2] Madoc wif mwydic wedd
Iawn genau Owain Gwynedd
Ni funnwn dyr fy enaid oedd
Na da mawr ond y moroedd.

Purchas, Davy, and others, whose learning and integrity have credit, and abundantly convince the ingenious, so as no doubt had it been known and inherited, then had not Columbus, Americus Vespasius, Magellen, nor others carried away the honour of so great a discovery, Nor had Madoc been defrauded of his memory, nor our Kings of their just title to a portion of the West Indies."[3]

Sir Thomas Herbert's authority is of very great weight, for, with uncommon skill in the Welsh language, he had free access to the noble library of Rhaglan, possessed by his relation, William Herbert, the great Earl of Pembroke, which contained the finest, and by far the most valuable, collection of authentic Welsh manuscripts that ever existed. This, with that finest of all the Welsh, perhaps of all the British castles, was totally destroyed in the Cromwellian civil wars.

The evidence of this author divides itself into two parts, the one derived from contemporary documents and tradition, the other from traces supposed to have been discovered of a Cymric settlement in America. Sir Thomas Herbert affirms that the records of Madog's expedition were "writ by many bards and genealogists," and he mentions in particular the names of Cynwric ab Grono, Guttyn Owain, and Sir Meredyth ap Rhees. The testimonies of the latter two we have already examined; but that of the first is at present inaccessible, if not entirely lost. The American vestiges consist of traditions, religious customs, and lingual peculiarities. There is nothing, however, to identify the first two with Wales, any more than with some other country in Europe. But the evidence of the language, on the other hand, is strong and pointed, and most of the terms which are adduced as instances are such as cannot be said to be common to other

[3] From Travels into Africa and Asia the Great, especially describing the famous empires of Persia and Industan, as also divers other kingdoms in the Oriental Indies, and the isles adjacent. The Third Edition, further enlarged, by Sir Thomas Herbert, Bart. London, printed in the year 1677. Pawb yn y arver. The work was begun in 1626.

dialects, but are peculiar to the Cymraeg. Indeed, it is impossible to account for the existence of these terms on the American continent, in any other way than by supposing a very strong intercourse to have prevailed at some previous time between the Cymry and that tribe of Americans in whose vocabulary the words occur. The Madogian expedition would naturally and satisfactorily explain the difficulty.

We must here take leave of direct British evidence, and confine ourselves to the testimonies of those persons who, since the discovery of America, whether by Madog, Columbus, or any other individual, have travelled into the interior parts of the country, and who profess to have fallen in with a tribe of Indians, not only displaying an amount of European civilization, but actually speaking Welsh.

The first of these is David Ingram, who says that whilst he traversed the continent from the coast of Mexico, endeavouring to make his way to the new English colony of Virginia, he fell in with an Indian nation that spoke Welsh. And lest it should be objected that he was not competent to pronounce an opinion on the subject, he gives a list of the words which they used, and which prove to be purely Cymric. This account is in Hackluit's *Voyages*, where also, in the account of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's discoveries, reference is made to the same circumstance.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there was printed a small octavo *History of Virginia*, by Captain Jocelyne. In this book it is stated that a clergyman, who was chaplain to the infant colony of Virginia, and a Welshman, going far into the country, came among the Doeg Indians, who dwelt near the Tuscaroras, where, having been taken prisoner, he found that their language was Welsh, and, addressing them in that language, was saved from being put to death. This story is quoted in the *Turkish Spy*, vol. viii., book iii., letter 12, first edition, 1694, in the precise words of Captain Jocelyne.

About the year 1682 there was circulated in South

Wales an address to the Quakers, exhorting them to emigrate with William Penn to his new settlement in Pennsylvania. In this it is said that many credible accounts had been received of the discovery of a people among the Indians who spoke Welsh, and that they were supposed to be the descendants of Madog's colony. The discovery was attributed to some of William Penn's attendants.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1740, there is inserted a letter written by the Rev. Morgan Jones, a native of Basaleg, in Monmouthshire, and sent to Dr. Thomas Lloyd, of Pennsylvania, dated New York, 10th March, 1686. This letter was by Dr. T. Lloyd communicated to Charles Lloyd, Esq., of Dol y Frân, Montgomeryshire; and by him to Mr. Edward Lloyd, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, who put it into the hands of Dr. Plott; and he distributed copies of it to many of his friends, and amongst others to the Rev. Theophilus Evans, a clergyman of Breconshire, who sent it to the editor of the magazine. Mr. Morgan Jones says that in the year 1666, being chaplain to Major-General Bennet, he went with him and Sir William Berkley to Port Royal, in South Carolina, where, being in great want of provisions, he and five more made an attempt to go through the woods to Virginia; but, mistaking their course, they wandered into the country of the Tuscarora Indians, where they were taken prisoners; and being one day taken to be put to death, he uttered a short prayer in Welsh, when one man whiter than the others, who stood at a little distance, came forward, and told him in the same language that he should not die, so that he and his despairing companions were soon set at liberty. The Welsh Indian took them into his own country, where, Mr. Jones says, he found a numerous people, whose native language was purely Welsh. He stayed among them for four months, conversed familiarly with them every day, and preached the Gospel to them three times a-week, in their own language.

This account of Mr. Jones seems to be the same with that of Captain Jocelyne; and it appears to have been

well known about the close of the last century, for it is mentioned in the eighth volume of the *Turkish Spy*, and in other publications of that age; and this, probably, is the account referred to by the author of the address to the dissenters of Wales, mentioned above.

It is truly a remarkable account, and if it represents the fact correctly, which the sacred character of the narrator forbids us to doubt, it is one of the strongest proofs that can be adduced in favour of the hypothesis under consideration. It is absolutely impossible that Mr. Jones could have conversed with the people "familiarly every day, and preached the Gospel to them three times a week," so as to be understood, except on the supposition that their language was identical with his own—in fact that it was the Cymraeg. No general affinity of roots, or grammatical resemblances, would be sufficient for the purpose. It was necessary, also, that it should be a comparatively recent Cymraeg; that is, that the people who thus used it should not have long been separated from the parent stock. Four or five hundred years would not make much difference in the general character of the language, whereas a separation of twelve hundred years would make it as difficult for Mr. Jones to "converse familiarly" with the White Indians, as it would be for any Welshman in the present day to carry on a familiar conversation with the Bretons, with whom we have had no national intercourse since the sixth century.

As this account is so valuable in our inquiries into the alleged discovery of America by our own countryman, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Jones did not give it at greater length; that he did not give us such an insight into the government, habits, and religion of the people, as a residence of four months among them enabled him to do.

(To be continued.)

THE TRADITIONARY ANNALS OF THE CYMRY.

Chapter XVIII.

THE RURAL ARTS.—AGRICULTURE.

The primitive Cymry are represented as being acquainted with no less than eighteen of the different arts and sciences of life, having learned nine of them whilst they were in a nomadic state—not yet settled in towns or cities—and before they were brought under a system of consolidated sovereignty in the time of Prydain. These were hence called Rural Arts; whilst the other nine which they learned subsequently went by the name of Civil Arts. The former are thus enumerated :—

"Here follow the nine Rural Arts :—

Agriculture;	Harp Playing;	Commerce.
Metallurgy;	Weaving;	
Architecture;	Politics;	
Bardism;	Medicine;	

"These were known and practised by the ancient Cymry before they possessed cities, and a system of sovereignty."[1]

The first that occurs in the category is Agriculture, or in the modern acceptation of the term, Horticulture, (*garddoriaeth*, from *gardd*, a garden). Indeed, this was the first art known and practised in the world, when man was still in a state of innocency;[2] for thus we read in Gen. ii. 15,—"The Lord God took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden *to dress and to keep it*." Much more after the fall was it necessary that man should "till the ground from whence he was taken," since this was "cursed for his sake," and would spontaneously produce nothing better than thorns and thistles. In consequence

[1] Myv. Arch. iii. pp. 121, 129, where, in both places, the extract purports to have been taken from "the Book of the Rev. Evan Evans."

[2] "Blessings could not be obtained even in Paradise without the due work of the industrious hand of man, for God did not form him to live in idleness, but to fulfil the work of creation, and to receive it thus improved as the reward of his toil. A hand reaching unto heaven is the industrious hand."—*Cattwg*.

of his sin, it was decreed that "in the sweat of his face he should eat bread," and "therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, *to till the ground* from whence he was taken."—(*Gen.* iii. 23.) Accordingly, the art of tilling the ground is presented to our views in connection with our Cimric ancestors, as soon as they appear in the light of a distinct community. Even before they left the East, when they were yet "in the land of Hâv, namely, where Constantinople now stands," as one of the Triads informs us, they were instructed in the method of cultivating the earth. Their teacher on this occasion was Hu Gadarn, he who afterwards led them over to the Isle of Britain; and on account of the importance and value which posterity attached to agriculture, the patriarch was distinguished as one of "the three benefactors of the race of the Cymry."[3]

As we had occasion to observe before, it would be perfectly useless to try to ascertain what kind of implement Hu Gadarn used in tilling the ground, though we may safely suppose that it was of wood, and extremely rude, which would involve no inconsiderable time and toil. Perhaps it was something similar to that with which, according to "Cyvrinach y Beirdd," our first parent dug the ground after his expulsion from Paradise, namely, a sharp pointed pole. This in the language of the Cymry is called *pal;* and "*pal* is the old Cimbric word used for a pole, as may be seen in the old books; hence an implement for cutting soil is called *pal*, though the spike of the pole be now made of iron and steel."[4] Ioan Mynyw, in the ninth century, calls the implement which Adam used a "rhaw balar," *i. e.*, a delving spade:—

"To Adam and his partner
Was given a *rhaw balar*,

[3] "The three benefactors of the race of the Cymry; the first, Hu Gadarn, who first showed the race of the Cymry the method of cultivating the ground, when they were in the land of Hâv, namely, where Constantinople now stands, before they came into the Island of Britain."—*Triad* 56, Third Series.

[4] Cyvrinach y Beirdd, p. 29.

To break up the ground
To obtain bread."[5]

The idea which we attach to a "rhaw balar," or as it is sometimes called, "rhaw bal," in the present day, is that of a spade with which we *dig* or *cut* the soil, as distinguished from an ordinary shovel, used merely for the cleaning or raising loose earth.

Iolo Goch calls the implement with which Hu Gadarn cultivated the ground "a strong beamed plough," *aradr braisg;* whilst in the Triad already cited we are told that "before the time of Illtyd, land was cultivated only with a mattock, (*caib,*) and an over-treading plough, (*arad arsang,*) after the manner of the Irish."

Arad, in the literal acceptation of the term, means simply an instrument to turn the soil, or to place sod upon sod, from *ar* upon. It is not necessarily of the form and shape of what is usually meant by a plough in the present day. The *arad braisg* of Iolo Goch, and the *arad arsang* of the Triad, might have been similar in general character to the modern spade. Of a like description, probably, was the *planarat*, which Pliny speaks of, and which he says signified a plough in the Gaulish tongue.[6] The word, purely Celtic, is compounded of *plan*, planting, and *arad*, a plough.

The first kinds of grain known in this country were oats and rye.[7] The importation of wheat and barley is ascribed to Coll, son of Collvrewi, a person of unknown date, but who must have lived anterior to Ithel, the son of Llarian, about to be mentioned. The Triads which record this circumstance are cited at length in Chapter VI., to which the attention of the reader is directed; he will

[5] Myvyrian Archaiology, i. p. 92.

[6] Charrue de la Rhétie Gauloise, à laquelle on aurait ajouté deux petites roues.—Le Véronais, voy. Pline, iii. 23. Servius, *Georg.* i. 174, étend l'usage de ces charrues au pays de Virgile le Mantouan.—*Ethnogénie Gauloise*, p. 81.

[7] Triad 56, Third Series. An unpublished Triad adds "angular barley," *haidd conglog;* and it is remarkable that this species of barley is distinguished, to this very day, by the name of Welsh barley.

also find there some conjectures of our own as to the real meaning of the allegory in which the fact is embodied.

In the "Book of Treos," a MS. upwards of three hundred years old, the first introduction of wheat into this country is dated only about 400 years before the Christian era. On what authority the statement is made we know not; but it is so inconsistent with the majority of our traditionary records on the subject, that we cannot receive it except in a qualified sense, as indicative of the importation of some new sorts of wheat, or the more general cultivation of it in the country.

A tradition is noticed by Geraint Vardd Glâs, which represents Coll as having moreover taught the Britons to sow corn in furrows, and introduced among them the custom of joint-ploughing, by way of protection against hostile incursions; "yd yn âr a chyferi."[8]

The hostile incursions which were contemplated would imply that the Cymry were not alone in the island when co-aration commenced. Coll, in that case, must have flourished subsequently to the era of Prydain. Indeed, notwithstanding the advantages which abundance of land, and undisturbed peace and tranquillity offered to the aboriginal colony, it is not to be expected, as long as they were yet unacquainted with the metallurgic arts, that they would make much progress in agriculture. The use of metal is supposed to have been introduced by the second colony, the Lloegrwys. And as these were on friendly and amicable terms with the Cymry, and originally of the same stock, speaking, moreover, pretty nearly the same dialect, the latter would not be long in profiting by the improvements of the new comers. We accordingly, from the era of Prydain forward, meet with several notices of advancement in husbandry, as carried on in Cymru, under the auspices of the princes. The following, from the "Genealogy of Iestyn ab Gwrgant," may suffice as examples:—

"Cymryw was a great improver of land and live stock; and kept a considerable number of all kinds of animals.

[8] Iolo MSS. p. 263.

"Ithon, the son of Cymryw, systematized the manner of sowing corn.

"Gweirydd the Great, the son of Ithon, first introduced the practice of preparing and preserving hay for feeding horses and cattle in winter.

"Ithel, the son of Llarian, was a very beneficent king, and the first who taught effectually the proper culture of wheat."[9]

We cannot, indeed, learn the exact nature or extent of the improvements alluded to, relative to the culture of corn, but the third extract is clear enough, which speaks of the mode of making hay. From this circumstance, no doubt, as *gwair* is the Cymric word for hay, Gweirydd obtained his name, *q. d.*, Haymaker.

About four generations later, *i. e.*, about 430 B.C., the Laws of Dyvnwal Moelmud were promulgated. According to these all persons were required, "for mutual protection," to co-operate in the tillage of the ground; the right of sanctuary was accorded to "a plough and team at work;" the harvest was to be proclaimed by sound of horn; and the celebration thereof was to be attended with acts of mutual kindness and rejoicing, much after the manner of the Jews.[1] All these provisions show clearly the importance which the ancient Britons attached to agriculture.

But it is not only from native documents that we infer the early and intimate acquaintance of the Cymry with the art of husbandry. Their testimony on the subject is supported, moreover, by several Greek and Latin authors, who surely cannot, in this respect, be accused of undue partiality, or extravagance of expression.

Hecatæus, an historian of Miletus, born 549 B.C., and quoted by Diodorus Siculus, represents the island as highly favoured by Apollo, and so fertile as to produce two crops of corn annually. And the author of the Argonautic poem describes Britain as being, in a more especial manner, the residence of Queen Ceres, from the abundance and fertility of the soil.

"He saw the stately court of royal Ceres."[2]

[9] Iolo MSS. pp. 335–7. [1] Ancient Welsh Laws, ii. pp. 477–81.
[2] Orpheus, ver. 1187–8, 8vo. Leips. 1764.

Strabo says of the island,—"It produces corn, and cattle, and gold, and silver, and iron, which things are brought thence."[3] And Diodorus Siculus, in reference to the mode of harvesting, observes, "they gather in their harvest by cutting off the ears of corn, and storing them in subterraneous repositaries."[4] In Gaul the corn was cut down by a machine drawn by two horses.[5]

We learn from Cæsar's *Commentaries* that, on his first invasion, corn was being reaped in this island somewhere in the interval between the 26th of August, the day on which he landed, and the autumnal equinox,[6] which answers exactly to the present season of harvest. The season is indicated further by the old name Medi, or reaping, which is still used to designate the month of September, during which, as mainly at present, harvest operations were carried on. The fact, taken in connection with the means which modern science has discovered for the better cultivation of the land, and more seasonable ripening of its produce, shows our ancestors, nineteen hundred years ago, as anything but novices in the art of husbandry.

It is undoubted that the Britons adopted artificial means for increasing the fertility of the soil previous to the Roman invasion. One of these, according to the testimony of Pliny, was marl of various kinds.[7] They were acquainted, moreover, with the process of calcination,[8] and we are told expressly that lime was used in some parts of Gaul for manure.[9]

Hecatæus, and the author of the Argonautic poem, might have been contemporaries of Ithel, the son of Llarian, or at least have lived near his time. Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Julius Cæsar, and Pliny, however, flourished in much later times. Nevertheless, as our traditionary records point to no agricultural improvement as having taken place in the interim, their testimony may

[3] p. 278. [4] Lib. v. cc. 21, 22. [5] Pliny, xviii. 30.
[6] De Bell. Gall. lib. iv. 32, 36. [7] Lib. xvii. s. 4.
[8] Triad 91. [9] Pliny, xvii. s. 4.

be taken as proving the continuance of the system of farming which had been introduced previously.

The Cymry ground their corn by means of a quern or hand-mill, of which several specimens have been occasionally found in different parts of the country. Wind and watermills were not introduced into Cymru until A.D. 340.[1]

Chapter XIX.

THE RURAL ARTS.—METALLURGY.

Archæologists divide prehistoric times into three periods, which they designate respectively as the stone, bronze, and iron periods. The first embraces that space of time in which men knew no other weapons or implements than such as were made of flint, stone, horn, and wood; traces of which are discovered in the oldest kinds of sepulchral mounds. The Cymry are peculiarly associated with this period, inasmuch as they are the first people that settled here; and to this very day they exhibit reminiscences of it in their bardic circles, which are always formed of unhewn stones. Whether the Cymry discovered the use of metals before they were joined by any other colony, is, perhaps, at this distance of time, more than can be fully and satisfactorily ascertained. That they were acquainted with the metallurgic arts in the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud is very clear from the following passages which occur in his Code of Laws:—

"There are three social motes: bardism; *metallurgy;* and the science of a harpist. Or thus, there are three domestic motes, under the privilege of the customs of the kindred of the Cymry: that of a bard; a *metallist;* and a harper."[2]

"Three things in common to a country and kindred: mast woods; hunting; and *an iron mine;* and exclusive ownership is not to be claimed to one or the other of them."[3]

[1] Iolo MSS. p. 420.

[2] Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, ii. p. 475. [3] *Ibid.* p. 491.

"There are three privileged arts, with the privilege of maintenance, to wit, five free acres of land, and immunity to each of them, that is, to every man who assuredly is cognizant of them, and practises them; distinct from, and in addition to the land to which he is entitled by the privilege of an innate Cymro: these are, bardism; *metallurgy;* and learning, or literature. That is, a title to five free acres under the privilege of the art to each one qualified and in the practice of one or other of those arts, being warranted by a teacher versed in sciences; and no man ought to he engaged in two arts; and, if he do that, he has no right to the privilege of maintenance other than from one of the two; and no one that follows two arts, or two offices, at the same time, can do so justly and regularly."[4]

"Three arts that aliens are not to learn, without the permission of their proprietary lords, and of the lord of the territory; to wit, the three privileged arts: bardism; *metallurgy;* and literature: and if his proprietary lord and the king suffer likewise one or other to assume the qualification and the practice of those arts, and their privileges, warranted as to sciences, they are not, according to law, to be impeded, but to be permitted, and to be free whilst each individual shall live under the privilege of a privileged art; and open to him, under the privilege of his art, the fruition of five free acres."[5]

"There are three free from the bond: to wit, a bard; a *metallurgist;* and a scholar; being aliens. For although the father may be bond, and an alien, or a vassal, the son is free that assumes the character, and exercise, and privilege by function, of one or other of the three privileged arts; and is free whilst he shall live; and he has the right, under the privilege of his art, to his five free acres; for he is not to be either bond, or unprivileged, who shall know and can practise an art that is authoritative in respect to sciences."[6]

"There are three branches of mechanic arts, being primary branches: to wit, *of a smith;* of a stone mason; and of a carpenter. Or, otherwise, *smithcraft;* carpentry; and stone masonry; and the three are co-equal in privilege: and every one that shall practise one of these three arts, has a right to his maintenance donation of five free acres, other than is due to him by the privilege of an innate Cymro; and he is to be at the will of the territorial lord to give instruction to the aliens of the king, or of the lord, and to any that should be thought proper of his villeins, within the limits of the law; that is, in confidence that no degree of art be conferred upon any of them, except with the permission of the proprietary lord and the king."[7]

[4] *Ibid.* p. 507. [5] *Ibid.* [6] *Ibid.* p. 509. [7] *Ibid.* p. 513.

"Three things that are not to be conveyed to a foreign country, without the permission of the country and the lord: *gold;* books; and wheat."[8]

"Three ornaments of a hamlet: a book; a teacher versed in song; and *a smith in his smithy.*"[9]

The foregoing extracts substantiate the fact that our ancestors, more than four hundred years anterior to the Christian era, were acquainted with the arts of metallurgy; they had iron mines, and native gold, and smiths to work the ore, to whom were attached certain immunities and privileges of no mean kind. Indeed, the consideration that these honours were secured to the smith in common with the man of letters seems to raise the art of working in metals very high indeed in public favour, and to prove it of great importance in a national point of view.

Herodotus, who appears to have been a contemporary of Dyvnwal, alludes to the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, by which it is very generally admitted that he meant the celebrated districts of Cornwall and the neighbouring isles. At that time the commerce of Britain attracted the navies of Tyre and Carthage; nor does it seem improbable that the Phœnicians traded with the miners of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands at a much earlier period. Indeed, some writers maintain that those mercantile people discovered the British Isles about the time of the Trojan war, that is, about the settlement here of the second colony. Could the assertion be depended upon, it would go a great way towards confirming the hypothesis which ascribes the art of working in metals to the Lloegrwys, who appear to have first settled in the island about that time. Against this view, however, stands the fact that the mines themselves were situated in the territory of the Cymry; but not so as to exclude all attempts at a reconciliation. The Lloegrwys, being confederate with the Cymry, living under the same laws, and speaking the same language, may very well be supposed to have communicated to the elder tribe any metallurgic know-

[8] *Ibid.* p. 523. [9] *Ibid.* p. 563.

ledge which they themselves might have carried with them from their continental homes, and to have assisted the Cymry in working the mines of their own country.

A triad, indeed, ascribes the discovery of the metallurgic art to Hu Gadarn, even before he had brought the Cymry over to the Isle of Britain, thus:—

"The three administrations of knowledge which the nation of the Cymry obtained: the first was the instruction of Hu Gadarn, before they came into the Isle of Britain, who first taught them how to till the ground, and *the art of metallurgy*."[1]

But as this view of the subject would be inconsistent with the use of stone implements, to which the Cymry were for a long period habituated after their settlement here, it can scarcely be entertained; unless we believe that, having known the art in the East, they lost it on their coming over, or that they knew not where to discover the ore in their new abode.

The following Triad gives us the name of the person who first discovered the mode of manufacturing iron and steel in the British Isle; and is, moreover, in accordance with the conclusions arrived at by archæologists, as to the gradual development of the metallurgic art:—

"The three benefit bestowing bards of the Isle of Britain; Coll, the son of Collvrewi . . . . and Divwg, the son of Albor . . . . and Belyn, the Artizan, son of Arthdro the Great, son of Greidiawl, who first discovered iron and steel, whereas before his time offensive weapons were made of only copper and flintstone. They lived before the Christian era, and were hereditary bards."[2]

The familiarity of our British ancestors with tin, though this metal does not occur in a native state, may be readily accounted for from the ore being frequently found near the surface, and requiring only the use of charcoal, and a very moderate degree of heat, to reduce it to the state of metal. In the same way, as copper is not only found in a state requiring little smelting to render it fit for manufacture, but is even discovered at times almost as

[1] Trioedd Braint a Devod. (Unpublished.)
[2] Trioedd y Beirdd. (Unpublished.)

pure as metal, we can well understand how the natives would turn it to account as a substitute for stone in respect of implements and weapons. Bronze, formed of copper and tin, would next be discovered, that is after they had understood the art of smelting; and lastly, iron, which bears in its natural state little resemblance to a metal, and is smelted by a very difficult and tedious process.

AB ITHEL.

(To be continued.)

CYMRIC LEGEND.

CILMIN TROED-DU.[1]

CILMIN, living in the vicinity of necromancers and demons, became the intimate friend of one of the former, who knew all the secrets of nature, except one, which he was aware was contained in a volume, written by no human hand, and guarded by a demon, whose abode was near the summit of the forked mountains of Yr Eifl, in Caernarvonshire. The necromancer, though potent in his art, had no power even to attempt gaining possession of this mystic book; but he pined after the knowledge it concealed, and he imparted to his friend Cilmin the trouble of his soul. The knight, who feared nothing, instantly offered to dare any adventure in order to satisfy his longing, and set forth, armed at all points, to the dangerous spot. The sage informed him that he must use the

[1] Cilmin Troed-du, or Cilmin with the black foot, was the founder of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales. He lived about A.D. 819, and resided at Glyn Llivon, which still continues in the possession of one of his descendants, and from which place many of them took the name of Glynne. His arms were,—"Quarterly 1, *argent*, an eagle displayed with two heads *sable;* 2, *argent*, three fiery ragged sticks *gules;* the third as the second; the fourth as the first. Over all, upon an escutcheon of pretence *argent*, a man's leg coupè a la cuisse *sable*."

utmost caution in possessing himself of the magic volume, and to be particularly careful in crossing a certain brook at the foot of the mountain, where the demon's jurisdiction ended, not to wet his feet, as evil might otherwise befall him.

Cilmin departed towards the mountain of the mighty Twins, (another name for Yr Eifl,) and after riding several hours, entered the gloomy valley called Nant-y-Gwytheryn, which is crowned with rugged and lofty mountains, and opens only to the sea. He spurred his steed over the stony way, climbed the sides of a steep acclivity, and arrived at Tref y Caerau, or the town of the fortresses, which runs from one side of Yr Eifl to the other, and consists of an immense rampart of huge stones encircling the summit of the mountain, and ending in a point which is almost inaccessible. These rocky barriers are filled with cells of every form, and at the time when Cilmin ventured on his errand they were known to be the resort of the demons who served the chief spirit, whose abode was on the highest pinnacle of the rock; there he dwelt with a hideous and terrible giantess, his companion, who executed his biddings, and caused infinite desolation in the country. Their constant study was the book, which in their hands taught only evil, but looked into by Christian eyes would disclose much that would serve mankind.

The giantess inhabited a cell on the south side of Tref y Caerau; it is called to this day Moel-carn-y-Wrach, and now rises to a cone, being crowned by a huge pile of stones like the ruins of a fortress; but at that time the stones were in the lap of the giantess, and her intention was to heat them red hot at the demon's fire, and cast them down upon the neighbouring fields to destroy them. Suddenly, she beheld Cilmin riding impetuously up the steep, and taken by surprise, she started from her seat, and let all the stones fall from her apron; whence the place is since called "the Apronful of Stones."

Then followed a fearful combat with the giantess, the demon, and the knight; but the latter, by the help of his

good sword and its cross handle, was able at length to fell the demon to the earth, and snatch from him the book which he always held beneath his serpent wing. No sooner had the knight gained his prize than he commenced a retreat, and spurring his horse he began to descend the mountain with the whole city of demons howling at his heels. On he went over rock and through valley, making the ground re-echo to his courser's hoofs, and still keeping the rabble rout at bay. At length, he reached the stream of the Llifon, and there just on the edge, his gallant steed fell exhausted and dying, and he felt that the demons were gaining upon him; he knew they could not cross the river; but it was so wide that scarcely was it possible for him to leap it; to ford it was impossible, the current was too strong. An effort, he felt, must be made, and he hesitated no longer, but rising on the back of his fallen steed, he gave a desperate spring and gained the opposite side; at that very moment his foot slipped, one of his legs sunk into the water, and it was with extreme difficulty he could draw it forth again, and manage to climb up the bank. He felt as if a red-hot iron grasp had seized his leg beneath the water; and he heard a low chuckling laugh as he hurried away from the stream, and sought the hermitage of his friend the necromancer, to whom he gave the book which he had gained at such risk.

From that time the limb which the demon had caught became coal-black, and the knight was lame to his dying day; he always, in memory of the event, wore a suit of black armour, and he went by the name of Cilmin Troed-du, or Black-footed.

CYWYDD CYFRINACH.

By Rhys Goch o'r Eryri. 1330–1420.

This poem, which is printed in the *Iolo* volume, p. 310, contains some expressions that are hard to be understood, allusive, as is said, to bardic mysteries. Having fallen in with another copy, which here and there exhibits different readings, I think it would be doing service to the literature of Wales to record them in the *Cambrian Journal.*

I shall, for the sake of convenience, distinguish the printed poem by the letter A, and that in MS. by the letter B.

Title—Cywydd Cyfrinach—A.

„ Cywydd diweddaf yr ymryson rhwng Rhys Goch Eryri a Llywelyn Fab Moel y Pantri—B.

Line 12.—Ynraigiau—A.
Yng nghreigiau—B.

„ 26.—Na mi na—A.
Na minnau—B.

In reference to line 4,—Yng ngoleu sampl angylion, a marginal reading has "Gŵydd Angylion, *in al.*"

Line 42.—Margin "A gant, *in al.*"

„ 43.—Haelwedd—A. B.
Heulwedd, *al.* Marg.

„ 50.—Ganapla—A.
Gan Apla—B.

This latter reading is important, as it simplifies considerably a word that has puzzled many Welsh scholars. It seems that it is not intended for *Cabbala*, but it is another form for *Alpha*, or perhaps for *Abel.* The margin has "Einigan *al.*" In one copy which I have not by me now, I observed that in the next line "Angylion" was substituted for "Maillonwyn."

Line 63.—Pont hu ag yn gu gywir—A.
Ag awen eon gywir—B.

Another copy has "po nyd."

Line 66.—Yngenau Gabriel—A.
Yngeiriau Gabriel—B.

Al. Ein gobr yngenau Gabriel.

Line 103.—Kar bax—A.

Cau bax—B. Cai *al.*

There are several minor variations which I have not noticed, inasmuch as they are chiefly orthographical, and are not calculated to alter the sense.

Mab Maxen is Owain, who emancipated the Cymry from the Roman dominion, and under whose auspices the Eisteddfod was established. *Pax* appears to be the Latin for peace.

MENW.

LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By LADY MARSHALL.

CANIAD V.

(Continued from page 41.)

THE fiery courser of the sky
Is tired at length—his broad, bright eye
Now narrowed to a burning arc,
Behind the shoulder huge and dark
Of CYBI's[1] promontory isle,
Where he with heaven-prompted toil
Scooped out his steepy granite stair,
And kept his nightly vigil there,
With help of hand and help of prayer,
In strenuous hope the lives to spare
Of strugglers on that cruel coast,
Or souls of those whose lives were lost!

A minute more and while we gaze
His glory merges in a haze
Of many coloured clouds, like those
That grateful recollection throws
Around departed heroes—oft
A hue though less intense more touching soft
Than when they soared in gorgeous blaze aloft.

So spread the roseate floods that eve,
Bathing the hill—the plain—the wave;—
Till softening with the growing night,
They melted into lunar light.

The single beam that entrance found
Into the church had travelled round
From where upon Llywelyn's head
Its sudden radiance first it shed,
O'er devastation gleaming now
On this or other overthrow
Of sacred things: once for a bright
Brief space it centred all its light
Full on the features of the dead,
And in that darkness deep and dread
That one white speck, so fair—so lone—
It would have awed a heart of stone.
But there was not a human eye
To gaze—to muse—to drop a tear—
A little painted butterfly
Lured by the beam was fluttering near;
His movements gay and twinkling shade
About the marble features played,
In the long glory from above,
Until those features seemed to move:
Bright emblem of the soul, so nigh,
'Twas strange that wandering butterfly!

And he is gone: and all is dark
And still within—around—but hark—
A small sharp sound—a grating lock;
And in a deep and secret nook
A door is op'd, and by a dim
Faint beam that broke the darkness grim
Two figures picked their steps of doubt
Amid the sacrilegious rout.

'Twas Madoc and the Desert Nun:—
Pausing at length she said "My son
Time presses—it must all be done
In haste and secresy, ere yet
This ban shall widelier circulate:
I have ta'en order to secure
The rites of sacred sepulture
To these beloved remains; a care
In which your aid must have its share:
Far times have left a consequence
Bequeathing to my influence
A place where they may safely lie
Fitting their royal sanctity—
Within the crypts of lone Cwm Hir:
Rhys Fychan, Stratwy's lord is near,
At Buallt the captain now in chief—
Moelynydd's oft contested fief:

His word in that debateful land
The secret passes doth command;
But in an enterprise of trust
So delicate, I feel there must
Be further guidance, for although
Llywelyn is encouraged now
To place his confidence again
In Rhys's faithfulness, 'twere vain
Expect in his unstable mind
Unswerving certainty to find.
Thy presence will insure the task
Fulfilled as tenderest wish can ask.
"A litter waits and Sisters three
From Saint Gwenfrewi's nunnery;—
Their sacred care and mine shall be
To lift and bear the beauteous Queen
Through the intricate subterrene,
Your's to escort her funeral train.
This ring will quick admittance gain
Within the Abbey and all due
Respect and holy rites—adieu!"
A brief assent—a short caress
Was all that that important stress
Permitted Madoc to express
The love and the obedience true
That were his tender mother's due:
If all allowed in her mysterious sphere
Her gentle spell, how much more one so dear,
Whom all her inmost soul did fondly lap and rear.
Rhys[2] sprung from out that stock of yore
Whose stem in after ages bore
A spiring shoot—renowned GLYNDWR:—
Their *sobriquet* was haply won
In epigram like *Little John*,
Whose lofty height and giant frame
Procured him that distinctive name;
But yet their sap had need
To mix with nobler founts before
Exuberantly it bubbled o'er
And from its mighty pith did pour
That overspreading seed.
Already showed a strong foretaste
This Rhys of traits that leastly graced
That wondrous Chief of men,
As are on history's record placed
With deeds that ne'er can be effaced
And by her great Reflector traced—
The WIZARD OF THE PEN.

Restless and reckless—changeful—sly;
Vauntful of lofty flights to try,
But lacking all in purpose high—
The *how*—the *where*—the *when*.

Ambitious fires that in the one
With meteoric splendour shone
Flickered like fen-lights false and lone
In Rhys's coarser mould;
The mystic hautness—nameless awe
That did the charge on Owen draw
Of tampering dark with nature's law,—
His soul to Satan sold[3]—
In Rhys were fits of surly spleen,
With effervescences between,
Which most men took a mind to mean
In balance scant controlled.

Howbeit this Chieftain's lineage high
Gave him a leading part to play:
The region of the "witching" Wye
He held in territorial sway.

With plaints of bitter marcher wrong
He came where Wallia's barons stood
To tell her griefs in Gorsedd throng,
With flashing eyes and tingling blood.

And now to his command again,
A thrice important frontier fort,
Returning, made his warrior train
The funeral obsequies escort.

Right through old Cambria's bony frame
Their arrow course they darted:
They knew each secret pass by name,
Where her great joints were parted.

The mighty ridge of her defence,
With serried files indented,
Huge, shark-like jaws, which forests dense
For strength and 'scape augmented.

"Behold a land," young Madoc cried,
"For freedom's throne created:
Treason alone could neutralise
Guards thus accumulated!"

"Treason," said Rhys, "it is a word
For Cymro's use unfitted:
Be it upon his lips unheard—
His *coelbren*[4] unadmitted!"

They passed Dolbadarn's lake-laved steep
That sentinels Craig 'r 'Eryri;[5]
And Dolwyddelan's watch-tower keep
That leads to Mons Heriri.

They passed that mystic mountain mere[6]
With woman-slaughter darkly laden—
The lovely victim suite of her,
That fair, delusive flower-born maiden.

They passed the Severn's mazy twine;
They skirted by the field
Where Arthur chased the mighty swine,[7]
Although it might not yield
The treasures in its mane concealed,
Until—o'erpassed the Cornish line,
Its fate was sealed.

'Tis thus at every step that o'er
Its fair expanse is straying,
Our land from its exhaustless store
Its new delights displaying;

Lo, here, the everlasting hills
In grand, colossal stature
Whose sight suggestive fancy fills—
Great elder-born of nature!

And, all inseparably twined
With those unchanging masses
The destiny of MAN combined,
Whose life as vapour passes.

'Tis this and this alone that can
Complete the scene enchanting—
The fairest region wanting man,
Its final crown is wanting:

His wisdom—valour and, we own,
His doubts, mistakes and failing,
Make up a magic charm, which, gone,
All else is unavailing.

In vain the wilds their grandeur spread—
The flowery vales their graces,
Unless upon their page we read
Of bygone times the traces.

Like unto birds whose plumage gay
A glance rejoices,
But soon we turn our eyes away—
They have no voices!

The towering mountain—icy cone—
The tumbling torrent's thunder—
The primal forest dark and lone
May strike the sense with wonder;

But round the spot, unmarked beside
Where trod our Fathers,
"Thick coming thoughts," a sparkling tide
Bright Fancy gathers.

This is thy charm, O BRITAIN,
And on their hearts who roam
From thee a while be written
NO PLACE IS LIKE OUR HOME.

The mournful journey of the dead
Was well accomplished ere the dread
Of Romish bolts had thundered near
The calm Cistercians of Cwm Hir.
The signet ring admittance gave
Within that secret vaulted cave
Which gathered in sepulchral trust
The MORTIMERS' baronial dust,
That Norman stock whose fortunes twine
With Wales' and England's royal line;
As to the first in dubious pose
Of marcher neighbours—rivals—foes:
Now in alliance—friendship—kin,
And now in war's conflicting din:
As to the next in darker doom,
Which when we write of was to come.

Adown the crypt, in stately rows,
In grim marmorean repose,
That noble tribe's departed lay,
And in the funeral torches' ray,
By fitful flashes stood revealed
Heraldic sculptures—blazoned shield:
On every lid the emblems told
What mortal dust the cist might hold:
The spurs and helmet of the knight;
The wimple of the lady bright,
Cut off perchance in beauty's bloom,
Like her who joined them in the tomb.

Oft and again and long gazed Rhys
Upon a coffin stamped as this;
And when the funeral act was o'er,
And in her cist fair Eleonore
With every rite the Church could pay
Among the solemn death-ranks lay,

Dismissing the conventual train,
He signalled Madoc to remain,
And then a matter he rehearsed
To which his hearer gave at first
Attention, but in such degree
As fits with gentle courtesy,
But could not as the tale progressed
And opened out his mind divest
Of over-growing interest.

"The fount," said Rhys, "that's deepest pent
In hardest rock, when first a vent
Hath set it free, wells up the more
As it was closest pent before:
And thus within the heart of man
The current that hath darkly ran
Through years of silence, when at length
Its bounds are burst, springs up in strength:
A word—a look—a scattered chance
Dispels at once the age-long trance.
Such is the load that long hath pressed—
And such the key unlocks my breast:
It is this cist—this lettered stone
That looses, as a whispered tone
Thaws in the desert vast and lone
A snow-wreath on the mountain hung,
The voices frozen on my tongue,
And shows as in a mirror glassed
The images of things long passed
But ever present.—So then, view
Me at the age I now see you;—
I know not if thou yet hast felt
The furnace passion of the soul
In which all others bend and melt
Into one concentrated whole:
Down on thy knees if thou hast not—
Thank heaven for thy blessed lot
That *this* to feel is not thy fate—
In fiery fusion *love* and *hate!*
Such was not mine—a baleful star
Shed down an influence to mar
My early path—my being blight;
Yet was its heavenly course so bright—
Its radiancy so winning soft,
That fondly still I gazed aloft,
And all the bitter sweetness quaffed
Of hopeless love's unnerving draught.
But waiving figures for the rest,
The hidden agencies that vest

In some among our fellow-kind
The empire over others' mind
Mine to a high-born damsel gave—
Her fixed, inalienable slave:
Charter nor parchment—pledge nor seal
This bond of serfdom could repeal.
Babblers may prate of philtres—pshaw!—
It is the stamp of Nature's law;
Effort of mine nor will of hers
The firm decretal could reverse:
But she willed nothing—nothing knew
Of all that searched me through and through:
In her calm orbit floating high,
(Again I borrow from the sky)
As pours the moon her splendours cold
On gazing thousands who behold
Her charms, so met this lustrous maid
The homage her adorers paid—
Shone bright, smiled kindly—soared along,
Unconscious o'er the kneeling throng!
Far easier I her hate—her scorn
Than her indifference had borne.

"Sometimes exasperate I swore
To seek her presence and out-pour
The ravings of my frenzy o'er;
But when her face serene I saw
I crouched abashed in silent awe.
So holy thus she stood—so lone
Like Blessed MAIR in sculptured stone!

"But now among her votaries came
A high one—I forbear his name,—
And o'er this statue—snow flake—moon
A change could be detected soon:
Now something more the tint reveals
That floods her alabaster cheek,
Than doth the roseate blush that steals
At dawn o'er Snowdon's ice-clad peak.

"Then how I felt—how brooked, you ask
To see a favoured rival bask
In smiles whose sunshine I had earned
While bent on me to ice they turned?

"Stripling, a language must be found—
New derivations—syntax—sound—
New idioms—types the phrase to swell
Drawn not from heaven or earth, but—*hell*.
Yet did this fiery torture's tide
So strangely still my soul divide

That jealousy and triumph vied
To see subdued her maiden pride,
And soon both merged in scarce I know
What cauldron boil of joy and woe,
At what succeeded: she was wed:
I called for curses on her head,
And could have wished creation dead;
But other changes are at hand,—
Her star is set—her marriage banned—
E'en now I scarce can realize
The rest—she vanishes and dies,
And here, beneath this lid she lies.

"Those eyes, whose glance—whose flash—whose smile
Could wither—awe—inspire—beguile—
Withered themselves—I even I
Could meet them now nor gasp—nor sigh:
Those arms whose circling touch to feel
I had bartered my eternal weal—
Ugh, ugh—a toad would backward slide
Their loathed embraces to avoid:
With all their cerements—spice—perfume—
Ha, ha, they cannot cheat the tomb!
And as I gaze, however strange,
I feel exulting o'er her change;
With all unbidden ardour glow
To view the ruin here below.
You start," and so young Madoc did,
But while remonstrance gasped, the lid
By sexton's tools at hand that lay
Prized from its holding slid away;
A satin quilt then lifted showed
No spectacle to scare a toad—
No starting eye-balls—parchment skin—
No teeth set fast in mocking grin:
A sight indeed to "cheat the tomb"—
A face of nineteen summers' bloom—
The smiling lip that almost speaks—
The pearly pallor on the cheeks:
The hues of life from Rhys's fled—
Erect he stood as living dead;
Then with low, husky stammering said
"Oh! triumph o'er the worm's attacks—
Oh! skill unmatched"—
a touch
"'tis wax!"

Madoc when Rhys unseemly pried
Into Death's secrets shrunk aside,

But at this outburst strange and new
Near to the scene of wonder drew,
Wonder indeed—with wonders mixed—
A look raised one—another
The impress of the former fixed—
He cried "It is my MOTHER!"

A pause ensued, a silence then
Under the grave-lights pale and dim,
While Madoc gazed and gazed again
Upon that face and Rhys on him.

"Thy Mother—lives she?"
"Lives and may
For many a precious year I pray,"
"Her name?"
"THE ABBESS OF THE WOLD:
None other was I ever told."

"*Abbess*—no name"—said Rhys—"ha—yes"—
With smothered voice but weighty stress,
And eyeing Madoc o'er and o'er
With deeper study than before;
While he with thoughts that seemed to grow
Gazed on the placid face below
Unheedful of the shadowing change
That came o'er Rhys's dark and strange.

"This matter of resemblance strikes
Each wayward fancy as it likes,"
Said Rhys at length, "and nothing proves
But accident: it now behoves
Replace this tomb-stone and restore
The coffin as it was before:
There's some mistake—my searches fail
To join its tenant with my tale."

"Be so," said Madoc, "it is fit
To have that care, but ere we quit,
I would the name that doth pertain
To this fair figment ascertain."

"But if thy mother doth observe"
Said Rhys, "such absolute reserve
Upon the point, it might be best
If you relinquish such a quest."

"A minute past" the youth replied
"The force of likeness you denied—
Howbeit, I'll read the Inscription."
"Well:
I'll hand the lamp."
He did: it fell

And merged them in a murky maze,
While he repined in broken phrase:
But ere the thoughts that well might rise
In Madoc's mind at this surprise
Could grow to shape another sound
And glimmer broke the dark profound,
And hinges creaked and footsteps ran
And voices called "The *ban*—the *ban*—
Lo! myrmidons the *bull* have brought,
To bar and seal each sacred spot:
Flee ere the massive stone and lead
Immure you living with the dead!"

Assisted less than dragged in haste,
The Chiefs were scarce in safety placed,
When with a loud and dismal gong,
That echoed through Death's chamber long,
Back to its groove the portal swung,
Now trebly barred, and that dread seal
Affixed which stamped for woe or weal
The souls of men, when blinded zeal
Bought at vast price waters that could not heal.

(To be continued.)

NOTES TO CANIAD V.

[1] Holyhead Mountain.

[2] FYCHAN—*Small*—anglicized into *Vaughan*. Owen Glendower was of that family, after they had intermarried with Catharine, Llywelyn's daughter.

[3] "The great magician—damn'd Glendore."—*First Part of King Henry IV*. Act 1.

[4] Alphabet.

[5] Eagle Rocks—Snowdon.

[6] Llyn Morwynnion.—See *Mabinogion*, "Tale of Flower-Aspect."

[7] For an account of Arthur's chase of that ponderous prize-pig TWRCH TRWYTH, with his obliging motives for wishing to obtain the rarities alluded to, see the same interesting publication—Tale, "Kilhwch and Olwen." The local names of Mochdre, Mochnant, and others still preserve the recollection of these events.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BARDS.

By the Late Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.

(Continued from p. 29.)

SCHOOL OF GRUFFUDD AP CYNAN; *alias* OF GLYNN ACHLACH.

At the commencement of the twelfth century the state of poetry and the bardic literature in general appears to have been at a very low ebb. We have hardly a bard that can be ascertained to have lived in that age. Whatever the rude poetry of that age might have been, it was not such as made a lasting impression on the public mind; it was not such as was thought worthy of being preserved.

Soon after, however, or towards the close of this century, and more obviously in the beginning of the next, an extraordinary revival took place; this was chiefly in North Wales. In Anglesey appeared one of our noblest poets of any age whatever, Meilir Brydydd, about 1120, and soon after him, or about 1150, Gwalchmai, his son, cotemporary with whom were in North Wales, Cynddelw, a bard of the princely house of Powys, a great number of whose poems are still extant, Daniel ap Llosgwrn Mew, Gwilym Rhyfel, Llywarch ap Llywelyn Seisyllt, and the two princes, Howel ap Owain Gwynedd, and Owain Cyfeiliog, appeared all about the same time in North Wales and Powys; and in South Wales, only Gwynfardd Brycheniog, at least no other that can be considered as of this school, which I will call the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan, or the school of North Wales, for reasons which I imagine will appear sufficient.

Some bards, indeed, appeared about the same period in South Wales, but we must class them as of the school of Taliesin, or rather perhaps of the primitive school. Such were Gwrgon ap Rhys, of whom we have a few short pieces; Caradoc of Llancarvan, who distinguished himself more as an historian than as a poet; Rhys Goch ap Rhys ap Rhicert o Dir Iarll, with others; of these an account will be found in a more proper place.

The rising of an unclouded sun at the deep noon of the darkest winter's night is the only simile that can be used in speaking of the wonderful revival of poetry (I say poetry rather than bardism) that blazed out as it were instantaneously in North Wales at this time, and so conspicuously at this time, that it can not be referred to any earlier period, nor has it the least appearance of having been the effect of any kind of gradationary improvement; it is not greatly short of a miracle. Still it started up out of deep obscurity. We find ourselves entangled in very considerable difficulties in endeavouring to trace it up to its origin; to the time and place of its commencement we have some clues, but they are in some places perplexingly tangled, and to untangle them requires a careful hand.

We have a little code of laws for the regulation of bards and musicians ascribed to Gruffudd ap Cynan, Prince of North Wales, Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, Prince of Powys, and (as some copies say) Rhys ap Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, but the name of the prince is not found in the greatest number of copies; we shall in time see whether there may or may not be sufficient reasons for admitting or rejecting him. The title of this little code is in general, "The Statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan," the preamble to which runs nearly in these words:—

"This is the statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan,[1] Prince of North Wales, and of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, Prince of Powys, respecting the men of vocal song."

Thus it begins in by far the greater number of copies; then follow the regulations or laws, the purport of which is to enforce good order, moral conduct, and decent behaviour, under pretty severe restrictions, after which ensues the following:—

"After Gruffudd ap Cynan, these laws and privileges were confirmed, or ratified, by Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, Prince of Powys."

"And in like manner, Prince Rhys ab Tewdwr, of South

[1] I find no mention of the Statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan before the time of Gruffudd Hiraethog.

Wales, enacted similar laws (or the same laws) after he had built his new Castle in Cardigan, inviting all who might wish to profit by the science of song in England, Ireland, and Scotland, to resort to the New Tower in Cardigan, notice of year and a day having been given thereof."

Thus, or nearly so, it is expressed in the greatest number by far of old copies that I have yet seen, and I have by me correct transcripts of more than twenty copies of considerable antiquity, some not less than 300 years old, and none of later date than the time of Elizabeth.

The historian who attends to what has thus been said in the statute, as it is usually termed, will immediately perceive that it cannot possibly be true that Gruffudd ap Cynan, as a Prince of Wales, could have ever made any such laws for Bleddyn ap Cynfyn to confirm or re-enact after him, for Bleddyn ap Cynfyn died in 1072, and Gruffudd ap Cynan came not into possession of the Principality of North Wales until the year 1080, and he died in 1136.

Rhys ap Tewdwr recovered South Wales in 1077. He might have made such laws, but not before Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, who was dead before he began to rule five years. It is true that he built the castle or tower of Cardigan first, and might have invited bards and musicians there, and have enacted laws for their regulation, but it must have been before Gruffudd ap Cynan.

Caradoc of Llancarvan, our historian, was cotemporary with Gruffudd ap Cynan, and himself a bard, but he makes no mention of any such laws by either Gruffudd ap Cynan, Rhys ap Tewdwr, or Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, but he relates something like this of other princes, successors of Bleddyn, and of Rhys ap Tewdwr.

The castle of Cardigan was in the possession of Cadwgan, the son of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, in 1107. He in that year proclaimed a grand feast to be held at this castle, to which he invited the princes and nobles of all Wales, and also the bards and musicians, or, as the historian expresses it, "the men of vocal and instrumental

song, were invited, for whom he prepared chairs, and instituted contests of skill between them, according to the usages of the court of Arthur, and also instituted laws (or regulations) and privileges to them, with honourable rewards or perquisites, and then he dismissed with honour and rich presents every one to the place whence he came."

Gruffudd ap Cynan, at the time of this splendid feast or assembly, was living, and governed North Wales. Whether he was amongst other princes and nobles at this meeting, which appears to have been partly legislative, is not particularly mentioned, but it is probable that he was; and it should seem that whatever laws and institutes were enacted for the regulation of men of vocal song and men of instrumental music (for it is thus they are termed in the statute) at this assembly, they were done by the general consent or united powers of all the princes and nobles of Wales, each of whom returning to his own dominions there enforced them; hence in North Wales they would with strict propriety be called the laws of Gruffudd ab Cynan; in other sovereignties they might with equal propriety have been termed the laws of their several princes, and if the sovereign houses bore the names of their founders, which they seem to have done, for which opinion reasons will in a proper place appear, then in North Wales they would bear the title of laws or statutes of Gruffudd ap Cynan; in Powys, of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn; in the province of Dynevor, of Rhys ap Tewdwr; for these princes were the actual founders of these three sovereign houses, or perhaps more properly the refounders of them, for their dominions in all parts of Wales had been for several successions in the possession of such as they might have justly termed usurpers.

In the year 1135, Gruffudd ap Rhys ap Tewdwr (as Caradoc says) having recovered his principality of South Wales, prepared a princely feast in Ystrad Tywi, to which he invited all the Princes of Wales and of the Marches. To this feast it is said Gruffudd ap Cynan and his sons came, and a great number of the nobles of every part of Wales. This grand feast was held for forty days. To

this feast were invited poets and musicians. Contests of wisdom and skill were instituted, amusements of representation, (probably dramatic,) and all the manly games, after which these were all dismissed to their homes with honourable gifts or presents to such of the bards, wise men, and musicians, as were deemed worthy of rewards, and also to all who excelled in the manly accomplishments. When this feast was over, Gruffudd ap Rhys set himself about revising the laws of his country; for this purpose he summoned (or called, as the historian expresses it) to him all the wise men and scholars of his dominions, and, entering into counsel with them, he enacted laws and regulations for his dominions, instituting courts of justice in every cantred, with subordinate courts in every commot. Gruffudd ap Cynan did the same in North Wales. This (says Caradoc) gave offence to the Normans and Saxons, who dreaded the establishment of good order amongst the Welsh, and they brought complaints against the two princes to King Stephen, to which, not knowing what was best to be done, he returned no answer.

These I believe are the only legislative proceedings of this period that our historians mention, and it was most probably in one or the other of them that the bardic regulations under present consideration were enacted. There were most certainly some ordinances of that nature made at the grand feast of Cadwgan, at Cardigan Castle, for they are expressly mentioned, and in the legislative assembly of Ystrad Tywi under Gruffudd ap Rhys, as well as in the immediately subsequent one in North Wales under Gruffudd ap Cynan. The whole body of the laws appear to have been revised, and such new ones as were deemed necessary enacted; and, doubtless, amongst other things the laws of the bards were brought, under consideration.

Another view may be taken of this clouded object of history, if it might be deemed necessary to vindicate in a strictly literal sense what the preamble of the statute positively declares, that they are the laws of Gruffudd ap Cynan, Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, and Rhys ap Tewdwr con-

junctively; or rather of Gruffudd ap Cynan previously, and by subsequent ratification of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn and Rhys ap Tewdwr. If this must as a fact be established, I know of but one way to do it, with any degree of probability, which the following facts and observations will exhibit.

It has been already observed that, in Wales, as sovereigns in possession of their dominions, these three princes never lived together. Bleddyn was dead eight years before Gruffudd ap Cynan recovered North Wales, and five years before Rhys ab Tewdwr recovered South Wales.

I have already observed that there are various copies of the statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan extant, the greater number of which have been in subsequent ages so interpolated as to accommodate them to the times as circumstances required. Whether the existing circumstances of those ages were any more than the supposed ones of our own days, realities, I shall not inquire. Governments of all ages have known very well how to form a huge or mountained mass of monstrous lies, and to turn them to what was to them a good account.

In one of the interpolated copies, I mentioned the fact of its being interpolated, that the reader may be the more able to appreciate its authority, observing, at the same time, that historical interpolations are of all others the most admissible, for the subsequent interpolator may from the best authorities become acquainted with an event that was unknown to his original writer; and the passage from the interpolated copy that I am now going to produce is of a merely historical nature. It is as follows, or in the preamble:—

"These are the regulations made by Gruffudd ap Cynan, Prince of North Wales, respecting men of vocal song and of stringed music, in the Vale of Achlach, in Ireland, to which place came from Wales Alon, son of Ceneu, a man of South Wales, and Rhydderch Voel, of Arvon (in North Wales); these were poets and men of vocal song. The men of stringed music were Olof the Musician, Matholwch the Irishman; and these formed regulations for vocal song and stringed music. This was in the time of Gruffudd ap Cynan, and of King Stephen, where it was

enacted that none should become men of vocal song, or of string music subsequently, but according to the requisitions of those laws (regulations)."[2]

We have in MS. in the Welsh language a great number of copies of a little tract on instrumental music, entitled:—

"The preservation, or preservatory, of the science of string music, that is of the harps and crwth (viol) within the three sovereign states (or provinces) of Wales. This was deduced from the scientific principles of music at the desire of four chief musicians, performers on the harps and the viol; and from the ideas and ingenuity of each of them conjunctively, for the purposes of teaching the art of composing music, and preserving the memory and knowledge thereof; to perform correctly, and to class properly (or systematically). The names of these four chief musicians were Alon ap Ceneu, Rhydderch Voel, Matholwch the Irishman, and Olof the Musician; and listening to them were Henry Gevnrudd, and Carsi the Harper, and many more of their council, and of their science, with them. And with the advice of those teachers (or doctors), and according to the doctorial science of music, and the four chief musicians and their science conjunctively in council, each assenting to the other, the twenty-four elementary principles of music were conceived and instituted, and to secure or establish these were formed the twenty-four musical metricities. And for three reasons were these things done,—*first*, to teach the principles of musical composition; *secondly*, to distinguish properly and recognize; and, *thirdly*, to retain in memory musical compositions (or musical metricities) the names (or titles) of which follow in the Irish language. Mwrchan the Irishman was at that time sovereign of Ireland, and he confirmed these things by virtue of all his sovereign powers and authorities in the place called the Vale of Achlach."[3]

All the copies of this little MS. treatise that I have hitherto seen, and I have seen many, are remarkably uniform; their readings vary but little or nothing; in none of them does the name of Gruffudd ap Cynan occur; and yet the regulations and musical principles agreed upon and confirmed by an Irish sovereign, and in Ireland at a place called Glynn Achlach, are said to have been intended for the three sovereign provinces of

[2] Mr. Williams, Llandegai's Copy, anno 1550.
[3] Gruffudd Hiraethog's Copy, anno 1500.

Wales. There is something very singular in this; but, before we proceed, some account of the first part of the life of Gruffudd ap Cynan must be given.

The Northwallian princes of the house of Anarawd had been for a hundred years dispossessed of their sovereignties by Aeddan ap Blegywryd, Llywelyn ap Seisyllt, Gruffudd ap Llywelyn, and Trehaern ap Caradoc, most of whom, however, singularly enough, do not seem to have been considered as usurpers by the Welsh. On the contrary, Caradoc says that the princes (claimants) of this house were not beloved by the Welsh, on account of their cruelties and violations of the laws, murdering, or pulling out the eyes of all that opposed them in their tyrannies. The Welsh seem to have been a sensible people about this time—would to God they had continued so; they justly thought that loyalty and obedience was due only to those who governed them with justice and equity, and protected them and their country. Let all the abettors of tyrants read the character given by the candid and impartial Caradoc to Llywelyn ap Seisyllt, whom they will call an usurper, and tremble for the respectability of their principles.

In the year 993, Idwal ap Meuryg ap Idwal Foel ap Anarawd recovered North Wales, of which he had been dispossessed, at a time when that part of Wales had no sovereign (heb na phen na pherchen); but in 1000, Aeddan ab Blegywryd subjugated North Wales. Iago, the son of Idwal, who was the hereditary claimant of North Wales, fled into Ireland, where he died, leaving his son Cynan to claim the Principality of North Wales. Cynan made several attempts, assisted by the Irish, or rather by the Irish Danes, to recover his dominions, but could not succeed—his wife, Rhacwel, being daughter of Aulaff the Danish King of Ireland, or of Dublin, as some of our MSS. call him. This Aulaff was a celebrated scald and harper, as well as a sovereign prince. Gruffudd ap Cynan was born and educated in Aulaff's court; Aulaff assisted him at various times; and, in 1080, with success, to recover North Wales. Gruffudd ap Cynan may be fairly supposed to have been taught the Welsh

language by such of the Northwallian nobles who were sharers of his misfortunes, and with him in exile. Be that as it may, he doubtless had been educated in the language of his mother, and royal grandfather, Aulaff, who lived to see his grandson on the throne of Aberffraw. This Aulaff, according to the Irish historians,[4] greatly patronized poetry and music, whence it may be reasonably inferred that Gruffudd ap Cynan had conceived a powerful predilection for these elegant arts, in all nations and ages the precursors of civilization and literature. Admitting this, we may well suppose that he interested himself greatly in their cultivation, and in the revival of them in his own sovereign dominions, where they had once flourished in a high degree. It was natural for his grandfather, Aulaff, to assist him in this, as well as in the recovery of North Wales; thence we may consider it not only as possible, but as highly probable, that the poetical and musical proceedings in Glynn Achlach were chiefly for this very purpose, especially as two or three Welshmen, skilled in those arts, attended the meeting.

The copy quoted, page 137, says that Gruffudd ap Cynan attended the meeting of Glynn Achlach expressly for this purpose; that two bards, poets, or men of vocal song from Wales attended,—Alan ap Ceneu, and Rhydderch Foel; and the musician, or man of song, Olaf, is very probably the same as Aulaff, who, as before observed, was a celebrated scald and harper, and what was more on this occasion to the purpose, he was a man of powerful authority, and deeply interested in such regulations as might be intended for Wales, the sovereignty of which was claimed by his own grandson. This admitted, it will become very probable that all this took place some time before Gruffudd ap Cynan recovered North Wales, as, preparatory to such an event, Rhys ap Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, was at the same time an exile in Ireland. He might have interested himself in such things as these, and this idea is in some degree countenanced by the circumstance of Alan ap Ceneu, one of the men of vocal

[4] See Walker's Irish Bards.

song, being a Southwallian. If all this took place before the death of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, he might have acted a part in this affair by being the introducer of those laws into Wales, where they were of course, in a very proper sense, confirmed or ratified by him; and thus will the preamble of the statute be literally true, that Gruffudd ap Cynan (though not then in Wales) first enacted these laws, and subsequently that Bleddyn ap Cynfyn ratified them (for he was not the enactor of them) in Powys; Rhys ap Tewdwr might have done something similar in South Wales.

That amongst the numbers of copies that I have seen of this code of laws for the bards, or poets, only one copy should contain the account of the time and place where it was formed, may be thus very fairly accounted for.

By one clause in it, the teacher, or doctor, in each of the sciences of poetry and music was enjoined to furnish each of his disciples with a copy of the whole statute, that he might know how to regulate his conduct on all occasions. It was for such regulation that the law was originally intended, and to secure good morals and decency of manners; for it seems that, amongst the professors of these at that time highly respectable sciences, a great laxity of morals had prevailed for some time. It was a work of some labour for the teacher to make such copies for his disciples; and, as nothing but the absolute laws were of absolute importance to be known, nothing of the preamble would be retained but the abridged account of their having been enacted by Gruffudd ap Cynan, and Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, without any mention of Glynn Achlach, and the persons who there attended on the occasion. Hence the oblivion into which those particulars had sunk. Thus have I given all the accounts of these transactions that I have hitherto found, and the best conjectures that I have been able to make. How just the results may be deemed must be left to the reader's judgment, as also whether what follows may, or may not, in some degree corroborate them.

(To be continued.)

THE LEGEND OF LLYN YR AFANGC.

I HAVE sent for preservation in your Journal the following interesting letter of the learned Edward Llwyd, which I have transcribed literally from his own manuscript in my possession. It is a good specimen of idiomatic Welsh writing.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, M.A.

Rhydycroesau, Oswestry,
May 27, 1859.

Mae'n debig jawn genifi glywed o honoch sôn am Lyn[1] yr Afangc, ag nad rhaid imi gan hynny gymeryd mo'r boen yn hysbysu i chwi pa le y mae yn sefyll: 'r wi 'n meddwl hefyd y gwyddoch mae merch (os gellir coel ar y pêth y mae pobl y wlâd yn i siarad) a hudodd yr Afangc i ddyfod allan oi drigfan (sef y llyn) fel y rhwymid ef a chadwynau (tidau) heyrn, tra yr ydoedd yn cysgu ai ben ar i glîn hi, ag a gafael ai lâw yn i bron; ond ar ol deffro o hono oi gyntun, a chanfod beth a wnaethbwyd iddo, efe a gyfododd i fynu mewn byrbwyll, ag a aeth ar ffrwst iw hên loches a bron i gariad yn i grafangc: erbyn hyn yr oedd yn dda fôd y dîd yn ddigon ô hŷd iw rhwymo wrth Ychain y rhai ai tynnasant i faes or llyn. Wedi hyn y tyfodd cryn hogyn o ymddadle rhwng rhai or bobl, a phawb oedd yn teuru ddarfod iddo ef i hun gymeryd pŵys mawr arno, a thynnu mwy o lawer na nêb arall, gan ddywedyd Myfi a dynnodd fwya; Nage Medde 'r llall, y fi, &c. a thra 'r oeddynt yn ymryson fal hyn mae'r gair ir Afangc i hatteb nhw a gostegu i hanfodlondeb, gan ddywedyd, Oni bae y dai ag a dyn, Ni ddaetha 'r Afangc byth o'r llyn. Mae yn rhaid i chwi ddeuallt fôd rhai yn cymeryd yr Afangc yma yn lle Cythrael corphorol: ond mae yn ddigon hysbys gennif fôd anifal or ûn henw, yr hwn a elwir yn y Saeson-aeg Bever, oblegid fôd y gair ceillie'r Afangc yn arwyddocau Bever stones. Nis gwn pa fâth ar ychain oedd yrhain,

[1] Mae 'r llyn yma ar afon Gonwy uwchlaw'r Bettws Gwydderbyn a Chappel Garmon yn ymyl Aberlleder.

ond mae'r gair i bôd nhw yn efeilliaid. Nis gwn pam yr oeddid yn i galw nhw Ychain mannog ne Ychain bannog; ond fy alle ondodid i galw nhw Ychain bannog, o ran i bod nhw wedi cael llawer pâsg, ne bâsc ar bâsc (wedi bod llawer blwyddyn yn bascedig) etto nid iw mor gair bannog yn air da trefnus i arwyddocau pascedig, oblegid nad iw bannog ddim arall ond pêth wedi i bannu yn dêw dros ben, fel y dywedir am wrthban têw o edau frâs, y gwrthban têw-bannog. Tra fŷm i yn ymdroi ar yr ôl ag yn siarad am hyn, 'r oedd yr ychain wedi myned yn bell iawn, ag ni chefais i ddim oi hôl nhw yn dyfod trwy gyrre Plŵy Dolydd-Elan (Lueddog) nes imi ddyfod i Fwlch a elwir er hynnu Bwlch Rhiw 'r Ychain, yr hwn sŷdd rhwng blaene Dolyddelan a blaen Nanhwynen, ag wrth ddyfod tros hwn fy gollodd ûn or ychain i Lygad ar le teg a elwir or achos hwnnw Gwaun Lygad ŷch, mae'r fan lle y cwympodd y llygad wedi myned yn bwll, ag a elwir pwll llygad ŷch, yr hwn a fŷdd bôb amser heb fôd yn sŷch, ag nid oes dim dwfr yn codi ynddo, na dim yn dyfod iddo (ond ar wlâw) na dim yn myned allan o hono ar sychder, ond mae fo bôb amser or un ddyfndwr, sef agos cyfuwch a glîn dŷn, medd y sawl sŷ 'n dal salw ar hynnu er's twysgen o flynyddoedd. Mae caingc ar dannau (yr hon na feder pôb gwrthgerdd moni) ai henw (caingc) Ychain Mannog, mae hi yw chlywed yn dosturus iawn ag mor alarus ag a oedd griddfannau yr ychain yma tan bwys yr Afangc, yn enwedig pan gollodd un i lygad. Nhw ai tynnasont ef hyd yn Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Lâs, lle y gorchmynnwyd ef, nid hwyrach ond odid oran bôd rhai yn credu fôd yno bethau diffaeth or blaen ynghadw: yn wîr nid oedd hyn ond gweddol iddo yntau cael myned at i riwogaeth. Ond beth bynnag ai bôd yno bethau diffaeth or blaen ai peidio, mae llawer yn meddwl nad oes yno ddim da yr awr hon; fel y deualltwch wrth yr hyn sydd yn canlyn. Mae llawer iawn o siarad am Lyn Cwm ffynnon lâs, heblaw i fôd bôb amser heb rewi, ond yn y naill gwrr iddo, lle mae dwfr mawnog y pylle glouwon yn dyfod i mewn iddo, ag hefyd i fôd o amriw liwiau gerwin, yr achos o hyn (fel yr wyfi yn tybied) iw yr

amriw liwiau y sŷdd ar y creigie oi amgylch, ag oran bod troewynt yn gwneuthur i ddwfr o yn gymyscedig, ag mae hyn yn ddigon er gwneuthur lliw garw a gwrthyn ar bôb llyn. Ni nofia dim ar i ddwfr o yn ddiberigl: nis gwn yn dda beth wna hi ai bôd yn ddiofal iawn i aderyn hedeg trosto, ai peidio. Teflwch gadach iddo, fy eiff i'r gwaelod. Mi a glywais ûn am clustiau yn dywedyd weled o hono efe lwdwn gafr yn cymeryd (rhag i ddala) y llyn hwn arno, a phan gynta ag yr aeth ir dwfr, efe a droais fel y gwelech chwi chwirligŵgan hyd oni foddodd. Nid wyf yn amme dim nad alle hynnu fôd yn wîr, o ran fôd troewynt yn fynych iawn ar y llyn hwnnw yn anad ûn: myfi fy hûn a welais ar lyn Llanberis ucha bwff o droewynt (ar gefn tegwch) a fuasai ddigon er suddo llester bychan ped fuasai yn y fan y cyfamser hynna. Myfi a welais hefyd wynt yn codi dwfr o lyn ag yn myned fal gafod lŵyd tros allt hanner-millter helaeth o uchder. Mae rhai yn siarad fel yr oedd rhiw ŵr mawr yn hela hyddod yn yr Eryri, ddarfod i hŷdd pan oedd y cŵn yn pwyso yn drwm arno diangc (fel y mae arfer hyddod iw amddiffin i hunain) ir llyn yma: ni chafodd yr helwyr attreg (ne atteg nis gwn pa ûn) oni welant i fwnglws yn dyfod i wyneb y ddwfr, ag ni welsant etto ddim ynghwaneg. Wrth hyn (ped fae'r chwedl gwîr) pa ûn a wnewch ai caniadhau fôd cythreuliaid yn y llyn, ynte mae cythrael oedd yr hŷdd, fel ag y dywedir mewn hên chwedlau i fod ef yn myned yn rhith yscyfarnogod. Merch a welwyd yn dyfod allan or llyn yma i olchi dillad, ag wedi iddi ddarfod hynnu, hi a gymerodd y dillad wedi i plygu nhw tan i chesail, ag aeth yn i hôl ir llyn. Fy welodd ûn (mae brawd iddo yn fyw ag yn iâch etto, enwairiwr a chap côch gantho mewn cafn ar y llyn yma fŷth, ag a fŷ farw cin pen nemawr o ddyddiau ar ol hynnu, ond ni bŷ efe yn iawn yn i hwyl tra fy byw: mae y rhan fwya o bobl yn cymeryd hyn yn lle gwîr da: nid alla inneu anghoelio, nad alleu y fâth weledigaeth a honno wneuthur i ddŷn synnu cimmhelled ag y mageu glwyf i ddwyn i einioes. O fewn y deuddeng mhlynedd yma y bŷ gymydog immî farw ym mhen ychydig ddyddie ar ôl gweled tân

ar afon megis fel y gwelech bentewyn: etto yr ŵyf yn amme fôd dim or fâth bêth yn bôd, ag a welodd yr ûn or ddau; er hyn i gîd nhw allant hwy i hunain dybied fod hynnu yn bôd. O ba le y doe dân ir afon wedi bôd yn nôs? etto mae hyn yn gyffelybbach i fôd yn wîr, na bôd genweiriwr ar gafn yn llyn cwm ffynnon lâs, oblegid na bŷ gafn erioed ar y llyn yma, na chwaith enwairiwr yn y bŷd yn genwairio ynddo, am nas gwn i fôd nêb yn coelio fôd ynddo byscod. Yn ddiammeu nid oedd hynnu ond gweledigaeth a elwir yn y Saesonaeg vision; ag etto mae i mi yr ûn achos i goelio y ffordd arall, ag sŷdd immi i goelio weled o frawd arall ir dŷn hwn ûn yn i amddo ym monwent Benmorfa, yn ymrithio iddo wedi bôd yn nôs, ag i hyn ddwyn i hoedl ar fyr o amser gwedi. Mae'n siŵr gennif nad alla efe weled dŷn marw yn y bŷd yn ymrithio iddo felly, nis ddyweda i ddim yn erbyn cythrael (fel hwnnw yn Endor yn rhîth Samuel) nad alle efe rhagddangos marwolaeth i ddŷn, (fel ag i Saul.) Pa beth ond cythrael a gododd y dŷn hwnnw oi welu gefn dyfndwr y nôs i weled hynnu; pan freuddwidiodd fôd y gwartheg a oedd ef yn i porthi yn rhyddion rhyd y beudu, at ba ûn yr oedd y ffordd nesa yn myned trwy 'r fonwent uchod. Mi a adawaf y chwedle hyn heibio tra fythw i yn myned hyd yr ogo ddu (gan i bôd hi cin agosed oddiwrth y fonwent uchod) yr hon sŷdd yn ymyl Crigciaeth, lle yr aeth 3 gwrthgerdd i mewn cin belled ag y collason nhw y ffordd i fedru dyfod yn i hôl. Fy glybuwyd ûn o honynt hŵy yn canu i bîb ar llall i gorn ynghylch 2 filldir or fan lle yr aethant i mewn: ag mae henw y fan lle y clywed y pibydd Braich y bîb, ar fan y clywed y Cornor, Braich y Cornor. Nid ydwif yn coelio fôd cimmaint ag ûn dŷn yn amme nad ydiw hŷn yma i gîd yn wîr, ag nis gwn i pa fôdd y cafodd y ceingcie a elwir ffarwel Dic y pibydd, a ffarwel Dwm bâch, yr henwau hyn, oddigerth iddynt i cael nhw oddiwrth y gwyrthgerdd uchod, nis gwn i chwaith nad Ned Puw oedd y trydydd, ag nad y gaingc a elwir ffarwel Ned Puw a ganodd ynte yn ddiweddaf cin myned i mewn ir Ogo. Ni allai wrantu mo hyn yn wîr, oblegid

ni chlywais i ond ûn yn dywedyd mo hynnu, ag nid oedd gantho yntau ond i dŷb, ar achos oedd i dybio oedd y gaingc hon sef ffarwel Dic y pibydd. Os gwelwch yn dda chwi ellwch gael yngwhaneg or fâth ar fyrder. 1693.

We append a translation for the sake of such of our readers as do not understand Welsh.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

It is very probable that you have heard of Llyn[s] yr Avangc, and that accordingly I need not take the trouble of informing you where it stands. I think also that you are aware (if any credit is to be given to the talk of the country people) that it was a woman who enticed the avangc out of its abode, that is to say, the lake, so that it was bound with iron chains, whilst it slept with its head on her knees, and the grasp of its hand on her breast. But when it awoke out of its slumber, and saw what had been done to it, it suddenly arose, and proceeded in haste to its old den, with the breast of the object of its affection in its claw. Upon this, it was well that the chain was long enough to be fastened to oxen, which drew it out of the lake. Afterwards there arose a considerable deal of disputing among some of the people, each one maintaining that he himself took a great weight upon him, and pulled much more than any other, saying, "it was I that pulled the most;" "no," said another, "it was I;" "I," &c. And whilst they were thus disputing, it is said that the avangc answered them, and quieted their discontent, saying, "had it not been for the divinity that drew, the avangc would never have come out of the lake." You must know that some regarded this avangc as a corporeal demon; but I am well aware that there is an animal of the same name, which in English is designated *the Beaver*, because the expression *ceillie'r Avangc* means *Beaver stones*. I know not what kind of oxen these were, but it is reported that they were twins. I know not why they called them *mannog* or *bannog* oxen;

[s] This lake is near the river Conway, above Bettws, over against Capel Garmon, near Aberlleder.

but it may be that they were called *bannog* oxen, because they had undergone much feeding, or feeding upon feeding—having been fattened for many years. Still the word *bannog* is not a good and proper word to designate *fattened*, since *bannog* is nothing else but a thing very thickly fulled, as a thick blanket of coarse thread is said to be a thickly fulled (tew bannog) blanket. Whilst I was loitering behind, and talking of this, the oxen had proceeded very far, and I discovered none of their traces coming through the borders of the parish of Dolydd Elan (Lueddog), until I came to the pass, since then called the Pass of Rhiw'r Ychain (*the slope of the oxen*), which is between the extremities of Dolyddelan and Nanhwynen. In coming over this, one of the oxen lost its eye on an open place, called on that account Gwaun Lygad Ych (*the plain of the ox's eye*). The spot where the eye fell has become a small pool, and is called Pwll Llygad Ych (*the pool of the ox's eye*), which is never dry, though no water arises in it, or flows into it (except during rain), nor goes out of it in dry weather, but it is always of the same depth, that is to say, as high as a man's knee, as those persons say, who have observed it now for many years. There is a musical lay, which every minstrel cannot perform ; its name is Caingc Ychain Mannog (*the lay of the mannog oxen*), and is excessively plaintive, and as mournful as were the moans of these oxen under the weight of the avangc, especially when one of them lost its eye. They drew it as far as Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Lâs, where it was given up, probably because some people believed that there were dreadful things kept there before. Indeed under this circumstance it was but meet that it should be permitted to go to its own kind. But whether there were dreadful things or not there before, many are of opinion that there is nothing good there at the present time; as you will understand from what follows. There is a great deal of talk about Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Lâs, not to mention that it never freezes, except in one corner, where the peat water of the clear ponds flows into it, and also that it

exhibits various awful hues, which is owing, as I suppose, to the various colours of the surrounding rocks, and to the fact that a whirlwind renders its water turbid, and this is sufficient to impart a severe and unpleasant hue to every lake. Nothing will safely float on its waters; I know not for certain whether it would be safe for a bird to fly over it or not. If you throw a handkerchief into it, it will sink to the bottom. I have heard with my own ears a person say that he had seen a goat making for this lake, lest it should be caught, and that as soon as it got into the water, it turned, as you see a teetotum, until it was drowned. I do not doubt but that that may be true, because a whirlwind occurs very often on that lake, more than on any other. I myself witnessed on the upper lake of Llanberis a puff of whirlwind, in the midst of fair weather, that would have sufficed to sink a small vessel, if it had been there at the time. I also saw wind raising water out of a lake, and proceeding like a grey shower over a declivity full half a mile high. Some report that, as a certain great man was hunting deer in Snowdon, a stag, whilst hotly pursued by the dogs, escaped (as is the custom of stags in self defence) to this lake. The huntsmen had only just time to see its antlers appear on the surface of the water; nothing more did they see. Granting that the tale is true, which would you allow, that there were demons in the lake, or that the stag was a demon, as it is said in old fables that the demon appears in the form of hares? A woman was seen coming out of this lake to wash clothes, and when that was done, she took the clothes, after having folded them, under her arm, and went back to the lake. One person, whose brother is still alive and well, saw an angler with a red cap in a boat on this lake, and died not many days afterwards, but he was never right in his mind as long as he lived. Most people take this for firm truth. I cannot believe it impossible but that such a vision as that should have astounded a man so much as to bring on a complaint that terminated in his death. Within the last twelve years a neighbour of mine died in a few days

after seeing a fire, as it were a brand, on a river. Still I doubt that nothing existed of what these men saw, though they themselves might have supposed they were real. Whence would a fire come to the river by night? Still this is more likely to be true than that there should be an angler in a boat on Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Las; for there never had been a boat on that lake, nor any angler whatsoever fishing in it, since I am not aware that there are any fish in it. Undoubtedly it was only what in English is called a vision. And yet I have as much reason to believe otherwise, as I have to believe that another brother to this man saw a person in his shroud in the church-yard of Penmorfa, appearing to him at night, and that this deprived him shortly after of his life. I am sure that he could not see any dead man appearing to him after that manner; I say nothing against the devil (like him at Endor in the form of Samuel) that he could not foreshow death to a man (as in the case of Saul). What but the devil roused that man from his bed in the depth of night to see that, when he dreamed that the cattle, which he was feeding, were loose in the cow-house, the road towards which passed through the said church-yard? I shall lay aside these fables, whilst I go as far as the Ogo Ddu, (since it is so near to the said church-yard,) which is by Cricciaeth, where three minstrels entered, and proceeded so far that they lost the way to come back. One of them was heard to play his pipe, another his horn, about two miles from the place where they had entered. The name of the place where the piper was heard is Braich y bib, and the place where the horn player was heard is Braich y Cornwr. I do not believe that a single man doubts all this to be true; and I know not how the lays called *Ffarwel Dic y Pibydd*, and *Ffarwel Dwm bach*, received their names, unless they received them from the above minstrels. I know not but that Ned Puw was the third, and that the lay, called *Ffarwel Ned Puw*, was the last he played, before he went to the cave. I cannot warrant this to be true, because I have only heard one person mention it, and he

only supposed it, and the reason why he supposed it, was this very lay, *Ffarwel Dic y Pibydd.* If you please you may have more of like sort shortly. 1693.

VULGAR ERRORS—THEIR INFLUENCE: AMONGST OTHER INSTANCES THOSE RELATING TO THE DRUIDS—THE TRUE APPREHENSION OF THEIR ORDER.

VULGAR, we are apt to consider as designating something low; but, in its wider and more comprehensive sense, it answers somewhat to our idea of *general* (viz., that which is in common use). Thus we feel that a vulgar error is a *general* error—an all pervading one. Vulgar errors prevail, or are generated, when the mind is either prejudiced or thoughtless; and yet how numerous and influential vulgar errors are!

Vulgar errors arise mostly from false or careless statements. Being received by the uninvestigating, they establish their hold from an indolent unwillingness to disturb them, or from what is commonly called prejudice; consequently, *the many*, who do not think for themselves, but are led by others, imbibe error and perpetuate it.

En passant, it may be well to make a few remarks upon prejudice. Prejudice is the weak side of a strong mind, or the whole strength of a weak one. Prejudice is in fact unreasonable. Judgment is an after consideration of facts or subjects put before one. If a subject has been prejudged it cannot have been fairly considered; the very essence of judgment (in such a case) has been left out, viz., comparing one point with another—having all the merits and demerits of the subject before you. Prejudice is a wilful shutting of the faculties against truthful examination.

Vulgar errors arise, from what has been said above, through carelessness, and prejudice assists in maintaining

them. Let us apply this proposition to our historical notions, and in them to the subject which heads this paper. Was it not a vulgar error which Galileo combated when he taught that the earth went round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth? Is it not a vulgar error to believe that the chronology of the earth extended only over 4004 years before the birth of our Lord?

It is a vulgar error to think that the earth was not peopled before the confusion of tongues. That confusion of tongues was a punishment to the wicked against God's command to replenish the earth; the good were not included in it.

The memory has been justly called the chamber of imagery. Are not the chambers of imagery in children allowed to receive many vulgar errors which are retained through youth to maturity? Amongst these may be named those notions concerning the Druids which are generally received, and taught in common books of lessons, viz., that they were cruel immolators of human victims in wicker cages, which cages, with their victims, were committed to the flames amidst the exultations of the multitude, and little else is known or thought of the Druids save where investigation leads to the truth.

There is scarcely anything in the world that does not degenerate in time from its original type. This feature of mutability, in all things sublunary, is only, as we know, counteracted by heavenly and renewing influence. The Druids, in common with all mankind, were subject to declension; and it may be here noticed that the higher the class the more visible is the decline. These considerations ought not to blind our eyes as to the merits of the class, or order, as a class.

The Druids appear really to have been on a par with the ancient philosophers, and with the Magi of the East; and it is well known that Pliny called them the Magi of the West. All these bodies, from their immense superiority of knowledge, and practical information, had almost unlimited power in overawing the multitude, and their temptations to impose were consequently very great.

Doubtless there arose instances of abuse of their powers; but, in these instances, those who thus acted defied the principles of their order, which principles, especially among the Druids, were purity and peace.

Is not the power to impose possessed by the man of information over his credulous and ignorant brethren, whatever subject we apply this to? We have all felt this truth in some way or other, viz., being deceived or imposed upon, and surprized by the effects thus produced, till we ourselves mount the scale of information, and have the power transmitted to us. As an age becomes better informed, the power of imposition becomes less; but as perhaps those laws that are physical, and affect the sensual and animal world, are least generally known, there may be, and doubtless always will be, greater facilities or power in able hands who are best informed as to those laws, and thus they will induce their victims to attribute to supernatural agency that which they are able to effect by superior knowledge.

It is desirable to establish three points:—

First,—That superiority creates reverence, almost worship, but may degenerate into the worst influence; in other words, the influence of superior knowledge under benevolent direction is at first held sacred and beneficent. It degenerates in process of time, and under evil management, into a supposed connection with what is preternatural (that is, with the powers of darkness).

Secondly,—That we must not judge of a class or type by its decline, or by the sins of individuals.

Thirdly,—That the Druids and the Magi were illustrations of these points.

When we consider their deep knowledge of electricity, doubtless of mesmerism, their knowledge also of the laws and effects of chemistry and medicine, we shall not wonder that to them was attributed what was termed magic in the East, and what we feel and commonly understand by this word. May we not thus define magic, viz., the power of producing effects which could not have been conceived possible, the causes of which are not gene-

rally understood. Magic must have originally signified wisdom, from Magi, wise men.

Does not our word magistrate arise from the same idea?

We see in old poems reference occasionally made to the extraordinary effects of plants. Speaking of fennell, Longfellow says,—

> "It gave new life and fearless mood,
> And gladiators fierce and rude,
> Mingled it in their daily food;
> And he who battled and subdued,
> A wreath of fennell wore."[1]

Again,—

> "And in an earlier age than ours,
> Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
> Lost vision to restore."

The power of hasheish, known in Africa and in the East, is most astonishing, and one may say alarming, to those unacquainted with it.

Like ophism in the East, it recalls consciousness of the past, and produces immoderate fears, on account of which it was given as a punishment to those who had committed sacrilege; but above all it brings too forgetfulness, to produce which Helen administered to Telemachus the nepenthis, of which no doubt she had heard or learnt in Egypt. Here was a means at the disposal of the diviner or the malignant! In Von Hammer's account of Hassim Laba, hasheish figures as nerving the arms of his followers to strike at ministers in the midst of their guards, and monarchs in the centre of their capitals. One of the most remarkable effects of hasheish is that it seems to lay bare your most inmost thoughts, and to present a mirror in which every act of your life is reflected, and you are constrained to reveal and confess everything.[2]

Salverte on the Magic Miracles and Prodigies of the Ancients, translated by Thompson, bears directly upon this

[1] Goblet of Life, ver. 5, 6.
[2] Pillars of Hercules, p. 123, &c. Urquhart.

subject, and gives much interesting information. Most of the books on mesmerism ascribe to the knowledge and use of the magnetic fluid, or mesmerism, the answers of the Pythoness; those of the other oracles, the magic of the Egyptian priests, Druids and Brahmins. Traces of a knowledge of the science are found in the primitive, or so called uncivilized nations, amongst the "medicine men" of the different American and African tribes, and even in Polynesia. The ophism, or serpent charming of the East, is also supposed to be connected with it, or rather to work by it. There is a pamphlet, translated by Gregory of Edinburgh, from Reichenberg, which is most interesting, on a peculiar magnetic fluid, which chiefly rested, or rather exuded, from the fingers of the human hand, of great power, and which Gregory calls "od force."[3]

Again, there is the divining rod, or forked branch of the hazel tree, which contorts in the hands of certain people when they walk over ground beneath which is a spring of water. There is also a similar rod used in Cornwall to detect the veins of mines.

Davies, on the Celts, treats of the secret and sacred knowledge of the Druids, and dwells upon the word Ullemak as brought from the East.

It was by their superior wisdom and all-powerful sway that the preservation of the initial letter in all vocables was owing, and consequently pure Gaelic maintained amongst the language for centuries.

The "popular superstition in Ireland and the Highlands, relating to the Daounee Shi," is supposed to have taken its rise in the times of the Druids, or rather to have been invented by them after the overthrow of their order, or hierarchy, and for the purpose of preserving the existence of their orders after they had retreated for safety to caves and the deep recesses of the forests. This idea receives some corroboration from the Gaelic term Druidheach, which the Highlanders apply to the deceptive power by which the "men of peace" are believed to have

[3] Brown on the Highlands.

imposed upon the senses of mankind, founded probably on the opinion entertained of old concerning the magical powers of the Druids. Deeply versed, according to Cæsar's information, as the Druids were in the higher departments of philosophy, and probably acquainted with electricity and the various branches of chemistry, they might find it easy to excite the belief of their supernatural powers in the minds of the uninitiated multitude.[4]

The influence of this powerful order upon the popular belief was felt long after the *supposed* era of its extinction; for it was not till Christianity was introduced into the Highlands that the suppression of the Druids took place. Adomnan mentions, in his *Life of St. Columba*, the Mocidruidhi (or sons of the Druids) as existing in Scotland in the time of St. Columba, and informs us that the saint was interrupted in the castle of the king by certain Magi, a term applied by Pliny to the order of the Druids.[5]

Their radical precepts were purity, religion and regularity. Their primeval adhesion to these secured to them the reverence and almost worship of their race.

We have seen from the above the history of their temptations and probable decline; but we must consider both points, in order to come to a just conclusion as to our apprehension of them.

G. T.

[4] There would not have been prohibitions in the Bible against divination and witchcraft, if that abuse of the intellect, and of the powers God had given to man, had not taken place.

[5] Brown on the Highlands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD MANUSCRIPT TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO WELSH.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—In reply to the queries of "Llallawg" in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1858, p. 154, and of "Glan Egnant" in your last Number, touching the existence, at Celydd Ieuan, of a MS. translation of the Bible into Welsh, &c., I beg to say that, though I have not gone through the useless formality of putting the question to the present occupiers, who have newly come there, I am enabled to state, upon good authority, that no such MS., nor any scrap of such writing, exists at Celydd Ieuan, or rather Celvydd Ievan, as the place is now invariably called, nor has existed there within memory.

My authority for this statement, as well as for other particulars touching the existence of the MS. in question at Celvydd Ievan, is Mr. David Bradford James, of Pandy, Bettws, who is more fully acquainted with the local history of his native parish than perhaps any man living. He is, moreover, the great-grandson and representative of Mr. John Bradford, of Iolo MSS. celebrity, who, be it observed, was agent to "the Widow Evans," and to her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Powell, of Neath, for their estate at Bettws, which included Celvydd Ievan. Mr. James has not found that his ancestor Bradford left among his papers any notice whatever of the existence of the alleged MS., either at Celvydd Ievan, or in the Powell family.

I am informed that the occupier of Celvydd Ievan, at the time referred to in the extract from the *Cambrian Register*, that is, during the "Widow Evans'" time, and for a long period antecedently, was Evan Leyson, possibly a relative or connection of the proprietors. *Leyson* is a favourite name in the Powell family of the Vale of Neath. And it would appear from the Register of Bettws that Evan Leyson was neither born nor buried in that parish. He died about eighty years ago at a very advanced age. His property passed to his daughter *Kate Leyson*, whose name still lives in local tradition as that of a well educated lady, who in her earlier days was a frequent visitor at Sir Edmund Thomas', of Wenvoe, and other families of distinction. She was married to one Lewis Richard, a yeoman, and lived with him at Toryvron, near Celvydd Ievan. Having become a widow, she gave up the farm to an old trusty servant, Harry Thomas, with whom she spent the remainder of her days as a boarder. She died at Toryvron in 1797, leaving behind her, as reported (probably with exaggeration), *heaps* of books, which the inmates of the family and the neighbours could make nothing of. But I can find no trace of the existence of the MS. in question at Toryvron.

But to return to the "widow" Ann Evans, who was the last of the

Powells that held possession of Celvydd Ievan. The following extract from Dr. W. O. Pughe's *Dictionary*, under the word "Celydd," relative to the same MS., no doubt refers to the Powell family:—"*Celydd Ievan*, a house in Glamorgan, the inheritance of a family that is in possession of a manuscript of the Welsh Bible, translated by an ancestor, about a hundred years before the present version."

I am informed that about the year 1770 the "widow" Ann Evans was married to Mr. William Basset (of Lanelay), who practised as a solicitor at Neath. That Mr. Basset having become a widower, married, secondly, a Miss Lloyd, from Breconshire, to whom he bequeathed the lands at Bettws acquired by his first marriage, together, it is assumed, with the personal property so acquired, including of course the MS. in question. In what way, or to whom the widow Basset disposed of the said personal property, I have no means of ascertaining. Her right to the Bettws estate, however, was contested by one of the Powell family, and the consequence was a suit in Chancery, which was not terminated till about 1810, when the contending claimants compromised the matter, and joined in the sale of Celvydd Ievan, with other farms, to the late John Edwards, Esq., of Rheolan, the father of the present proprietor, N. Edward Vaughan, Esq.

I leave to others to take up the thread of the inquiry where I have been constrained to drop it. It is an interesting subject; let it be well ventilated.—I remain, &c.,

Bridgend, June 10, 1859. JOHN E. JONES.

CERRIG Y GWYDDYL.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—Can any of your readers inform me whether there be traces of a circle to be seen at the place called *Cerrig y Gwyddyl?* If so, I should be inclined to believe that *Gwyddyl* here must be synonymous with *Gwyddon*, and that the whole expression must mean "the stones of the wise men," or Druids.—I remain, &c.,

DON.

"GWYDDYL IWERDDON, MON, A PHRYDYN."

Taliesin in "Armes Prydain."

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—The Irish were possessed of Anglesey, as well as of a part of Scotland, in the time of Taliesin. See also Caradoc, from whom the same appears. Caswallon Lawhir, it should seem, did nor extirpate the Irish in Anglesey, but only subjugated them. That they remained there, and at last became as it were incorporated with the native Welsh, is clear from Caradoc. They also remained in other parts of North Wales, *Arvon*, *Meirion*, &c. They were for ages,

especially in Anglesey, disaffected towards the Welsh princes, siding with the Norwegian and Danish invaders, with the Earls of Chester, the Kings of England, &c. There are all over North Wales nearly the vestiges of round stone-built huts, which are everywhere called *Cyttiau 'r Gwyddelod;* none in South Wales. "The Irish Invasion" would not be a bad subject for an Eisteddvod.—I remain, &c.,

OSBORN.

IOLO MORGANWG'S FAMILY.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—If I recollect rightly, nothing is said of old Iolo's family in his Life, which was published some years ago. Allow me to make up this deficiency. Iolo Morganwg was descended from William Cogan, Esq., coroner for the county of Glamorgan, A.D. 1500, who sold Little Cogan, in the said county, in the time of Henry VII. The Cogan arms were "*Gules*, three fig leaves, *argent;* crest on a wreath of the colour, (viz., *argent* and *gules*,) a lion's head erased with mullets of six "*or*." Perhaps in a future letter I may furnish you with the intermediate links.—Yours truly,

GWAETHVOED.

ANNALS OF THE CYMRY.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—The papers entitled "Traditionary Annals of the Cymry," that have already appeared in the *Cambrian Journal*, have given me very great pleasure, and I am sorry to find their discontinuance in the last Volume. I trust, however, the series will be continued, and that some one of your contributors, fully competent for the task, will undertake a History of Wales from that point at which the "Annals" will naturally terminate. The Institute will then have been the means of furnishing a good and complete History of Wales, free from those defects that must necessarily belong to the productions of foreigners imperfectly acquainted with the traditions, language, and customs of the Cymry.—I remain, &c.,

March 1, 1859. CARADOC.

[Our correspondent will find that his wish, in respect of "The Traditionary Annals of the Cymry," has been anticipated in the present Number.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.]

EXPOSITION OF DRUIDISM.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—I was surprized to find that the report of the proceedings at the Llangollen Eisteddfod contained a most imperfect account of the

remarks made on that occasion by Myfyr Morganwg. As the subject on which he spoke is one of great interest, this is very much to be regretted. I trust, therefore, you will be able to prevail upon the Arch-Druid to furnish the readers of the *Journal* with an exposition of his views on Druidism, which will be the only means of compensating for the disappointment experienced, I have no doubt, by many besides myself, by the omission of the Druid's address.

Although we may be disinclined to assent to all the doctrines he may broach, surely we should not be afraid of their enunciation, as the cause of truth has nothing to fear from free discussion; especially when, in the case of the readers of this Journal, the audience will be composed of educated men.—I remain, &c.,

THOMAS PURNELL.

Tenby, March 25, 1859.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.—At last the claims of Wales have been attended to, and the policy which the English government had adhered to for the last 150 years has been reversed. During all that time it has been supposed that English prelates would have succeeded in Anglifying the Principality. It has been at length admitted that the experiment has proved a failure. We have no doubt that ere long it will be found out in like manner that the exclusion of the Welsh language from our national schools will have failed to answer the same purpose. That exclusion is already bearing fruit in the Literary Meetings which are rapidly spreading over the whole of Wales.

THE HENGWRT LIBRARY.—We are glad to find that the unrivalled collection of MSS. made by R. Vaughan, the antiquary, has been bequeathed by the late owner to W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, the respected member for the county of Merioneth. Mr. Wynne is a man who knows how to value these treasures, whilst, at the same time, he will, we have no doubt, render them accessible to all such scholars as may be anxious to see, or to consult them. We trust that he will take immediate measures towards the publication of that unique volume, the GREAL. The loss of this MS. would be irretrievable. It is said to have been written in the sixth year of Henry I.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS AND DRESS OF THE WELSH DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.—A correspondent is anxious to see in our pages a paper on each of these subjects. Will any of our readers furnish one or both of them?

The first butterfly is thus saluted in Wales,—

"Gloyn Duw annerch Dduw
Pan ddel yn ol ni ddaw etto."

The sun was called *simpliciter* Duw, whence Gloyn Duw (the butterfly), *ministra Dei, vel precursor,* or harbinger of the sun's return to the northern climate.

REVIEWS.

GEIRIADUR CENHEDLAETHOL CYMRAEG A SAESNEG. A National Dictionary of the Welsh Language, with English and Welsh Equivalents. By W. OWEN PUGHE, D.C.L., F.S.A. The Third Edition, Edited and Enlarged by ROBERT JOHN PRYSE. Part I. Denbigh: T. Gee. 1859.

The Editor tells us that his chief object in this work is to give a complete list of all such words as are to be found in Welsh authors from Aneurin down to Ieuan Glan Geirionydd. From the Part before us we infer that he has been very industrious in making his collections, and that, as he says, the work will contain "scores of thousands" of words in addition to those which are to be found in Dr. Pughe's Dictionary. Besides being greatly enlarged, the work exhibits Welsh as well as English equivalents, whilst it has dropped almost all of the great lexicographer's quotations. Why under such circumstances it should be considered as an Edition of Dr. Pughe's Dictionary surpasses our comprehension.

It is expected that the work will be completed in about 30 Parts. We wish it every success.

TALIESIN; Cylchgrawn Chwarterol at Wasanaeth y Cymdeithasau Llenyddol, yr Eisteddfodan, a'r Orsedd yng Nghymru. No. I. Ruthin: J Clark. 1859.

This is the First Part of a Quarterly intended for the use of the Literary Meetings, the Eisteddvodau, and the Gorsedd in Wales. Its contents are,—"Introduction," "The Llangollen Eisteddvod," "Adjudication on the Chair Ode," "Ode on the Battle of Bosworth Field," "Hell," "My Mother's Grave," "Englynion on the River Dee," "Epitaph on Llywelyn," "Ruthin Eisteddvod," "An Essay on Juvenile Depravity," "The Village Funeral," "Baron Bramwell," "Love Letters," "Miscellaneous," "Correspondence," &c. It promises to be popular.

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN ELVED.

(AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.)

AN ESSAY ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, BY PRINCE MADOG AP OWEN GWYNEDD.

(Continued from p. 106.)

In Owen's *British Remains*, printed in 1777, there is another account that was communicated to the above-mentioned Charles Lloyd, Esq., of Dôl y Frân, by one Mr. Steadman, a native of Brecknockshire, in which he relates that, being in a Dutch ship, about the year 1650, and landing on the American coast, he met with an Indian people who spoke Welsh.

Mr. Charles Lloyd, about the same time, received another account from one Oliver Humphreys, a Welshman, who lived for some time at Surinam, where he became acquainted with an Englishman, who, he says, had been among the North American Indians, and had learned the language of one of their tribes, which Mr.

Humphreys pronounced to be pure Welsh. (*Vide* Owen's *British Remains.*)

Mr. Charles Beatty, a missionary from New York, published in London, A.D. 1768, a Journal of a three months' tour into the interior country west of the Alleghany Mountains, with a view of converting the Indians to Christianity, which he dedicated to the Earl of Dartmouth. In it he gives several accounts of the discovery of a tribe of Indians whose language was Welsh. Mr. Beatty was accompanied by a Mr. Duffield, and he says in the first place that they met one Benjamin Sutton, who had visited various tribes of Indians, and had for many years lived amongst them. Mr. Sutton told them that, being with the Choctaw Indians at the Mississippi, he went to an Indian town a great distance above New Orleans, the inhabitants of which were whiter than other Indians, and whose language was Welsh. They had a book amongst them which they carefully kept wrapped up in a skin, but they could not read it.

Mr. Sutton, moreover, assured Mr. Beatty that, when he was in the lower Shawanaugh town, he heard some of the same white Indians converse in Welsh with one Lewis, a Welshman, who was a captive there.

Another account which Mr. Beatty gives is that one Levi Hicks told him he had been attending an embassy at an Indian town west of the Mississippi, the inhabitants of which spoke Welsh.

Again, one Joseph, Mr. Beatty's interpreter, told him that he knew a nation of Indians, west of the Mississippi, whose language was Welsh.

To these Mr. Beatty adds an account that he had heard many years before of a Welsh clergyman living in Virginia, who happened to go far into the interior of the country, till he came to a nation of Indians who spoke Welsh. He found in their possession a Welsh Bible in MS., which they could not read. The clergyman set sail for Britain, with a view of engaging missionaries to go amongst them, but died on his passage, or soon after his arrival.

The Hon. Lady Juliana Penn informed the late Iolo Morganwg, who took a lively interest in these matters, that she knew Mr. Beatty very well, he having often dined at her house when he was in England. He many times assured her that he had not the slightest doubt of the veracity of those who gave him the foregoing accounts of the Welsh Indians; and that in a subsequent journey into the remote parts of the American continent, he went among them, found that their language was Welsh, and that they had in their possession old MS. books, carefully wrapped up in a kind of blue flannel, but which they could not read.

Our next witness is a Mr. Evans, a member of the house of Tref y Rhyg, in Glamorganshire. Mr. Evans and his family, who were Quakers, of good education, and possessed of very considerable property, went to Pennsylvania with William Penn. About the middle of the last century, Mr. John and Mrs. Kate Evans came over to Glamorganshire, where they stayed for some time. They gave several accounts of the discovery of the Welsh Indians, and amongst others the following:—A party of Indians, of various tribes, had been at Philadelphia, and on their return some of them lodged at Mr. Evans's house. The next morning, when they departed, one of them lagged behind, and slipped away from his companions, leaving them to go on. A day or two after he came to Mr. Evans's house, and seeing a gun took it out, went into the woods, and in a little while brought into the house a wild deer, and returning the gun to its place, he was going away, when one of the family calling after him in English, and showing him some victuals, he returned and took it, but spoke never a word. The next day he came, took the gun, and going into the woods, returned with game. This he continued to do for several days, never speaking a word, during which time he was well fed and lodged. One day, bringing in as usual what he had shot, Mr. Evans said in Welsh to one of the family, "druan o hono, rhowch fwyd iddo;" *i. e.* poor fellow, give him some victuals. Hearing this, the poor

Indian was overjoyed, and addressed them in Welsh; and soon coming familiar with the family, told them that the first night he lodged there he heard one of the family speak Welsh; this greatly excited his curiosity, as he was much surprized to hear his own language spoken by those who he could not possibly imagine how they could have learned it; so he resolved to stay behind to make a fuller discovery, but unfortunately he had not, till now, heard anything but English, which made him very shy, and loath to say a word; but now, finding that he was amongst those who could speak his own tongue, he conversed with them freely, and told them that his country was very far beyond the great woods and mountains; that the language which he spoke was the common and only language of his people; that they were very numerous; that it was a journey of three months to reach them, and that they dwelt chiefly along a very great river.

No one can deny that this incident, the truth of which we have no reason to question, furnishes a most important argument in favour of the proposition which we are discussing. Mr. Evans was an unexceptionable judge in respect of the language which the Indian spoke, and he was surely capable of distinguishing between the general manners of a recent settler, and of those which would characterize a descendant of a comparatively early colony.

But to proceed with our other testimonies. About 130 years ago one Mr. Thomas Thomas, of Hendre, in the parish of Coychurch, Glamorganshire, was with a company of Indian traders, and, being very far in the country, going up a very large river in canoes, as they were landing, an Indian seized one of them, and calling to his companion, said, "Herc y fwyall, mi a dorraf ei wddwg e' nawr," *i. e.* give me the axe, I will cut his throat immediately. Mr. Thomas, on thus hearing his own language, spoke to them in Welsh, and thereby, as it would seem, saved his own life, and the lives of his companions. Having given them an account of their pacific errand, they were moreover hospitably en-

tertained, and they traded with them to great advantage. The people in their manners very much resembled (he says) the common people in Wales.

One Evan Williams, of Colcoed, Glamorganshire, had been long in Virginia, when once, in a severe winter, having no other employment, he with a few companions went on an hunting expedition beyond the Blue Mountains (as he called them), and at last came into the country of the wild Indians (to use his own expressions), where they met with a party who gabbled Welsh. Their dialect, he said, was a little different from that of Glamorganshire, and he thought them Northwallians, or at least from a different part of the country from that of his native district. He spoke to them, and they to him. It is usual, he said, for the colonists when out a hunting to wear an Indian dress, so he thought that these people were natives of Wales, and asked them if they came from Pennsylvania; but they knew not what he meant. He asked them other questions, to which they knew not how to answer. They questioned him in return, and he was equally at a loss how to understand them; and though they well understood each other's language, each party were thus for a long time greatly perplexed to know what to think of the other. At last, however, they were able to come to a better understanding. Evan Williams found that they lived along a very great river, far to the west, that they knew nothing of Wales, and were only, as he termed them, a wild people.

Evan Williams was well esteemed for his veracity on all occasions. Iolo Morganwg's father knew him well, and often heard him relate the story, always uniformly the same, and frequently heard the Rev. Mr. Williams, rector of his parish, question him closely on the subject. He always seemed to give much credit to the story, and was in possession of many others which he deemed of very good authority.

It may be remarked further that Evan Williams related circumstances in connection with his adventure which could never have occurred to a narrator of fictions, such

as their reciprocal embarrassment, and not being altogether able to understand each other, though they spoke the same language. It is found on inquiry also that he told truth in what he said of Englishmen, when out a hunting, assuming the Indian dress; and the manner in which he describes his first impression on beholding them in that guise, and hearing them speak his own tongue, is perfectly natural.

Mr. William Binon, of the parish of Coyty, in Glamorgan, told Iolo Morganwg, and Mr. John Williams, of St. Athan, in the same county, about the year 1770, that he had been from about the age of eighteen till about sixty in America; that he had been for many years one of a party of Indian traders; and that on one occasion, penetrating far into the country, along a large river which he did not name, beyond the Mississippi, they came among a white people, whose language was Welsh, which he perfectly understood, and by that means saved the lives of all the party, who were suspected to be Spaniards, with whom they were at war. After those apprehensions had been removed, they were very kindly treated by those Welsh Indians, who were more civilized than other Indians. Their houses were of stone, like the cottages of Wales. He, William Binon, saw some ruinous buildings amongst them; they had also iron, and a manuscript book, which they were unable to read, but which they carefully preserved, and almost adored, believing that it contained the mysteries of religion. They have a tradition amongst them that they were a great and happy people whilst they were able to understand their book; and when one comes amongst them that will teach them to read it, they shall become great and happy again. They said that some from their aboriginal country had been among them who could read their book; and they had a kind of prophetic tradition that others would arrive at some time or other, and enable them to understand it. They had with them great quantities of provisions, such as the flesh of deer, buffaloes, &c., cured in a manner peculiar to themselves. When Mr. Binon told them that

he came from Cymru, they said, "it was from Cymru our ancestors came, but we know not now in what part of the world that country is." When Mr. Binon returned to Pennsylvania, he found that the Welsh inhabitants of that country (the part called the Welsh Tract) knew very well that such a people existed.

We have no reason to suppose that the manuscript in question was the Holy Bible, any more than some other portion of their service books. These would be in Latin, and more particularly associated with divine worship and churches. The popular books, and such as were written in the vernacular language, were the Decalogue, St. John's Gospel, and the Triads of St. Paul. The said document might, indeed, have contained the traditions of bardism, especially as we also have a similar prediction among us that a peculiar blessing will attach to whomsoever shall be able to read the mystic book aright.

"Pan fo cwyn cynllwyn bro gwrthefin,
Dan ysgar gwiail y gilbant werin,
Gwyn fyd y geneu yn gyfrwyd gyfrin,
A lefair tri gair [/|\ ] o'r heniaith gyssefin."

This stanza dates from the remotest times; according to some, from times anterior to the Christian era; and it is very probable that it should have clung to the memory of Madog and his companions, and of their descendants to this day, even as it is still retained among ourselves.

On one occasion the late Captain Forest, of Bristol, happened to be at the house of the above Mr. John Williams, of St. Athan, when the Welsh Indians became the subject of the conversation, and Mr. Binon's story was related. On hearing it, he exclaimed,—

"I doubt not the truth of it; I am sure there are such a people; I have heard so much in America of them, and that from persons whose veracity I cannot possibly suspect, that I believe it as much as that I believe I am sitting in this chair."

Captain Forest was well known to be a gentleman of exemplary veracity, honesty, and piety, and one who would impose upon nobody, and whose understanding was such that it was not an easy matter to impose upon

him. He at that time related some anecdotes about the Welsh Indians; among others, that they had of late years been greatly reduced in number by the Spaniards, who were at war with them.

Iolo Morganwg used to say that he once knew an old man, whose name was John Phillip, a native of Cardiganshire; who often related the contents of a letter which was sent from America to one Mr. Jenkin Thomas, the minister of a dissenting congregation to which he belonged. It was an account of two or three Welshmen, from the Welsh Tract in Pennsylvania, who, going far into the interior of the country, came among a people who spoke their own language, at an Indian town called "Capel Seiniau" (Chapel of Saints). This letter was at that time handed about among the Welsh dissenters, with the view of inducing some of them to go as missionaries in search of the said Welsh Indians, who were in Wales commonly called "Cymry Capel Seiniau." On this subject it may be remarked that the Spanish authors, Francis Lopez de Gomaro, Antonio de Espejo, and others, in their accounts of the country where the Welsh Indians are said to exist, say that the inhabitants are *white*, considerably *civilized*, have *stone-built houses*, and *chapels*, or churches, with some crude notions of the Christian religion,—a fact which to a certain extent confirms the statement of the letter.

The following is from another letter, which was sent some time ago by the Rev. John Corby, of Kentucky, to the Rev. Wm. Richards, of Lynn, in Norfolk:—

"You request an account of the Welsh Indians: such a people, I believe, there is, to the westward of us up the Missourie, the main branch of the Mississippi, called the *White Panes*, or bearded Indians; of late a report has prevailed, that some of our people, exploring that country, came to a different tribe, and could not talk with them; they came back with our people to their camp, where a Welshman, who was there, could talk with them, but they exceeded him, as their language was not so corrupt as his."

This extract was communicated by Mr. Richards to the late Mr. William Owen (Dr. O. Pughe) in London.

There is in the British Museum a letter, written by

Colonel George Croghan to the late Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, who had expressed a desire of obtaining as much information as possible concerning the Welsh Indians. Dr. Moreton furnished Maurice Morgan, Esq., secretary to Sir Guy Carelton, with a copy of it, for the perusal of Lord Lansdowne (then Lord Shelburn) when he was Secretary of State. The letter is dated Winchester, August 24, 1753. The following extract from it is interesting:—

"Last year I understood by Colonel Lomax that your honour would be glad to have some account of a nation of people settled to the west, on a large river that runs into the South Sea, commonly called the Welsh Indians. I have had opportunities of gathering some account of them, and now, at the instance of Colonel Cressup, I send you the following information, which I obtained from several French traders, with whom I am well acquainted, and particularly with one who was bred up from his infancy amongst the Western Indians. The first intelligence, he says, the French had of them was by some Indians settled at the back of New Spain, who in their way home happened to lose themselves, and fell in with these people, which they took to be French, by their quick talking; on their return to Canada they informed the governor that there was a large settlement of French on a river that runs to the sun's setting, that they were no Indians, had no trade with any people, but lived within themselves; their weapons were only bows and arrows. The governor sent three young priests with the Indians, to go and see these people; on their arrival they found them to be *Welsh*, and found books amongst them. When they returned, they told the governor that they had a great aversion to the French, for they found by them that they had been first settled on the Mississippi, but had been almost cut off by the French there, so that but a small remnant of them escaped to where they were then settled, but had since become a numerous people. The governor of Canada, on hearing this, determined to raise an army of French and Indians to go and cut them off, but a war that happened nearer home obliged him to lay that project aside."

The facts here communicated seem to be very well authenticated, and if the French priests were competent to judge respecting the language of the alleged Welsh Indians, there could be no doubt as to their existence at the time mentioned.

Mr John Filson, in his *History of Kentucky*, printed in 1784, has the following remarkable passage, speaking of the Welsh Indians:—

"This account hath at different times drawn the attention of the world, but as no vestiges of them had been found, it was concluded, perhaps too rashly, to be a fable; at least that no remains of the colony now existed; but, of late years, the western settlers have received frequent accounts of a nation at a great distance up the Missouri, a branch of the Mississippi, in manners and appearance resembling other Indians, but speaking Welsh, and retaining some ceremonies of the Christian religion, and, at length, this is universally believed to be fact. Captain Abraham Chaplain, of Kentucky, a gentleman whose veracity may be entirely depended upon, assured me that in the late war, being with his company at Kaskaski, some Indians came there, and, speaking the Welsh language, were perfectly understood and conversed with by Welshmen in his company, and that they informed him of their situation as above mentioned."

In the year 1791, those two learned and patriotic Welshmen, Iolo Morganwg, and Mr. William Owen, had a conversation on this subject with Mr. William Pritchard, bookseller and printer, of Philadelphia, who happened to be then in London. Mr. Pritchard gave them to understand that it was the general belief in Pennsylvania that there were such people as the Welsh Indians, far westward of the Mississippi; he said that he was well acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Samuel Jones, of Lower Dublin, in Pennsylvania, who had been for many years extending his inquiries about these people, and had received a great many accounts of them, highly satisfactory. Mr. Pritchard added that he had often heard similar accounts from several other persons; but that such was his opinion of Dr. Samuel Jones's veracity and good sense, that he could not imagine he in the least either imposed or was imposed upon. He said that the Indian traders generally made a point of keeping any information they might obtain relative to the Indian nations as secret as possible, it being their interest to do so; and that this was the reason why we knew so little, in general, of any Indian people.

Sir John Caldwell, Bart., said that, serving in the army in America, last war, he was stationed in the country of the Chippeways, east of the Mississippi, and that some Indians of the tribe called *Panis*, or, as the English pronounce it, *Pawnees*, came there. Their

language was Welsh, as he was informed by several Welshmen in his company, who could easily converse with them. They are far more civilized than other nations of Indians. Sir John added that he was intimately acquainted with one Mr. Pond, a capital Indian trader, who very often frequented the country of the Panis, (or *White Panis* as they are called, to distinguish them from others designated *Black Panis*). Mr. Pond said that they are far more civilized than other Indians, build good houses of stone, cultivate the ground, &c. Being thus brought up in habits of industry, they will work, which no other Indian people will do; for this reason, all other tribes make war upon them, and capture them for slaves, and sell them often as such to the English and French inhabitants of Canada, and the American states, where they are in that condition frequently to be met with. When the Panis are taken prisoners in war, they are never either adopted or tortured to death, as is the fate of all other prisoners, but it is the constant endeavour of their enemies to take them as much unhurt as possible, with the view of making slaves of them. They are not so ferocious as other tribes, though not less warlike; but living remote from European settlements, they are not furnished with fire-arms, which gives their enemies great advantages over them. Mr. Pond traded very far up the Missouri, and among those white Indians, whose country extends very far westward, and he said that from one of the highest of a chain of mountains in their country he could see the Pacific Ocean very plainly.

Sir John Caldwell made this communication on one occasion to Iolo Morganwg, at the house of Mrs. Bowdler, at Bath, in the presence of Mrs. Bowdler, and many other ladies and gentleman, among them —— Seward, Esq., of Little Madox Street, Grosvenor Square.

The Hon. Governor Pownal informed our zealous countryman that he had been often told by traders that there was a nation of Indians who spoke Welsh in the interior of the country, but that he always thought it

incredible. Mr. Pownal had been told also by several Highland Scots that they understood some tribes of Indians, but this again he could never believe. He confirmed the account of Sir John Caldwell, of the Panis being sold for slaves by the Indians.

The Hon. Mr. Pownal, Secretary, and one of the King's Council, for the Province of Quebec or Canada, gave an account exactly coinciding with the preceeding.

It must be confessed that these two last accounts were not believed by those who gave them, nevertheless they prove that the story of there being a Welsh tribe in America was very generally told, and by the traders at least extensively believed. Facts will never cease to be facts, however they may be discredited.

Mr. Rimington, an English gentleman, who had long resided in America, told Iolo Morganwg that he knew long ago that there were, far west of the Mississippi, tribes of white Indians, much more civilized than any other tribes of aboriginal Americans; that they built good houses of stone, cultivated the ground, and were less ferocious than other nations. He thought that they were called *Padoucas*, and that the term Panis was not the national appellation of any tribe, but applied indiscriminately to several tribes that are taken and sold for slaves, and that those tribes differ greatly from each other in language, colour, &c.; some called *White Panis*, others *Black Panis*. He thought that the word in the dialects of several tribes east of the Mississippi signified no more than slave, for they called the negroes in the English colonies English Panis, or Pawnees, Black Panis, &c. Those white civilized Indians, far west of the Mississippi, they called *Ka anziou*, or *Ka anjou*, which signified, he thought, "first men," or "first of men." He was, he says, aware of all this before he had been informed that any Indian people spoke Welsh; but, being once at an Indian mart, near the Forks of the Ohio, there came to that place an Indian people from beyond the Mississippi, that were tolerably white; they wore garments of buffalo skins, well dressed, made something on

the principles of the European dress—trousers, coats with sleeves, hats or caps, made of very small and beautiful feathers, very curiously wrought, and had implements and utensils of very fine copper. A Shawanese Indian, who spoke the English language, asked Mr. Rimington to interpret between him and those white Indians; this he imputed to the simplicity of the Indian, who, he supposed, conceived that Englishmen could speak all languages. He, however, went with him, and, as he knew the case would be, could not understand a word that those Indians spoke. On returning to his companions, he related what had happened, when one of the traders exclaimed,—"Oh! they are the Welsh Indians. Where is Jack Hughes? he can talk with them." Jack Hughes was found; he was a Welshman, and could with ease converse with them, and assured Mr. Rimington that their language was purely Welsh. Since that time Mr. Rimington said he very often heard various accounts of those Welsh Indians, and found their existence to be a fact well known to the traders, who did not in the least dispute it. Mr. Rimington thought that a Welshman would hardly fail to meet with some of those Indian Welshmen at the marts along the Mississippi, for to those all the tribes on the continent resorted, even, he thought, from the shores of the South Sea. And he said that, from the various accounts he had received from persons of veracity, he had not the least doubt of their being seated far up the Missouri, and that they were in a state of civilization greatly superior to other Indian nations.

In the *Public Advertizer* for October 8, 1785, appeared the following account, given by Captain Isaac Stewart:—

"I had been taken prisoner at Fort Pitt by the Indians, and having had the good fortune to be adopted by them, I was carried to the Wabash, where, after I had remained there two years, a Spaniard from New Mexico came there on discoveries, who redeemed me, and one John Davey, a Welshman, who was also a prisoner there. Going westward with our Spanish friend, we crossed the Mississippi near Rouge, or Red River, up which we travelled seven hundred miles, when we came to a nation of Indians, remarkably white. They lived on the banks of a small river, called the river Post. In the morning

after our arrival, the Welshman informed me that he understood the language of the people, which he affirmed to be Welsh, and that he was determined to remain with them. This very much excited my curiosity. I went with my companion to the chief men of the town, who informed him, in a language which I did not understand, that their fathers came from a foreign country, and landed on the east side of the Mississippi, and that on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they fled to their then abode. As a proof of what they advanced, they brought forth rolls of parchment, which were carefully tied up in otter skins, on which were large characters, written with blue ink. The Welshman being unacquainted with letters, even of his own language, I was not able to know the meaning of the writing. They are a bold intrepid people, very warlike, and the women beautiful when compared with other Indians."

This story was known before it was communicated to the *Public Advertizer* by Captain Stewart. It is alluded to in a letter which Mr. Hugh Jones, of Washington, Wilkes County, Georgia, wrote to his brother, Mr. John Jones, of ————, in Caernarvonshire, A.D. 1784, of which the following is an extract:—

"There are several Welsh tribes in America, who I am told retain their language. I went thro' one on Peodee River in South Carolina, but as I was under guard I had no chance to talk with them, and when I removed to Georgia, I crossed the Peodee 40 miles above them. There is on the Missouri River, the western branch of the Mississippi, a nation of Welshmen, called the Welsh Indians, or White Indians. Two white men who were prisoners to some tribes of Indians, were redeemed by a Spaniard, then they made the best of their way towards the United States, and came thro' several tribes of Indians, who never saw a white man in their lives; at last they came to a tribe of white Indians. One of the men was a captain in the American army; the other, whose name was John Davies, was a Welshman; the Cymro had not been long amongst them before he found they were Welsh. The Welshman stayed amongst these Welsh Indians, and left the captain to pursue his journey to Charlestown, where he had his travels put into the public papers."

From the conclusion of this extract it appears that Captain Stewart considered the circumstance of finding the Welsh Indians of such interest and importance that he published the intelligence in several papers before it appeared in the *Public Advertizer*.

The late Mr. William Owen, better known as Dr. Pughe, took great pains to obtain information of the

Welsh Indians. On one occasion he had a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Rankin, of Kentucky, who was then in London, on the subject. Mr. Rankin told him that he was fully convinced, from the very numerous credible accounts he had received, that there was a numerous nation of white people far up the Missouri, whose language was Welsh.

Mr. Owen had an interview with Mr. Bowles, the English Indian chief, then in London, who told him that he knew those Welsh Indians, and that they were called *Padoucas*. He had traversed the south bounds of their country, which, according to his account, was one of the finest in the world. He had with him a Welshman, who had been a prisoner in Mexico, where he had, for some time, worked in the mines, but, making his escape, he came across the country on his way to the British colonies, and fell in with this nation of white Indians, whose language he found to be Welsh, and he was able to converse with them with all possible ease; he stayed there for some time, and says that they have amongst them books written on parchment. Mr. Bowles said that this Welshman was then living with him in the Creek country.

Mr. Price, another of the Indian chiefs, told Mr. Owen that he knew this, that they were well known to the Creek and Cherokee Indians, and called Padoucas. Mr. Price said that his father was a Welshman, and had lived many years among the Creeks and Cherokees, where he died. He spoke the Welsh language, and had frequent interviews with those Welsh Indians, and always declared that their language was pure Welsh. They are in a considerable degree civilized, white, and the most warlike people on the continent.

On another occasion Mr. Owen received a letter from a Mr. Rively, a gentleman of Virginia, in which he said that he had been well informed of the real existence of such a people far west of the Mississippi, and that his friend Colonel Shelly, a Welshman, living on the banks of the Ohio, had had frequent interviews with them, and affirmed their language to be Welsh.

The Rev. Mr. Joshua Thomas, of Leominster, in Herefordshire, published some years ago, in the Welsh language, *A History of the Baptist Congregation in Wales.* In the preface, p. 18, he has the following passage:—

"Many authors mention this Welsh colony in America. The following words are in a letter from Mr. Reynold Howels, dated at Philadelphia, in 1752, to Mr. Miles, 'The Welsh Indians are found out, they are situated on the west side of the great river Mississippi.'"

A Mr. Richard Burnell, latterly of Burleigh Hill, near Swansea, had resided for about fifteen years in Philadelphia; but, on the breaking out of the American war, he, being a loyalist, returned to Wales, despoiled of all he possessed in that country. During his abode in America he made many inquiries about the Welsh Indians; he knew Mr. Beatty, and two of the persons mentioned in his journal, Mr. Lewis, and Joseph the interpreter, and they all confirmed to him the accounts in that journal of the Welsh Indians. Mr. Burnell inquired into their characters, and found that there was not the least reason to doubt their veracity.

Mr. Burnell was also intimately acquainted with Dr. Samuel Jones, of Lower Dublin, in Pennsylvania, who assured him that he had received, from a great many Indian traders, such satisfactory accounts of those Welsh Indians, that he could not possibly doubt the truth of those relations; all agree that they are situated west of the Mississippi, that they are a numerous people, and that their country extends far westward along the river of the west; but the traders are generally very reserved in their accounts of them. They are in the Spanish territories, or what the Spaniards claim, though they have never been able to subdue these people; and the traders are obliged to go into their country in the most secret manner to avoid being molested by the Spaniards, who are extremely jealous of all who go into those parts, and would destroy, or at least confine in the mines, all such persons they met with. The traders, when they go to the white Indians west of the Mississippi, generally engage a Welshman to go with them. Some of those Welshmen

have remained for life among those Indians, others return, and from these, generally speaking, the various accounts we have originate, as well as from the occasional appearance of those Indians at the marts.

According to Mr. Burnell, Dr. Jones was in possession of such intelligence as enabled him to direct any Welshman with ease and safety into their country; and there were others, he said, at Kentucky, who could do the same.

Mr. Burnell had been informed that a Mr. Willing, a merchant at Philadelphia, knew something of the Welsh Indians; he accordingly waited on him. Mr. Willing told him that at a new settlement of his, at the Natchees, on the Mississippi, he had two Welsh carpenters, who would often, in his hearing, converse for hours together with those Indians, a party of whom came frequently there. The main body, he said, lived far west of the Mississippi, near the head of the Akanza river; but there were detached tribes of them nearer the Mississippi, some, or at least one small tribe, very near, and were to be met with often among the Chicasaws, with whom they were on friendly terms. Those detached tribes lived mostly a kind of wandering life, shifting from place to place as often as the woods in their vicinity grew thin of game, on which these nomadic tribes subsisted. This, according to Mr. Willing, was the case with many other tribes who have quite disappeared in some places, but are to be found in distant places.

Mr. Willing mentioned also a Welsh gentleman, named David Williams, who had for many years been settled at the Natchees. He said that he knew the Welsh Indians well, had been amongst them many times, and that they (*i. e.*, the main body) lived far up the country north-west from New Orleans; and that he was able to give such information as would enable anyone to go into their country.

It is greatly to be regretted that no proper deputation has ever been sent in search of this people. Surely such a neglect on the part of our country cannot be attributed to the want of a *prima facie* evidence as to their existence.

To proceed. There was one Rev. Morgan Jones (of Hammersmith) who lived long in America. His father and family went over there about the year 1760, and they dwelt in Philadelphia. Mr. Jones said that he there became acquainted with many that he had known in Wales, one with whom he had been very intimate. This person had formerly lived in North Carolina, where his house stood on the great Indian road to Charlestown. He often lodged parties of Indians. One of those parties being once at his house, some of the family spoke Welsh, when one of the Indians began to jump and caper for joy, as if he were mad. On being asked the reason, he answered, "I understand what the people of this house speak. I know a nation that speak their language, far beyond the great river. I lived amongst them for some time, and have learned some of their language." On being further examined, he was found to know some Welsh, so as to be able to understand, and to be understood by, the family. He said that this Welsh nation lived a great way beyond the Mississippi, that they built better houses than other Indians, planted maize, &c. Mr. Jones said that the belief of the existance of such a people was very general in most of the American states.

That a stranger who had acquired a partial knowledge of the language of the Welsh Indians should be able to understand natives of Wales is a very strong proof indeed of the identity of the two languages.

One Mr. Kenedy, a merchant of Baltimore, when he was over in London, told Mr. William Owen, and Iolo Morganwg, that he had been for many years well acquainted with a Mr. Gibson, an Indian trader, whom he supplied with commodities for the Indian market. He was a man of uncommon veracity and honesty, very sensible and intelligent. He would sometimes be absent on his Indian expeditions for more than three years, and penetrated farther than any other traders into the interior parts, especially to the west. He had several times been in the country of the Welsh Indians, having a Welshman with him who could easily converse with them, and who

affirmed their language to be Welsh. He said that they were in a state of considerable civilization, far beyond what was met with among any other tribes of Indians,—a circumstance that had long engaged the attention, and even the surprize, of many of the traders, to find such a people, and such manners, in a part of the world where they could be so little expected. Mr. Kenedy said that he had heard it affirmed by a great number of persons that there were Welsh Indians, but such was his opinion of Mr. Gibson's veracity, that he would believe him against all the world.

The Hon. General Conway told Iolo Morganwg that he was acquainted with some officers in the army, who, whilst in America, last war, made occasionally certain incursions into various parts of the interior country, and that they once happened to fall in with a tribe of Indians who spoke Welsh, and who were easily conversed with by Welshmen.

Some time ago Captain John Drummond, who was employed by the Spanish Government to survey the province of New Mexico, in a letter written to the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Sydenham, said that he had often heard of a tribe of Indians situated to the north-east of New Mexico, who spoke the Welsh language. He takes notice of them in his geographical description of the country, and is of opinion that a party of Irish, or Highlanders, went at the same time over with Madog. Mr. Drummond was a native of the Highlands, understood Erse, and said that in surveying the boundaries of New Mexico, he came to a cottage, where to his great surprize he found a woman at the door singing to her child in Irish, which he found to be the language of the country.

It has been already observed that Rhiryd, Lord of Clochran, in Ireland, accompanied his brother Madog to the new-discovered country, and it is highly probable that he went not alone, but took with him some Irish families, who were perhaps his vassals, or tenants. He was possibly forced to fly, like his brother, from the

ravage of war, and perhaps he had no just claim to the lordship of Clochran, which would render his position still less secure and permanent.

The Hon. Governor Pownal said (1792) that he heard some Highland Scots often declare that they understood some Indians in the interior of the continent, who frequented the Indian marts, and that their language was in a great measure the same as the Erse,—sufficiently so to be understood. The same thing was remarked by the Hon. Mr. Pownal, nephew to the governor.

About the year 1700 the Scots attempted to form a colony on the Isthmus of Darien, in America. Wafer, in his description of that country (pp. 184, 185, &c.) says that there is a very great affinity between the language of the natives of those parts and the Erse, and that his knowledge of the last enabled him in a month to converse with the Indians. He gives a specimen of their language, but in truth half the number at least of the words appears to be Welsh. However, as there is a general identity between the two dialects, and as our Welsh historians mention the fact of the going of Rhiryd, Lord of Clochran, with his brother Madog in the second expedition, there is no great room to doubt but that many Irish went with these, who probably separated from the Welsh, and settled in different parts of the country. Some say that Madog made a third expedition, but we have not as authentic accounts of this as of the other two. It is, however, said that this last was from Ireland. (See *Handmaid to History*, 1635, pp. 35, &c.)

A letter appeared in the *Greal*, A.D. 1805, in which Lieutenant Roberts, formerly of Hawarden, Flintshire, gives an account of his interview with a chief of the Welsh Indians. It is to the following effect:—

"In the year 1801, being at the city of Washington, in America, I happened to be at an hotel, smoking my cigar, according to the custom of the country, and there was a young lad, a native of Wales, a waiter in the house; and because he had displeased me by bringing me a glass of brandy and water, warm, instead of cold, I said to him jocosely, in Welsh, 'I'll give thee a good beating!'

"There happened to be at the time in the same room one of the

secondary Indian chiefs, who, on my pronouncing those words, rose up in a great hurry, stretching forth his hand, at the same time asking me, in the ancient British tongue, 'Is that thy language?' I answered in the affirmative, shaking hands at the same time; and the chief said that it was likewise his language, and the language of his father and mother, and of his nation. I said to him, so it is the language of my father and mother, and also of my country. Upon this, the Indian began to inquire from whence I came, and I replied, from Wales; but he had never heard a word about such a place. I explained that Wales was a principality in a kingdom called England. He had heard of England, and of the English, but never of such a place as Wales.

"I asked him if there were any traditions amongst them, whence their ancestors had come from. He said there were; and that they had come from a far distant country, very far in the east, and from over the great waters. I conversed with him in Welsh and English; he knew better Welsh than I did; and, as I asked him to count in Welsh, he immediately counted to a hundred or more. He knew English very well, because he was in the habit of trading with the English Americans. Amongst several other things, I asked him how they came to retain their language so well, from mixing with the other Indians? He answered that they had a law, or an established custom, in their country, forbidding any to teach their children another language, until they had attained the age of twelve years; and that after that age they were at liberty to learn any language they pleased. I asked him if he would like to go to England and Wales; he replied that he had not the least inclination to leave his native country, and that he would sooner live in a wigwam than in a palace. He had ornamented his naked arms with bracelets; on his head were placed ostrich feathers.

"I was astonished and greatly amazed when I saw and heard such a man, who had painted his face of a yellowish red, and of such an appearance, speaking the ancient British language as fluently as if he had been born and brought up in the vicinity of Snowdon. His hair was shaved, excepting round the crown of his head, and there it was very long, and neatly platted; and it was on the crown of his head he had placed the ostrich feathers, which I mentioned before, to ornament himself.

"The situation of those Indians is about eight hundred miles south-west of Philadelphia, according to his statement, and that they are called in general the Asguaws, or the Asguaw nation.

"The chief courted my society astonishingly, seeing that we were descended from the same people. He used to call upon me almost every day, and take me to the woods to show me the virtue of the various herbs which grow there, and which were best to cure or remedy all sorts of fevers; for neither he nor his kindred were acquainted with compound medicine."

The account we have here is certainly very interesting,

and gives us some explanations on points that we were anxious to learn further about; more especially as to the retention of the old language among the people. The custom which the chief alludes to of strictly confining their children to a knowledge of their mother tongue until a certain age, is well deserving the attention of the patriots of Wales in the present day.

A very interesting letter was also addressed to the *Palladium*, a newspaper printed at Kentucky, on the same subject. It was dated "Frankfort, December 12, 1804," and was written by a gentleman of respectability, who filled a high office, of the name of Toulmin. After alluding to the expedition of Madog, as described by our native historians, and to the popular reports relative to the discovery of the descendants of the Welsh colony in America, Mr. Toulmin candidly observes,—

"Having never met with any persons who had seen these white Americans, nor even received their testimony near the source, I have always entertained considerable doubts about the fact. Last evening, however, Mr. John Childes, of Jessamine county, a gentleman with whom I have been long acquainted, and who is well known to be a man of veracity, communicated a relation to me, which, at all events, appears to merit serious attention."

Mr. Toulmin then proceeds to give the narration as he had received it from Mr. Childes, and which was to the following effect:—

"Maurice Griffith, a native of Wales, which country he left when about sixteen years of age, was taken prisoner by a party of Shawnese Indians, about forty years ago, near Vosse's Fort, on the head of Roanoke river, in Virginia, and carried into the Shawnese nation. Having staid there about two years and a half, he found that five young men of the tribe had a desire of attempting to explore the sources of the Missouri. He prevailed upon them to admit him one of the party. They set out with six good rifles, and six pounds of powder a piece, of which they were of course very careful. On reaching the mouth of the Missouri, they were struck with the extraordinary appearance of the muddy waters of the Mississippi. They staid two or three days amusing themselves with a view of this novel sight: they then determined on the course which they should pursue, which happened to be so nearly in the course of the river, that they frequently came within sight of it as they proceeded on their journey. After travelling about thirty days through pretty farming woodland, they came into fine open prairies, on which nothing grew but long luxuriant

grass. There was a succession of those, varying in size, some being eight or ten miles across, but one of them so long, that it occupied three days to travel through it. In passing through the large prairies they were much distressed for water and provisions, for they saw neither beast nor bird; and though there was an abundance of salt springs, fresh water was very scarce. In one of these prairies, the salt springs ran into small ponds, in which, as the weather was hot, the water had sunk, and left the edges of the ponds so covered with salt, that they fully supplied themselves with that article, and might easily have collected bushels of it. As they were travelling through the prairies, they had likewise the good fortune to kill an animal which was nine or ten feet high, and a bulk proportioned to its height. They had seen two of the same species before, and they saw four of them afterwards. They were swift footed, and they had neither tusks nor horns. After they had passed through the prairie, they made it a rule never to enter on one which they could not see across, till they had supplied themselves with a sufficiency of jerked vension to last several days. After having travelled a considerable time through the prairies, they came to very extensive lead mines, where they melted the ore, and furnished themselves with what lead they wanted. They afterwards came to two copper mines, one of which was three miles through, and in several places they met rocks of copper, as large as houses.

"When about fifteen days' journey from the second copper mine, they came in sight of white mountains, which, though in the heat of summer, appeared to them to be covered with snow. The sight naturally excited considerable astonishment, but on their approaching the mountains, they discovered that instead of snow, they were covered with immense bodies of white sand. They had in the meantime passed through about ten nations of Indians, from whom they received very friendly treatment. It was the practice of the party to exercise the office of spokesman in rotation, and when the language of any nation through which they passed was unknown to them, it was the duty of the spokesman, a duty in which the others never interfered, to convey their meaning by appropriate signs.

"The labour of travelling through the deep sands of the mountains was excessive, but at length they relieved themselves of this difficulty by following the course of a shallow river, the bottom of which being level, they made their way to the top of the mountains with tolerable convenience.

"After passing the mountains, they entered a fine tract of land, which having travelled through for several days, they accidentally met with three white men in the Indian dress. Griffith immediately understood their language, as it was pure Welsh, though they occasionally made use of a few words with which he was not acquainted; however, as it happened to be the turn of one of his companions to act as spokesman or interpreter, he preserved a profound silence, and never gave them any intimation that he understood the language of their new companions.

"After proceeding with them four or five days' journey, they came to the village of these white men, where he found that the whole nation were of the same colour, having all the European complexion. The three men took them through the village for about the space of fifteen miles, when they came to the council-house, at which an assembly of the king and chief men of the nation was held. The council lasted three days; and as the strangers were not supposed to be acquainted with their language, they were suffered to be present at their deliberations. The great question before the council was, what conduct should be observed towards the strangers. From their fire-arms, their knives, and tomahawks, it was concluded they were a warlike people; it was conceived they were sent to look out a country for their nation; that if they were suffered to return, they might expect a body of powerful invaders, but that, if these six men were put to death, nothing would be known of their country, and that they should still enjoy their possession in security. It was finally determined that they should be put to death. Griffith then thought that it was time for him to speak. He addressed the council in the Welsh language. He informed them that they had not been sent by any nation—they had no hostile intentions—that it was their wish to trace the Missouri to its source, and that they should return to their country satisfied with the discoveries they had made, without any wish to disturb the repose of their new acquaintances. An instant astonishment glowed in the countenances not only of the council, but of his Shawnese companions, who clearly saw he was understood by the people of the country. Full confidence was at once given to his declaration: the king advanced and gave him his hand. They abandoned the design of putting him and his companions to death, and from that moment treated them with the utmost friendship. Griffith and the Shawnese continued eight months in the nation, but were deterred from prosecuting their researches up the Missouri, by the advice of the people of the country, who informed them they had gone a twelve months' journey up the river, but found it as large there as it was in their own country. As to the history of the people, he could learn nothing satisfactory. The only account they could give was, that their forefathers had come up the river from a very distant country. They had no books, no records, no writings.

"They intermixed with no other people by marriage. There was not a dark skinned man in the nation. Their numbers were very considerable. There was a considerable range of settlements on the river for fifty miles, and there were, within this space, three large water courses, which fell into the Missouri, on the banks of each of which likewise they were settled. He supposed there must be fifty thousand men in the nation capable of bearing arms. Their clothing was skins well dressed. Their houses were made of upright posts, and the bark of trees. The only implements they had to cut them with were stone tomahawks. They had no iron: their arms were bows and arrows. They had some silver, which had been hammered with stones into

coarse ornaments, but it did not appear to be pure. They had neither horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, nor any domestic or tame animals. They lived by hunting. He said nothing about their religion.

"Griffiths and his companions had some large iron tomahawks with them. With these they cut down trees, and prepared a canoe to return home in: but their tomahawks were so great a curiosity, and the people of the country were so eager to handle them, that their canoe was completed with very little labour. When this work was accomplished, they proposed to leave their new friends; Griffith, however, having promised to visit them again. They descended the river with considerable speed, but amidst frequent dangers from the rapidity of the current, particularly when passing through the White Mountains. When they reached the Shawnese nation, they had been absent about two years and a half. Griffith supposed that when they travelled, they went at the rate of about fifteen miles a day. He staid but a few months with the Indians after their return, as a favourable opportunity offered itself to him to reach his friends in Virginia. He came with a hunting party of Indians to the head waters of Coal river, which runs into the New river, not far above the falls. There he left the Shawnese, and easily reached the settlements on the Roanoke. Mr. Childes knew him before he was taken prisoner, and saw him a few days after his return, when he narrated to him the preceding circumstances; Griffith was universally regarded as a steady, honest man, and a man of veracity. Mr. Childes has placed the utmost confidence in his account of himself and his travellers, and has no more doubt of the truth of his relation, than if he had seen the whole himself. Whether Griffith be still alive or not, he does not know."

The following is an extract from the Rev. Jenkin Davies, a Baptist minister, to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Rhuabon, Denbighshire, dated Washington village, Nov. 5, 1805:—

"Some years ago, a man of the name of Richards, a native of South Wales, was at my house in Pennsylvania, and told me that he was on his return from among the Indians, where he had been taken captive for some years far to the West; that while he was in the Indian town, two strange Indians visited the town, who spoke the Welsh language together, which he and one Jones, a native of North Wales (who was taken by the Indians the same time with himself), understood; that Jones could converse with the two Indians better than he could, for, said he, they spoke more like the people of North Wales than those of South Wales; that he inquired where they came from, and the two Indians said they came from a vast distance in the west, where a large body of them lived, and spoke the Welsh language. I inquired what was become of his countryman Jones, and he said that, in attempting to escape from the Indians who had taken

him, Jones was killed, and he, with a few more, made his escape. The man, who was at my house, could speak Welsh middling well, considering he had been many years from his native country. He was a sensible man, and spoke very consistently. He went from my house to try to find a son he had left in the state of New York, and I heard no more of him."

The fact here mentioned that the Welsh spoken by the Indians was that of the dialect of North Wales is very important, as corroborative to a certain extent of the supposition that those people are really descendants of the colony planted by the Gwyneddian prince. For that different parts of Wales had their peculiar dialects from remote times is amply proved, not only by the statement of the triads, but by the style of early writers, as exhibited in our several MSS.

Though the inquiry into the existence of an old Welsh colony in America has not been very zealously prosecuted of late years, yet occasionally even now traces of it are presented to our notice, which make it very difficult for us to hold any sceptical opinions on the subject. One of the last proofs of the existence of the Welsh Indians is furnished to us by John T. Roberts, in a letter which appeared in the *Cenhadwr*, dated Sacramento city, California, November 17, 1857.

Mr. Roberts says, a few days previously a man of the name of Gilman was staying at his house, who had passed the winter 1852–3 in the Great Salt Lake city. About forty miles from the city there lived an old woman and her daughter. Mr. Gilman, being on a visit there, observed three white Indians enter the house—two young men, brothers, and their sister. The men were tall and red haired; the woman handsome, rather stout, and broad shouldered. The old woman said she could understand almost everything they said; that it was Welsh. The Indian woman informed them that her people had come across the great water in three ships, and had never returned; that their present place of abode was strongly fortified; that they had many sheep, and that they worked their wool into materials for clothing. Mr. Gilman saw three other white Indians near the same place; and from

the information which he gleaned from the old woman, and some of the Mormonites who had been in their country, that they resided to the south of the Salt Lake, near the boundary line between Utah and New Mexico. It was said that some of the Mormonites had endeavoured to make proselytes among them, but had failed. They were religious, and had a large place of worship. As Mr. Gilman had never heard of the story of Madog's emigration, it could impart no varnish to his tale, which on that account is the more implicitly to be believed.

But what has recently invested the subject of the Welsh Indians with the greatest interest is the statement of Mr. Catlin, the American traveller. Mr. Catlin believes the Welsh tradition, and is firmly convinced that he found the descendants of the Madogian immigrants in the Mandans, an amiable and civilized tribe, with which he resided for a considerable length of time, and became intimately acquainted. It is much to be deplored that Mr. Catlin did not possess a sufficient knowledge of Welsh, or that he had not with him a Welsh interpreter, to enable him to judge respecting their language. However, the following list of words, allowing for the modification which they would naturally undergo in passing through a strange ear, exhibits such an affinity with the language of Wales, as to warrant us in pronouncing the Mandanig and Cymric dialects as derived originally from the same source :—

English.	*Mandanig.*	*Welsh.*
I	Me	Mi
You	Ne	Chwi
He	E	Efe
She	Ea	Hi
We	Noo	Ni
They	Enah	Hwna, hona
No	Megosh	Nagoes
Head	Pan	Pen
The Great Spirit	Maho peneta	Mawr benaeth.

Mr. Catlin is of opinion that the word Mandans is a corruption, or abbreviation, of the name Madogwys; but he thinks that the people designated by it are now ex-

tensively mixed with the surrounding Indians. This hypothesis, however, does not tally with the other authorities which we have adduced, and which represent the Welsh Indians as peculiarly exclusive.

We have now arrived at the close of our proofs, and every candid and impartial judge must conclude that they form such a mass of evidence as is sufficient to establish beyond a doubt the existence of a Welsh race among the Indians of America. There is a very general consistency running through the whole as to the main points, all agreeing more or less as to the European complexion of the people, their comparative civilization, and the direction of their abode. It is true that they do not all pretend to fix upon the exact spot of the Welsh settlement; nevertheless they seem to point almost invariably to the banks of the Missouri west of the Mississippi, as the place where the main body resided, though detached parties, offshoots from the parent stock, might be found some considerable distance off. Mr. Catlin is of opinion that Madog's ten ships entered the Mississippi, and sailed up the river, or that the adventurers landed on the coast of Florida, and pushed their way onwards to a post on the Ohio, where they began to till the land. But is the evidence sufficient to establish this moot point, that the Welsh Indians are the descendants of the Madogian emigrants? Perhaps not; though on no other supposition can we account for their existence; whilst their vague tradition as to their fathers having come from over the great waters, their speaking the dialect of North Wales, which was the land of Madog and his followers, and the names by which they were known, tend to confirm the hypothesis. If it be true that they had among them a tradition as to "Cymru" being the source of their emigration, as Mr. Binon testifies, it would set the matter almost beyond dispute.

The names by which the Welsh Indians are generally known, and which seem to point out a connection with Madog, are Padoucas, White Padoucas in late maps, Mandans, and, in some early maps, Matocantes. The

similarity between Padoucas and Madoucwys, the men of Madoc, will appear very great, when it is considered that B and M are often convertible in the Welsh language. In the Silurian dialect, spoken in Gwent and Morganwg, M is frequently changed into B, and there Madoucwys would be pronounced Badoucwys, a term which differs very slightly indeed from Padoucas. Mr. Catlin, as already observed, thinks Mandans to be but an abridgment of the name Madogwys, and indeed the resemblance between them is sufficiently great to warrant us in concurring in the supposition. Matocantes needs no observation; it seems to have been imposed upon the people, with express reference to the reputed leader of their forefathers from Wales.

It does not appear clearly by what appellation the Welsh Indians call themselves. Judging from the customs of Wales in the twelfth century, we should have expected them to be known by some local name, or as *gwŷr Madog*, or *llwyth Madog*, rather than simply as Madogians. Indeed the probability is, that they did call themselves by some such cognomen as the "tribe of Madog," but that the surrounding tribes and traders simplified it into Padoucas and Mandans.

But it is objected that Madog could not possibly have discovered America, returned across the Atlantic, and gone back again to the place where he first landed. Among others, Lord Lyttleton made this objection. But why should it be deemed impossible? Because the mariner's compass was not then known. Surely this is no valid reason. It is a fact that Euclid, or simple geometry, was known long before, and the objectors ought to remember that with its simple aids, properly applied, and with but a very slender acquaintance with astronomy, a man may navigate a ship through any sea in the world, round the globe, and that not only with as much ease, but in some cases with much greater ease than when aided by the often uncertainly varying compass, magnetic needles, quadrants, tables of logarithms, and many other modern inventions, which, though they are

certainly useful in their way, yet appear to retard rather than to accelerate the progress of innate genius.

But in truth *navigation* was much studied by the ancient Cymry. It was ranked as one of "the nine civil sciences" "which were discovered after the Cymry had established themselves in towns and cities, and had systematized sovereignty and privileged sciences."—(See *Myv. Arch.* iii. 129.) And in the *Yniales*, which was a book of miscellaneous matter much read and valued by the old poets and patrons of learning in Wales, there are particular instructions given how to guide a ship by means of the stars. The objection, therefore, which is founded on the non-invention of the compass—and it seems to be the only objection of weight which sceptics have ventured to offer—does not appear after all difficult to be disposed of. We are too apt to judge our predecessors according to ourselves, without taking into consideration the different circumstances in which we are placed. We, with the artificial aid of instruments and other appliances, do not necessarily observe and study nature as closely as did our forefathers, and we think that they were such as we are. But it is not so; if we can tell the hour of the day by means of the ingenious contrivance of clockwork, they watched more accurately the various positions of the sun and shadows. If we pretend to prognosticate the weather according to the fall and rise of mercury, they attended more closely to meteorological phenomena as they appeared in every-day nature. And in like manner we, having the compass ready at hand, disregard the observation of the stars in reference to navigation; whilst they on the other hand, being without this help, were driven to study astronomy in a pre-eminent degree as the most obvious method within their reach of ascertaining the latitude and longitude of different localities on the face of the globe. Keeping all this in view, it cannot appear improbable, much less impossible, that Madog should have succeeded in returning to his native land, and afterwards finding the place of his first disembarkation in the far west.

The question of emigration is at present agitating a large portion of our countrymen—"they seek a country" where they can live in the enjoyment of their ancient usages and language, and all eyes are turned towards America. Patagonia is the locality in that vast continent which gains the greatest favour in the eyes of the projectors of this movement. As that remote country, however, is inhabited, however thinly, by a different race of men, we should not be acting upon the principles of our ancestors if we took possession of it either by force or bribery, as proposed. Besides, the colony being at first necessarily weak, it will no doubt incur considerable danger for many years at the hands of the neighbouring tribes, and perhaps be finally cut off. It seems to the writer that Providence points out to us a country—our own by moral and legal right—where our own kindred, "Cymry gwaed coch cyfan," are already settled, enjoying their own laws and national independence, and speaking the venerable language of Wales. The instances which have been given of their kind recognition and treatment of individual Welshmen, lead us to presume that they would offer no opposition to the visit of larger bodies. The advantages, moreover, would be mutual; the new comers would receive land, and protection against the surrounding barbarians, and they in return would communicate to their Indian brethren larger measures of the Christian religion, and of civilization in general. Our superior knowledge of the art of war would also be of immense importance to them, as thus with our help they would be able to defend their homes much more effectually than at times they appear to have done.

Surely ere any final step be taken in the matter of Welsh emigration, a mission, or an embassy, should be sent to the Welsh Indians. But the question now is how to find them. Perhaps we ought to have more certainty as to the place of their residence, ere we undertake the toil of a voyage and journey of exploration; for, otherwise, the labour might be in vain, supposing no danger incurred. There may be several opportunities of obtaining

the necessary information with much less trouble, such as the meeting of Indian hunters with the traders in furs, councils of the Indian tribes, or conventions of their delegates with those of the United States of America on public affairs. But though such occasions are the most favourable to inquiry, since the Indians seem generally to use Cherokee language in their conferences, and interpret it into what is said in other languages, there may be a considerable difficulty in the inquiry, because one tribe may be known to another by a name very different from that which it calls itself. The best mode would probably be, that words should be spoken in the Welsh language at the meeting of Indians of different tribes; and if there were Welsh Indians present, they, on hearing their own language spoken, would probably then discover themselves, as they are said to have done on other occasions. This mode is particularly recommended, because, as the communication between the Americans, or Europeans, and Indians is mostly by English, French, or Spanish on one part, and some general dialect of the Cherokee on the other, no suspicion of any other language known in common to any of both parties existing, it is not to be expected that either would speak in a language supposed to be unknown to the other, unless accidentally, and without the hope or intent to be understood. It has happened that a Welshman and Breton lived for a considerable time in the same house, without the least idea that the native language of the one was intelligible to the other, the usual medium of communication being in English, and the discovery of their mutually understanding each other's native language was owing entirely to accident. The one said, "I will drink your health in the language of my country." "That," said the other, "is the language of my country too." To address Indians in the Welsh language may produce a similar discovery; and then by proper inquiries satisfactory intelligence may be obtained, which may be a proper ground for farther proceedings.

The first endeavour should be to ascertain as correctly as

possible where the greatest number of their nation resides; whether any great number of them is settled in one place, and if so, it should be described exactly by its longitude and latitude on a map of America; whether any number of them form a roving company, and if so, where they may most probably be met with? What may be the easiest and surest means of communication with them? What reception a Welshman might meet with from the nation in general? And though, as we have already seen, these questions have been at various times more or less answered, still it is desirable that they should yet be proposed, that every information possible should be obtained ere a deputation be sent to their country, or terms of alliance and friendship be offered. All should be carried on with mutual good will; and if any of our countrymen wish to settle down among them, let them be admitted as a "cenedl addwyn," even as the Lloegrwys and Brython were received by the Cymry.

LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By Lady Marshall.

(Continued from page 131.*)*

CANIAD VI.

The Swan whose majesty and grace
Have given him to hold a place
Foremost in taste and feeling,
Adds an enhancement yet
To affection and regret
When death is o'er him stealing:—
Melodious strains, ne'er heard before,
And, ah! that never more
His beauteous throat shall pour
O'er the still waters pealing.

The Torch whose friendly ray
Hath held the place of day

To steps that else were reeling,
When its oil is nearly dry
Streams with ten-fold light on high,
The gloom around revealing.

The Sun, of heat and life the source,
Drives on his proud meridian course,
Too bright for human eye
To contemplate him nigh;
But when his race is closing,
With effulgence we behold him shine
Not less grand, but more benign—
On his last look our gaze reposing.

Statelier than swan and far more bright
And helpful than a torch's light,
The PATRIOT who his country's right
Dies in defending;
Yea, we behold with less concern
The sun descending;
For we look out for his return;
But centuries may pass or e'er
Beneficence shall answer prayer,
Another hero sending.

Is it a swan's farewell—the beam
Of setting day, that lingering stream
Through Snowdon's gorge from lake to lake—
His snows illume—his echoes wake?

Ah! was there none who in the book
So darkly—deeply sealed could look—
The BOOK OF THE TIME TO COME—
And interpret in that fore-shadowing grey
The looks and the voices light and gay
That greeted Llywelyn on his way
To his mighty mountain home;—
DOLBADARN'S rampired castle halls,
Begirt besides with better walls,
Of adamant, the which to rear
Great NATURE was the engineer.
Her silent ministers let loose—
The frost—the snow—proclaimed a truce
Between contending pigmies now
That superseded herald show;
And each belligerent withdrew
Until the year should bud anew.

Llywelyn's progress was one long
Ovation, cheered with harp and song:
YNAD, the Sire of Song, the Bard
In Powis, Gwent, and Gwynedd chaired,

Brought down in flow of measured rhyme
His story from the elder time:
Showed with a touch impressive—brief—
Each salient point in high relief—
Each character of Prince and Chief,
Subservient to the climax true
Which in Llywelyn's then he drew.

GWALCHMAI, whose genius did acquire
His sobriquet, the TONGUE OF FIRE,
Told in improvisated strain,
The martial glories of the reign:
Chief in command, a score and one
Pitched battles had Llywelyn won:
Skirmishes numberless: no stint
Of castles—latest Rhuddlan—Flint—
His recent conquests, since the sun
Half through the zodiac ring had run.

CYMRU had countless heroes bred,
As he who erewhile sung had said,
  Worthy of praise each one:
But from those valiant champions not
To derogate a single jot,
  The historian yet must own
That none of those had ever met
The wisdom, power, and valour set
  Against Llywelyn's throne.

Disjointed all was Saxon power,
And early Norman little more;
  But now it came to pass
In royal Edward's fiery brain
And lightning arm those confluent twain
  Were fused to "triple brass."

Hail then, Llywelyn, Patriot King—
Sons of the Brave, your tribute bring,
  And let that tribute be
Untiring hands—unswerving hearts—
A solid *whole* of varying parts—
  Resistless UNITY!

'Twas AURDAF'S turn:—he took a new
Untrodden path: unresting flew
  O'er the relentless past;
Nor on the fleeting present threw
More than a glance, whereby to show
The link that joined it as a thread
To that dark sea wherein the lead
  Ne'er registered its cast.

"Lo! I stood on a brink, and a flood rolled below—
Dark and turbid its waters
With havoc and slaughters,
And from it came wailings and woe.

"And I saw on the rock
As the face of a clock
That struck once in a hundred years;
And the hammer struck ONE,
And the waters rolled on
Red with blood and all briny with tears.

"But when it struck twice
They were spell-bound as ice—
No sound and no life-sign or token:
But when THREE strokes had rung
From that ominous tongue,
Oh! that awful death-silence was broken.

"From the depths of a wood
Over-hanging that flood,
A red dragon and tusky wild boar
To the death-struggle came,
Breathing fury and flame,
And the dust was licked up with their gore.

"The combat was long:—
Each assailant was strong;—
From the morning it lasted till eve—
When the wild boar was slain;
His tusks tried in vain
The dragon's scale armour to cleave.

"Then the dragon his thirst
Quenched, and lo! the stream burst
Through its trammels accurst,
And higher and wider it welled:
And the clock three times more
Having told out the hour
What a vision of joy I beheld!—

"The stream grew and grew, and encompassed the earth,
And its waters brought plenty and health:—
Before it were violence, treason and dearth;
Behind it were freedom and wealth.

"And a halo of brightness the wide waters spanned,
As the sun's glory bridges the sea,
And a long line of crowned ones that sat on that band
Were headed, Llywelyn, by thee.

"But the marvel of all was the last I discerned,—
A LADY, young, gentle and fair;

Wherever the sun in his daily course turned
Did the world her beneficence share.
"For Peace was her sceptre, and Justice her throne;
In her crown were the Graces Divine;
And her people and yours, O Llywelyn, were *one*,
And, Llywelyn, she sprung from your line!"

'Twas not from childish thirst of praise
That to these laudatory lays
Llywelyn gave a ready ear,
And smile encouraging to cheer.
It was that the effusive strain
Struck that which we the electric chain
Should call—the latent, loyal fire,
Conducted by a tuneful wire.

Opinion now, that strength of states
Through thousand channels circulates:—
In various institutions flow
The citizen devoirs we owe.
To some the senate—some the laws,
Embodies all that wins applause.
But in the age of which we sing
Impersonate was everything
Ideall'd thus in *Prince* or *King*.
The great abstractions—*wisdom—right*
In him incarnate come to sight:
All to which duteous hearts are bound
Concentrated in him was found:
So sought the sacred patriot flame
Its pass-word in the Prince's name;
And when Llywelyn heard that name enwreathed
In song, 'twas CAMBRIA'S that he inly breathed.

The sacred season now drew nigh
When low and lofty—mean and high
Convene to celebrate the birth
Of our EMMANUEL—*God on Earth*:
But how to keep that touching feast—
Debarred of temple—altar—priest?
No way remained but as of old
Their fathers worshipped—on the wold:
The rock for altar—earth for floor—
For ritual hearts that thanks outpour;
Where the lone Druid mused of yore,
The heavenly system to explore,
And on the confines groping trod
Of wondrous truth—a TRIUNE GOD.

But to another grateful rite
Llywelyn firstly did invite,

Or more responded to a call,
The simultaneous wish of all:—
To meet upon the twin-lakes' coast,
And cry unto the LORD of HOSTS
"*Laudamus*" for his mercies late
Vouchsafed unto their threatened state.

The day was fixed:—it wanted then
The time a waxing moon might wane
Of that blest morn when shepherds kept
Their watch by night, while others slept,
And listened for their sweet reward
To hymns of heavenly accord.

Presumptuous were it to compare
The highest flights of praise and prayer
With those celestial harmonies,
Breathed purely from and to the skies;
Yet scarce can holier incense rise
Of morn or evening sacrifice,
Than unison to heaven that starts
From thousand grateful human hearts.

Those hearts abundant reason had
To swell their tribute loud and glad:—
The balance of the summer's war
In Wallia's scale had told so far
That such another spring campaign
Would lift her to the height again
Of sway and territorial power
She held and exercised before
The rent bequeathed by Rhodri Mawr.
GWENT—POWIS—GWYNEDD—triad fair,
Which he by testament did tear,
Rejoined would constitute at length
A *unity* of tripart strength.

The working of the papal curse
Presented the exact reverse
Of that which in his thoughtful mind
The Prince had braced himself to find:
In place of severing man from man,
And all from him, the burning ban
A fire of indignation sent,
Which joined, like streams of hot cement
In masonry, the weaker parts,
And made a solid wall of hearts.

At each important barrier post
On border, confine, height or coast,
A chief of lineage, power and proof
Presided for the state's behoof;

While treasured was the vital spark
That lit their way in Snowdon's ark,
Impregnable. E'en now displayed
Prince David qualities that made
Befitting he should take his stand
As highest subject in the land;
And his contingent went to man
The frontier fief of Dinas Brän.

The morning rose—e'en as they rise
Beneath those cloudless—stirless skies
Of which the untravelled read with zest
In legends from the far Far West,
To fall whose timber, turn its clods,
The Briton shifts his household gods;
Beneath all white—above all blue.
There was another feature too
To carry out the semblance then,
Of which the traces still remain,
When from the peat-exhausted bog
Comes forth to view the giant log.

Primeval thickets occupied
Each shelf upon the mountain side
Where jointings of the granite spine
Allowed a root to intertwine;
Assimilating too the clime
Of Wallia in that elder time
To what in regions now is shown
With density of wood o'ergrown.
Surely as winter came its round
A fleecy vesture hid the ground:
As sudden the disguise of snow
Dissolved in summer's fervid glow.

Think not because on autumn tour
"Neat cars" now make nine miles an hour,
As to the smiling, smart hotel
They whirl the touring beau and belle,
That we are wandering wide the mark
In calling Snowdon's wilds an *ark:*
For road elastic—flowery mead,
Where wheels revolve with headlong speed,
And younglings sport and fatlings feed,
The thorny tangle—rock-hemmed pass,
Loose crag and quivering morass
Made formidable outworks round
The crennelled keep and agger mound.

But nestled in the mid domain
There was a wide and level plain,

In spring enamelled—summer green,
But now arrayed in vesture sheen,
With diamond prisms sparkling o'er—
Bright winter's tessellated floor.

How did Llywelyn look—how feel
To see his thousands round him kneel—
To hear their voices stream on high?—
It was not pride that lit his eye:
'Twas not because the prayer they sent
To heaven hailed him the instrument
Through which the mercies showered down
From that blest place were made their own:
No narrow meanness mixed its dross—
No sordid count of gain or loss—
To stay his arm or scale his eyes,
To snatch or blink at compromise:
'Twas not *Llywelyn* great or small
That ruled his pulse's rise and fall—
It was his GOD—his Country—*all.*

And there was in that bending crowd
One knee that more devoutly bowed—
One heart whose deeper—tenderer love
In stronger well-springs gushed above.
At distance kneeling, mid a throng
Who by their garments must belong
To that high calling which in sad
Abeyance now its functions had,
The suppliant breathed her whispered vow:
The short, bright day was waning now,
Already WYDDFA'S awful brow
Was traced on Glyder's glittering snow:
The Prince and Chiefs, a brilliant train
Their rites performed, had left the plain:
That night Dolbadarn's halls would glow,
And harps would ring, and mead would flow,
For WALLIA'S Prince and SNOWDON'S Lord
Would feast the Baron and the Bard,
While in the spacious castle-yard
The poor would meet with due regard.

The pleasure of a social feast
Would here be twenty-fold increased
By all of gracious, free and kind
That can with such like be combined.
Llywelyn in whatever pose—
Whatever situation rose
Up to the mark's exactest hit;—
His daring, caution, wisdom—wit

On every fresh emergence shone,
As if called out for that alone.
The shading that perforce concealed
In camp, in council, or in field,
The gentler graces intertwined
In all the frame-work of his mind,
Now when the genial hour drew nigh
Cleared off as in the evening sky,
The darker clouds are upward rolled,
With sapphire tinged, and tipped with gold.
'Twere a bright episode I ween
To fill the outline of the scene:
The dais—how nobly thronged describe,
How represented every tribe:
How waved the banners, nobly torn—
Rents to deface not, but adorn:
How twicely streamed the hirlas horn,—[1]
The toiling bee's mellifluous flow—
The blast that grateful rev'llers blow:
Streams of nectar—streams of sound
That through vast corridors rebound.
But we must retrograde a space,
And linger near that shadowy place
Whence breathed that deep and fervent prayer
From that veiled figure bending there.
Absorbed in spirit as she knelt
'Twas long ere she distinctly felt
A touch conveying more of stress
Than movement of the thronging press,
Or heard a voice that whispered low,
Distinct from neighbour suppliant's vow.
Then briefly down from o'er her eyes
She stretched her veil's elastic plies;
As when she sought a plainer view
Of things that needed such than through
Its semi-lucent fall she drew.
Such like requirement had she oft,
When with her penetrating soft
And earnest eyes she studied close
Each symptomatic change in those
Whose happy lot it was to share
Her leech-craft skill and nursing care.
Now through the tissue's parted fold
Her eye distinguished, frocked and cowled,
A convent brother—his intent
To gain her notice as she bent;
Which gained, with gestured reverence due
He straightway from his bosom drew

A crucifix whose ivory shaft
Obversely deep was monographed.

"Most Reverend Mother, from his cell
The Father Abbot greets you well,
And doth this sacred emblem send,
Whose meaning you shall comprehend
Accepting it to certify
That his proved messenger am I;
And by this sign to Christians dear,
And this blest form suspended here,
And by that Virgin Mother pure
Who stood there weeping, doth adjure
Your gentle holiness to speed
To him upon o'erpressing need,
Which menacing our Prince's cause
And Wallia's ripening prospects, draws
For thought and act in all who guide:
Nought beyond this did he confide.
The mule-train waits: the moon will light
To Gelert's Priory to-night;
And for our journeyings day by day,
Some holy bede-house by the way,
Will ope its bosom to enfold
With joy the Abbess of the Wold."

The Lady kissed the holy rood:
  The cipher sign was known to her:
It gave the bearer credence good—
  The Father Abbot's messenger.

She tarried not to take a meal:
  She tarried not to bless her son:
An age did every moment feel
  Until her journey had begun.

Her journey was a weary way:
  'Twas need the pilgrim track to take,
That in some holy station they
  Their refuge for the night might make.

They went as arm-in-arm with death,
  Full often down the slippery pass—
The dark unprobed abyss beneath—
  Above—the snow-wreath's toppling mass:

Across the transient bridge that spanned
  The river's breadth from shore to shore,—
With omened creak as trod the band
  With bated breath its glittering floor.

But still their grim companion held
  His sceptre in abeyance o'er;

The red-haired brigands even failed
To track their steps on Mowddwy's moor.

Now, after danger—terror—toil—
Yet blessings at each nightly stay,
They came where ITHON'S snaky coil
Through willow-fringes steals its way.

Emerging from his deep defiles
His length at wider ease to spread,
Where morn above the mountains smiles,
Like youth o'er age's hoary head.

The hermit-saint PATERNUS took
Up meekly here his blest abode,
Retired from worldly scenes to look
"Through Nature up to Nature's God."

This Father's missionary fame
Foundations numerous attest,
Commemorative of his name
In Wallia, North, and South, and West.

From that majestic cruciate pile[2]
Whose stinted glories still remain,
Which shared and exercised erewhile
The functions metropolitain,

To that small 'spital, nestled deep,
Affording shelter, food and rest,
Mid Ferllys' deserts dark and steep,
To pilgrims on their holy quest;

O'ertopped for menace or for aid,
As frontier politics might tend,
By DIMBOETH'S bristling towers, arrayed
At war's wild chance, for foe or friend.

The little oratory hung
Where the bright stream the rock-ledge laps,
And morn its first embraces flung
Encircling round the tiny apse.

But ah! no more its radiance fell
On hands and eyes upturned in prayer:
Razed was the altar—mute the bell—
Dispersed the flock—*the curse* was there!

The window lights were rudely blocked;
Defaced the mullions slight and tall;
The low arched door was trebly locked
And sealed—*the curse* was on it all.

Outside the precinct long endeared,
The aged Hermit knelt alone

Before a cross himself had reared,
With toil and tears, of unhewn stone.

A gleam of melancholy joy
Across his withered features came,
And lighted up his faded eye
At salutation of the dame.

Their duties o'er he sadly said
"'Tis many a weary day or e'er
A pilgrim band these paths have led
Our hospice ministries to share.

"Now shall our poor refectory's blaze—
The frugal meal—the needed rest
Your toil-exhausted powers raise
And strengthen for the morrow's hest."

She followed where he led the way,
Not thankless for the short repose;
The journey of the coming day
Would bring it to its welcome close,
Where the LONG VALLEY'S sacred fabric rose.

The morrow came, and ere the shy
December dawn had spread the sky,
Or yet the Hermit in his cell
His matin beads begun to tell,
The LADY sought the cross's shade,
And at its foot her burden laid;—
The hopes—the fears whose mixed control
Combined to bend and brace her soul.

To Him who prayed and suffered there
Forth poured she her impassioned prayer:
In HIS prevailing name preferred
Her claim benignly to be heard;
And oh! forgive her if there hung
Another trembling on her tongue;
If following on *that* sacred name
A fellow mortal's gushing came—
It was Llywelyn's—as the sound
Soft on the crispy stillness round
Of winter dawning bell-like broke,
Seemed as a mocking echo woke;
With scoffing emphasis the word
Repeated near the lady heard.

Forthwith alarmed her head she turned,
And in the twilight shade discerned
A darkling form of lofty height,
Who thus revealed came forth to light.

This from the East outspreading now
Had brightened into morning glow,
And lineaments brought out to view,
That all too well the lady knew.
But though perforce an inward thrill
That presence caused, such perfect drill
Her life had taught that not a nerve
Was seen to move—a muscle swerve;
And if the shock enhanced her hue,
Her veil its shadow o'er it threw.
So risen from her knees she stood,
Erect in stirless attitude,
As might be read to wait excuse
For gentle courtesy's abuse.

But, this delayed, a moment so
She staid, then moved away to go;
When he began with troubled mien
And broken speech to intervene.

Then earnestly she said, "I pray
You give me room to pass; delay
A fatal obstacle may prove
And mar the cause in which I move:
Summoned for conference I draw near
To meet the Abbot at Cwm Hir;
And Rhys of Stratwy, as you owe
A Cymro's duty, let me go."

This interval had part restored
His equipoise to Stratwy's Lord:
With measured salutation now
He spake—"Your movements all I know,
And hither came their cause to show
More perfectly than's known to you;
You start—recoil—perchance turn pale:
But you must listen to my tale.
A mutual interest both insures:—
You know my secret—I know yours.
'Tis so:—that curtain's half disguise
Veils not your bosom's fall and rise:
By that I read your son hath spared
Me half my task, and fully bared
To you the breast that in the dim
Sepulchral vault I bared to him,
And that before me I behold
No so-called *Abbess of the Wold,*
But the false tomb's enamelled guest—
Ethne de Mortimer—confest!

Say, did the youth the tale relate
Of fondness—frenzy, love and hate;
Or must I spell it o'er again,
To prelude more than doth remain?"

"Oh, no!" she cried in tones that failed
To hide the doubts with which she quailed,
"Enough he told—so strange—the drift
I scarcely yet can fully sift;
Nor doth he know its meaning true
So well to him I broke the clue.
Dwell not on this, but straitly show
What is the Father Abbot's view."

Scoffing he said, "That view is nought
'Twas I your steps that hither brought,
Who lack not means to use his sign,
And wield his powers to eke out mine.
Again the thrillings of your frame
The emotions of your soul proclaim;
And spite that interposing weed
That shrouds your features I can read
A gush of eloquent appeals.
Now time is precious—morning steals,
And I have work, but ere I go
To that I will that you should know
What I have suffered—what can do;
And you will wisely give attent,
Conceding where you can't prevent:
For here around my word is might"—
He pointed up towards Dimbbeth's height—
"It rules these regions uncontrolled:
I am the Abbot of *this* Wold.

"Learn then that on the self same night
The holy symbol did invite
Your journey here, the counter-sign
That links our military line,
Authenticating all reports
Of chiefs to chiefs and forts to forts,
I sent Llywelyn by a hand
Securely pledged to my command:
His presence he should understand
Was urgent in the Middle Land,
To counteract a marcher ruse
For Giffard trenching on the truce,
And fix the wavering spirits there:
Such was the plea—the ruse—the snare—
Arrived at Buallt's castle hold,
In place that it should ope and fold

Its royal master and his train,
Its bristling walls a shower will rain.
At Aberedwy's minor post
The like; while Giffard and his host
Advancing, overspread the soil:—
Can aught mere mortal 'scape the toil?"

Here paused he, for while racing through
At choking speed his back review,
He missed to note its growing stress
Upon this silent auditress,
Until a deep convulsive sigh
Heaved all her frame, and sinking nigh
Down on the earth, she sobbed aloud,
Then on the cross a moment bowed
Her head, and on that hallowed prop
Inclined in part, again stood up,
While he some speech and gesture made
As of apology and aid.

"My voice is all too harsh, I fear,
To please—shall I the rest forbear?"

"Oh no! 'tis past; but scarce I seem
To know the real from a dream:
This scene—that tale—as jest or true—
A treason—and the traitor—YOU!
Agreeably to reason's laws
For every act we seek a cause;
But what must be the cause to force
A river backward to its source—
Unnatural less than that can bring
A Cymric chief against his king!"

"Take back your memory to the cave:—
The thoughts that slumbered in the grave
Where you were sleeping—*hate—revenge*
Sprang up in vivifying change,
When still you lived to edge their dart
With more than e'en its former smart;
A mother—wife—each tender name
Was oil upon a smouldering flame."

(To be continued.)

LEGENDS OF WALES.

THE following transcript has been made by me from the same manuscript that contains the legend of Llyn yr Afangc, published in your last Number. There are many very interesting notices in it relating to Welsh antiquities, obtained from traditional sources, such as the eminent writer so diligently collected with unceasing labour and perseverance.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, M.A.

Rhydycroesau, Oswestry, August 5, 1859.

Crigcaeth (ne Cricciaeth yn ôl i henw cyffredinol) sŷ 'n sefyll ar lan y môr yn gyfagos at Aber y Traethmawr; fy adeiliadwyd y dref yma yn amser Brutus Darian lâs; ag nid oes yno yn awr mor 20 o dai, y'rhain a oeddant ychydig bâch ger llaw y dref i hûn (sef corph y dref) yr hon sydd wedi ei gorchgiddio gan y môr er cin bôd yn gôf gan neb pa bryd y daeth y dwfr trosti. I wirio hyn mae nhw'n dywedyd y gellir lawer amser yr hâf weled muriau yn y môr. Mae cryn dwysgen o'r Castell (yr hwn sŷ ar fryn amlwg uwch ben y môr) etto ar ei draed: ond mae rhai yn amme nad iw'r castell hanner cin hyned, o ran fôd llawer ûn a adeiliadwyd fil o flynyddoedd (ondodid) ar i ôl ef, ag a cherrig hefyd mwy cyfaddas at adeilad, yn awr yn brin iawn a charreg ar garreg o honyn. Er hyn i gyd mae rhai yn cydnabod fod seiri maen yn yr amseroedd gynt yn well nag ydynt y pryd yma: a hyn yn ôl yr hên ddihareb, sef, waeth-waeth seiri maen, wellwell seiri coed. A phwy o honyn a feder ddywedyd na ddarfu i Sr. Howel (yr hwn a fŷ'n byw yno) ne riw ûn oi flaen ef, neu ondodid ar i ol ef, adferu 'r Castell? Myfi a wn (o herwydd clywed yn lle gwîr da gan bobl y dref) fôd cystal gwaith ar y castell yma, er i fôd o gerrig mân, ag na wneir ûn bradwy ynddo, ond yn anhawdd iawn, a throsol hauarn. Nid oes mor llawer er pan gafwyd saeth hauarn yn yr unrhiw gastell, ag y mae hi yn awr gidag H. Esgob Bangor. Mae'r gair Crigcaeth (yn fy marn i) yn arwyddocau

cimmaint a cherrig ne greigie caeth, oran bôd yn anhawdd iawn i lester (ne long) yn y bŷd ddyfod ir lan (sef yn agos at y lan) gan gaethed ydiw'r lle sŷdd i ddyfod i dir rhwng cerrig mawr a chreigie. Mae rhai yn dywedyd fôd gwal yn y môr yn cyrhaedd o Grigcaeth i Harlech (Hardd ar lêch) ag nid eill neb amme nad oes rhiw beth tebig i hynnu, os deil ef sulw ar y môr yn y fan honno; ag nis gwn i nad honno iw y sarn y mae rhai yn i alw sarn y bŵch. Fy ddarllennir mewn llyfre llading ddarfod ir Cymru gynt wneuthur sarn (sef gwal) ar draws y môr gyferbyn a Sîr Fôn i lester ir Rhufeiniaid dirio yn y cwr hwnnw ir wlad ai dinistrio. Nid hwyrach ondodid mae hon iw sarn Badrig; gan nad iw hi yn bell iawn o Sîr Fôn, ai bôd yn beryglus iawn ir morwŷr cyfarwydda. Yn ogo Dâb Siencin y cafwyd y bêr ar crochan mwyaf sydd yn Ngwaed îr (gwedir yn ymmyl Llanrwst) ac yngheunant afon jerch (yn Nanhwynen) y mae ogo 'r gwr blêw; yr hwn gynt a ddaeth ir Tŷ 'n 'r ow allt (ychydig islaw 'r Ogo) lle yr ydoedd gwraig ar i gwely ag hûn yn unig yn ty, oran fôd rhai or teulu wedi myned ir llan (yr hwn hefyd oedd yn yr ymul yno, fel y cewch glywed yn y man) i fedyddio 'r plentyn, ar lleill yn edrych ar ôl rhiw beth allan; ond 'roedd y drws yn gaead, fe a estynnodd i law flewog dros y drws, ar feder ei agor, pan welodd y wraig hyn hi a dorrodd y llaw yn ŵrol ar fwyall, a phan ddaeth y bobl adref nhw a olrhanasant y gwaed hyd yr eira tan na ddaethant ir ogo a elwir hyd heddiw Ogo 'r gwr blew. Yn agos yma y by lan yn yr hên amser; 'mae sylfaen 'reglwys iw gweled etto; ag a elwir y Tyddyn oddiwrth hynnu Hafod y llan. Yn ymmyl Llan Trawsfynydd y mae Tommen y mûr, ne Lŷs Ednowen Bendew ûn o 15 llwyth Gwynedd. Ynglan Llyn Dinas y mae 3 bedd a elwir: Bedde 'r tri llang & 3 gŵr, & 3 milwr, (sef Milwyr Arthur) a bedde 'r gwŷr hirion: a 2 fedd a elwir Bedd y crythor ai wâs, ne fêdd y crythor du ai wâs. A rhwng y Dinas ar llyn y mae Bedd Sr. Owen y Mhaxen, yr hwn a fy yn ymladd ar cawr a phellenau dûr, mae pannylau yn y ddaear lle 'roedd pôb ûn yn sefyll iw gweled etto, mae rhai eraill

yn dywedyd mae ymladd a saethau yr oeddynt, ar pannylau a welir heddiw yno oedd lle darfu uddynt gloddio i amddiffin i hunain, ond ni escorodd yr ûn mor trô. Pan welwyd y marchog nad oedd dim gobaith iddo fyw fawr hwy; fy ofynnwyd iddo ple y mynneu gael i gladdu, fy archodd saethu saeth ir awyr a lle y descynnau hi y gwnaent ei fedd ef yno. Un o filwyr Arthur ai henw March (ne Parch) ymherchion oedd hyna Castellmarch yn Llŷn; yr hwn oedd gantho glustie march (tebig i Midas) a rhag i neb ŵybod hynnu 'roedd ef yn lladd pawb er a oedd ef yn ei geisio i dorri ei farf rhag na fedra ef beidio a rhoi 'r gair allan: a lle yr oedd ef yn ei claddu nhw y tyfodd cyrs, ag dorrodd rhiwûn ûn or rhain i wneuthur pîb, ni chana 'r bîb ddim ond Mae clustiau march i Barch y mheirchion; pan glybu 'r milwr hyn braidd na buasei 'n lladd y dŷn gwirion oddiwrth hynnu, oni bae iddo ef i hûn fethu a gwneuthur llais arall yn y byd ar bib; ond ar ôl gwybod lle y tyfaseu 'r Gorsen, ni cheisiodd ef na chelu 'r mwrdwr na chuddio ei Glustiau ddim yn hwy. Hwn a ddygodd Esyllt gwraig Trustan (ne Drustan i wraig ef nis gwn pa riw un, ond pariw ûn bynnag nid oi hanfodd hi) ag a ffoes ir coed efo hi, ag nid oedd ef yn dyfod iw dalfa nhw y rhai oedd yn ceisio cyttuno 'r ddwy blaid, gan ddywedyd haws iw dyddio o goed nag o gastell, ond ar ôl hîr grefu ef a fŷ yn fodlon i roi ar farn Arthur, yr hwn a farnodd i ûn iw chael hi tra bydde'r dail ar y coed, ar llall iw chael hi tra bydda'r coed heb ddail, ag ir gŵr priod i gael ei ddewis gyntaf, yr hwn a ddewisodd i chael hi tra bydde heb ddim dail ar y coed; hithe a attebodd yn llawen, Bendigedig iw barn Arthur, Celyn, Eiddew, ag Yw, Ni chyll moi dail tra bo nhw byw. Ar Gŵr a ganodd fel hyn ne riw ûn trosto. Tygaswn, têg Esyllt, ffriw dirion, ffrwd oerwyllt, gwawr raddol, eurad wallt, (ne gwawr raddol ireidd wŷllt, ne gwawr ruddedd eurad wallt, ne wŷllt yn lle gwallt os oes y fâth air yn arferedig) gwiw roddiad gâd gain; Na besit bûn weddedd, gnwd eira, gnawd iredd, gwadoledd, mawr foledd mor filain. Tair gwaith y sylfaenwyd Cappel Gwynen, ag yn ol darogan

Rhobin (ne Ddafydd) ddu, y mae ef etto, ag a fydd byth yn anorphen sef heb ei gyssegru. Hafod Lwyfog a henwir fellu oran fôd yno brennau Llwyfane, ond heblaw yr henw hwnnw, mae iddi henw arall mewn cowyddau sef Hafod Lwyddog. Yr achos fod coed yngwaelod llynne wedi ei torri, iw o ran bôd coed cin amled mewn dyffrynnoedd ag nad ellid erstalwm mor myned on rhyd pennau mynyddoedd, ag 'roedd hynnu yn anghyfleuus i garrio pynne a llawer bŷd o bethau heblaw hynnu; ag o ran hynnu ddarfod torri derw mawr ai taflu ir llynnau, ag mae rhai yn cofio o herwydd clywed dywedyd fôd rhai gan dewed y derw yn ei torri ag yn ei llosgi ar y maes, ondodid nad oeddan yn gwneuthur mo hyn pan allant ei bwrw nhw yn haws i lynne. 'Roedd y deirnas hon gynt yn llawn o anialwch, fel y gwyddoch; ag mae llawer o fanne wedi cael ei henwi oddiwrth goed, (Yn-ghymru). Yn Nanthwynen 'roedd coed cin dewed fal na welid mo ddŷn ar farch gwyn o Lyn Dinas i ben y gwryd, ond mewn dau fan, ag a elwir ûn or mannau yma er hynnu y Goleugoed, y rhain oedd uwch ben y fan llêr adeiliadwyd tref Nanhwynen. Mae Llwybr Elan Lueddog rhwng Maen Gwynedd a Bwlch y ddwylech ar fynydd Berwin, ag a elwir llwybr cam Elan. Mae llwybr arall ymlaen Festiniog, yr hwn sŷ'n dyfod tros fwlch carreg y frân, ag o ran i fod ar draws y ffordd, a elwir croes ar sarn; ag y mae 'n dyfod i gwm Pen ammen, lle y gelwir ef Ffordd wneuthur, ag yn myned oddiono trwy blwy Dolydd Elan trwy Lyn Llygwy ag a elwir Sarn ar fynydd, ag y mae yn myned trwy blwyf Llan Rhychwyn ag i Gonwy (Aber Cownen oran fôd dwy gownen yn cyrhaedd tros yr afon mewn ûn man, lle y mae hi yn draeth Llydan yn awr) Elan a ddaeth o Gonwy i Nant tal y llyn lle y lladdodd Cidwm gawr oi gastell a saeth i mâb hi; mae ty lle y claddwyd ef ag a elwir ty ym medd y Mâb, ag Ysgubor Ifan (wrth hyn mae rhai yn meddwl mae Ifan oedd gelwid ef) hi a ddaeth tros Gadair yr Ychain (cadair aur wrychyn) lle y gwnawd Sarn oi blaen hi, hi ddaeth oddyono gida glan llyn dinas, lle y mae i sarn hi fŷth, ag oddiyno trwy Nantmor, a tros

fwlch (lle bŷ faes rhynthu hi a rhiw un) a elwir er hynnu Bwlch y Battel, ag i gwm lle y clybu hi gyntaf farw oi mab, ag ar ol y newydd anedwydd hwnnw hi a ddywedodd Croesawr fel y gelwir hyd heddiw y cwm hwnnw. Chwi a wyddoch o ble y cafodd Beddgelart yr henw hwnnw. Mae llêch yn Nanhwynen lle yr oedd gynt gyffyle yn trippio, rhag hyn y darllenwyd yr efengil arni ag a elwir Llêch yr Efengil. EDWARD LLWYD. 1693.

TRANSLATION.

Crigcaeth (or Cricciaeth, as it is usually called) is situated on the sea-coast near Aber y Traeth Mawr. This town was erected in the time of Brutus of the Blue Shield; and it has now not twenty houses, which are a very short way from the town itself (that is, the body of the town) which has been overwhelmed by the sea, no person remembering when the water came over it. To verify this, they say that often in the summer the walls may be seen in the sea. There is a considerable portion of the castle (situated on a conspicuous hill above the sea) still standing. But some doubt that this castle is not so old, because many a one that has been built (perhaps) a thousand years after it, and of stones better suited for a building, has now scarcely a stone upon stone remaining. Notwithstanding all this, some persons acknowledge that stone masons in former times were superior to those now-a-days; according to the old proverb, "worse and worse stone masons, better and better carpenters." And who can say that Sir Howel, who lived there, or some one before him, or, it may be, after him, did not restore the castle? I know, because I heard it as a veritable fact from the people of the town, that the castle exhibits such good workmanship, though it be of small stones, that no breach can be effected in it by an iron lever, but with great difficulty. It is not long since an iron arrow was found in the said castle, which is now in the possession of H., Bishop of Bangor. The word Crigcaeth, in my opinion, means as much as straitened stones or rocks; because it is very difficult for

any vessel (or ship) in the world to come to shore, that is, near the shore, so straitened is the landing place, between large stones and rocks. Some say that there is a wall in the sea reaching from Crigcaeth to Harlech, (*beautiful on a slope*); nor can anyone doubt but that there is something of the sort, if he notices the sea in that place; and I am not sure whether it is not the causeway which some call Sarn y bwch. We read in Latin books that the Welsh formerly made a causeway (that is, a wall) across the sea, over against Anglesey, to prevent the Romans from landing in that corner of the country, and to destroy them. It may be, perhaps, that this is Sarn Badrig, since it is not very far from Anglesey, and is very dangerous to the most skilful sailors. In Dab Siencin's cave were found the largest spit and cauldron that are in Gwaed ir (Gwedir, near Llanrwst). And in the hollow of the river Ierch, at Nanhwynen, is the cave of the hairy man, who formerly came to Ty'n 'r Owallt, (a little below the cave,) where a woman lay in her confinement, being alone in the house, for some of the family had gone to the church, (which was also close at hand, as you shall hear presently,) to have the child baptized, and the others were attending to something out of doors. The door, however, was shut, and he stretched his hairy hand over the door for the purpose of opening it; but when the woman saw this, she courageously cut off the hand with a hatchet; and when the people came home, they tracked the blood along the snow until they came to the cave, which to this day is called the cave of the hairy man. Near this place there was a church in old times; the foundation of the church is still to be seen; and the farm is hence called Havod y Llan. Near the church of Trawsvynydd is Tommen y Mûr, or the court of Ednowain Bendew [1] one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales. On the banks of Llyn Dinas there are three graves, called the graves of the three youths, three men, or three soldiers (that is, the soldiers of Arthur), or the

[1] This must be a mistake for Ednowain ab Bradwen.—Ed. Camb. Jour.

graves of the tall men; and two graves, called the graves of the fiddler and his servant, or the graves of the black fiddler and his servant. And between Dinas and the lake is the grave of Sir Owen Maxen, who had been fighting against the giant with steel balls; there are depressions in the ground, where each stood, to be seen still. Others say that it was with arrows they fought, and that the depressions now seen were places that they dug to defend themselves. Neither of them, however, got over the affair. When the knight perceived that there was no hope of his living much longer, he was asked where he wished to be buried; he requested that an arrow should be shot skyward, and where it fell, that they should make his grave there. One of Arthur's soldiers, whose name was March (or Parch) y Meirchion, was the elder of Castellmarch in Lleyn. He had the ears of a horse (similar to Midas), and lest anyone should become aware of the circumstance he used to slay all whom he sought to shave his beard, for fear they should not be able to refrain from spreading the rumour about. And in the place where he buried them there grew reeds, and some person cut one of these to make a pipe, but the pipe would emit no other strain than "Parch y Meirchion has the ears of a horse." When the soldier heard that, he would fain have killed the innocent man in consequence, had he himself not failed to produce any other lay on the pipe; but when he ascertained where the reed had grown, he did not attempt any longer to hide the murder or to conceal his ears. This man stole Essyllt, the wife of Trustan (or Trustan stole his wife, I am not sure which, but, however, it was not against her consent) and fled with her to the wood; and he came not within the grasp of those who were endeavouring to reconcile the two parties, saying, "It is easier to arbitrate from a wood than from a castle." But after long entreating him, he consented to abide by Arthur's decision, who gave judgment that one should have her as long as the leaves remained on the trees, and the other have her whilst the trees were without leaves, and that her husband should

have the first choice, who chose to have her whilst there were no leaves on the trees. She joyfully answered,

"Blessed is Arthur's judgment, holly, ivy, and yew,
Will never lose their leaves so long as they live."

And her husband sang thus, or some one for him ;—

"I had supposed, fair Essyllt, of benevolent mien,
Impetuous stream, advancing dawn, with golden hair,

[or "advancing dawn, fresh and wild," or "ruddy dawn with golden hair," or "wyllt" for "gwallt," if such a word is usual,]

Worthy gift, that thou, comely lady,
Like a drift of snow, with thy fresh person,
Subject of song, worthy of great praise,
Wouldst not have proved so savage."

Three times was Gwynen Chapel founded, and according to the prophecy of Robin (or Davydd) Ddu, it is still, and always will be, unfinished, that is, unconsecrated. Havod Llwyvog is so called, because there are elm trees there; but besides that name it has another name in poems, that is, Havod Lwyddog. The reason why trees are found at the bottom of lakes is, that trees were so thick in valleys formerly that it was impossible to traverse them, which was inconvenient in regard to the carriage of burdens, and many other things besides. Wherefore large oak trees were cut down, and thrown into the lakes. And some persons remember hearing it said, that so thick were the oaks that some used to cut them, and burn them on the ground, but probably they did not act thus when they could more easily cast them into lakes. This kingdom was formerly nothing but wilderness, as you know, and there are several places that have received their names from trees (in Wales). At Nanhwynen trees were so thick that a man on a white horse could not be seen from Llyn y Dinas to Pen y Gwryd, except in two places, and one of these places has ever since been called Goleugoed. These were above the spot where the town of Nanhwynen

was built. The path of Elen Lueddog is between Maen Gwynedd and Bwlch y Ddwylech on the Berwyn mountain, and is called the path of Elen's step. There is another path in the upper part of Festiniog, which comes over the pass of Carreg y Vran, and because it crosses the road it is called Croes ar Sarn; and it comes from Cwm Penammen, where it is called Ffordd Wneuthur, and it goes thence through Dolydd Elen, across Llyn Llygwy, and is called Sarn ar Vynydd, and it goes through the parish of Llan Rhychwyn, to Conway (Aber Cownen, because two reed grasses reached across the river in one place, where there is now a wide strand.) Elen came to Conway to Nant tal y Llyn, where Cidwm the giant from his castle killed her son with an arrow. There is a house where he was buried, which is called Ty ym medd y Mab, and Ysgubor Evan (from this some suppose that his name was Evan). She came over Cadair yr Ychain (cadair aur wrychyn), where a causeway was made before her; thence she proceeded along the banks of Llyn Dinas, where her causeway is still seen, and from there through Nantmor, and over a pass (where occurred a battle between her and some one) since called Bwlch y Battel, and to a coombe where she first heard of her son's death. And after that inauspicious news she said Croesawr, which is the name of that coombe to this day. You know whence Beddgelert received its name. There is a stone at Nanhwynen, where horses used to stumble formerly. To prevent this the Gospel was read upon it, which gave it the name of Llech yr Efengyl. Edward Llwyd. 1693.

MERTHYR TYDFIL EISTEDDVOD.

SEPTEMBER 21ST AND 22ND, 1859.

THE Cymrodorion Society, under whose auspices the present bardic assembly was held, is a branch of the Temperance Society, and was founded at Merthyr eleven or twelve years ago, with a view of providing (to counteract the temptations of drink) mental occupation, instruction, and amusement to the thousands who live in that great hive of industry. Every Christmas the Cymrodorion have celebrated their anniversaries by a local Eisteddvod, or literary meeting, and in this way they have disbursed between £700 and £800 in prizes. Encouraged by the success of their meetings, they have been induced to proclaim for the autumn of the present year a grand national Eisteddvod, the subjects offered being thrown open to the country at large. Extensive preparations were accordingly made. The spacious market-house was fitted up most conveniently for the accommodation of about 5,000 people, the decorations being in true bardic style. From the roof depended a profusion of flags, kindly furnished by R. T. Crawshay, Esq., Cyfarthfa, and the walls of the building were ornamented with the usual national and patriotic mottoes, such as "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd," "Yn enw Duw a phob daioni," "Ei Mawrhydi, ein Brenhines Victoria a'r Tywysog Cydweddog," "Goreu arf, arf dysg," &c. Immediately behind the Chairman's seat was the representation of the Prince of Wales' Feathers, with the words "Ein Tywysog," and suspended near the middle of the platform was a large crown, displaying the significant word "Excelsior," translated into the vernacular by the term "Rhagof." Underneath this royal insignia the candidates received the trophies of their success. On the Chairman's right was the representation of a balance, the emblem of even-handed justice, with the salutary motto, "Ofer dadl wedi barn;" and on the left was the national instrument, the harp, designed in evergreens and flowers. At the lower end of

the apartment, wrought in dahlias, were the letters composing the name of the Chairman.

WEDNESDAY.—MORNING MEETING.

Unfortunately the weather was unfavourable, and although special trains ran on the South Wales, Vale of Neath, and the Loop line, the influx of strangers was not by any means large, and fell far short of what had been expected. At the outside there were probably not more than 400 present, and it was generally remarked that the proceedings of the first meeting were wanting in that *eclat* which generally characterises a Welsh Eisteddvod. No fault can, however, be attributed to the speakers, who exerted themselves to the utmost.

The chair was occupied by H. A. Bruce, Esq., M.P. The business of the day was commenced by Mr. Thomas Stephens, who read and presented the following

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

"*To Henry Austin Bruce, Esq., M.P., President of the National Eisteddvod, Merthyr Tydfil*, 1859.

"Sir,—The committee of the Cymrodorion Society, on their own behalf, as well as on that of the Cymbro-Britons assembled at this Eisteddvod, beg leave to avail themselves of this opportunity to testify the respect they entertain for your personal and public character, and to express the satisfaction they feel in being honoured with your presence on the platform of their National Eisteddvod. They rejoice to behold in you one who has distinguished himself in the field of senatorial service, and who has uniformly and assiduously laboured to promote every movement that has for its object the moral and intellectual improvement of the people of this district, as well as of the Principality of Wales, and of the empire at large; and they recognize an additional claim to their gratitude in the warm sympathy you have shown towards their national tastes and institutions, as well as in the cheerful promptitude with which you have responded to their invitation to preside on this occasion. They also reflect

with pleasure upon the fact that, from your earliest years, you have identified yourself with Eisteddvod literature, and that this is not the first occasion on which you have been pleased to preside over similar gatherings of the peaceful and loyal inhabitants of Wales. They beg again to thank you most sincerely for the countenance you afford them on this occasion, and they earnestly hope that Divine Providence may long preserve you in health and strength to preside over many assemblages of the same kind.—They remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

"THE COMMITTEE OF THE CYMRODORION SOCIETY."

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

The Welsh People and their Institutions.

The Chairman, after warmly expressing his thanks for the liberal and generous praise contained in the address, said that a passage in it vividly recalled to his recollection the first occasion on which he took part in a celebration similar to the present. It was exactly twenty-five years ago when the largest Eisteddvod ever seen in Wales was held on the green of the Old Castle, at Cardiff. The chair was then taken by one whom he most loved and honoured of all he had ever known—his uncle, Bruce Knight; and would, indeed, that he (Mr. Bruce) could show a tithe of the eloquence and the knowledge which his uncle displayed on that occasion, when addressing a vast assemblage of his countrymen. Looking back, he could not but remember how many distinguished men who were present at Cardiff had since passed away. There was Lord Hardinge, nearly connected with Wales, but who had not then earned his greatest title to celebrity in his career in India; the late Lord Bute, than whom no man had done more for this country, and his excellent wife, the late Marchioness. Happily, they had still amongst them one illustrious man, then present, the Earl of Ellenborough, who had not, at the period referred to, run that brilliant and eccentric career which had since signalized him in the world. The chief among the competitors at that Eisteddvod was the late respected and beloved Mr. Taliesin

Williams, a Merthyr man. (Cheers.) The poem which gained the first prize for Mr. Williams was on the Druids, a composition entering largely into the nature of the literature, history, and faith of Wales; and so highly was it thought of that a prize was offered for the best translation. He (Mr. B.), then a lad of nineteen, entered the lists, and had the good fortune to carry off the prize. (Cheers). Now let us inquire (continued the Chairman) why we have met here? We have met in the observance of an ancient Welsh custom, memorable from its antiquity, interesting for its singularity, and commendable for the uses to which it has been put through many generations. (Hear.) Now I hold that a custom is worthy of observance, provided it be nothing wrong in itself, simply because it it is custom, a link, which binds the present with the past. It pleases us to think of our forefathers, the men who made this country what it is; for, to their strong arms and stout hearts we owe, in a great measure, the national independence we now enjoy, and to their strong desire for literary culture we owe our present state of intellectual refinement. As to the interest of this institution on account of its singularity, I may say that we, I believe, among all the Celtic nations of Europe, are the only people who still celebrate the meeting. It is impossible to meditate on that question without being struck by its interesting bearing. Pursuing this part of the subject, the speaker referred to the former supremacy of the Britons in this island; their expulsion from the fairest portion into the western extremities; their settlement in Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall, and Devonshire; the singular disappearance of the Celtic language from each of these places, whilst in Wales it was still retained; and the fact that the Welsh showed no sign of decrepitude, for they continue not only to people their own country, but to send strong colonies to every quarter of the globe. He believed the number of Welshmen now was very little short of the number of Britons over the whole island at the time of the Saxon invasion, and that as many spoke the Welsh at the present day as during

any time for the last thousand years. But they must consider what are the uses of the Eisteddvod. In former ages their main object, as far as was known, was to indulge the national taste for music and poetry. In the progress of time the sphere of their operation was extended, and it was to the credit of the country that the Eisteddvod had thrown open the arena of competition in a vast array of subjects, not confined to the primitive channels of poetry and music. The first use of the Eisteddvod, therefore, was the encouragement of literary effort, and the excitement of intellectual employments; but over and above that there arose a social advantage in bringing together, on a footing of social and intellectual equality, persons of all classes. They lived too much apart from each other (hear, hear), and he was one of those who thought no opportunity should be lost of enabling all classes of society to mix on friendly and cordial terms. (Cheers.) But the Eisteddvod conferred a special advantage as being one and almost the only means of bringing forth the literary efforts of the poorer classes of our own countrymen. He never looked down upon the great mass of his fellow countrymen—composed in most part of the hardy sons of toil—without reflecting what a mine of intellectual wealth lay there undeveloped. (Hear, hear.) One of the most touching poets of England, in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," took up that topic. Looking upon the graves around he wrote—

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the fate of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

But the question as to the utility of these meetings was one which had excited very considerable discussion, and one on which, he confessed, he had frequently thought; and the very point insisted on in their favour by one party was urged as a disadvantage by another, viz., that the Eisteddvod tended to cherish a spirit of exclusive nationality, and thereby to prevent that close union and entire amalgamation of the races which formed the strength of

our empire. It was also asserted that its effect was to discourage the spread of the English language, and to foster in the nation a powerful vanity. With regard to the first point, they could no more expect them to get rid of their nationality, as Welshmen, than to regard any one's father or mother with more interest and affection than their own. It would be going against the first and best principles in human nature. But speaking of union, did any man pretend to say that any real evil sprang from it in a political sense? (Hear.) Did any one pretend to say that Welshmen were not as loyal a people as any portion of Her Majesty's subjects (cheers), and as ready as any other to devote their lives and fortunes to promote the public weal? (Hear.) Quoting that which a distinguished French writer (M. Michelet) had said, viz., that there was no union in England—that the English, Scotch, and Irish only wanted an opportunity to come together by the ears, and "that the Welsh, at all their bardic meetings, sang the return of Arthur and of Buonaparte," the speaker ridiculed the notion, amidst much laughter, and proceeded to the next point—the English language. He must say that if he believed the Eisteddvodau had the effect of interfering with the study of the English language he should feel it his duty not to attend them. He thought it right every Welshman should study his mother tongue; but, as one interested in the progress of Welshmen, he was desirous they should master the English language, which was the key to the knowledge of every science, and to that knowledge without which no man could hope to distinguish himself. Now (said Mr. B.) I am approaching a more delicate subject. It is said that these Eisteddvodau have the effect of fostering national vanity to a great degree, making Welshmen believe themselves the first of living nations, and that they have nothing to learn from other people. Much allowance must be made for patriotic ardour at a meeting of this kind; but if we would make progress, we must keep our eye on our defects as well as our virtues. This is a delicate subject to treat, and especially in the mouth of a member of Parliament; but I, as a

member of Parliament, have found that the truth, however unpalatable it may be, if honestly spoken, spoken in a friendly spirit, is listened to respectfully and kindly, and therefore I will tell this assembly of Welshmen what I think about them. I must say, with respect to myself, that I stand in a peculiarly good position for so doing, inasmuch as through my veins, in almost equal currents, flow Welsh, English, and Scotch blood, a circumstance which gives me advantage on the score of impartiality. Now, in speaking of the Welsh people, there are two ways of considering the subject—the one by taking the character, progress, and position of the people at large; the other by fixing on the leading spirits, and saying, "these men are types of the nation—they exhibit the development of the national intellect, and you may judge the nation by these men." Now, if you take the latter mode of judging, I think it will be admitted on all hands that Wales has some reason for modesty. With respect to the eminent men produced by Wales—and remember I wish to say before hand, without flattering, that I believe no nation under the sun possesses naturally finer qualities of mind, nor is there a more quick-witted, intelligent, imaginative people than the Welsh; but nations are very much the creatures of circumstances, and a people who under one set of circumstances may give rise to distinguished men who shall influence the world at large, under different and adverse circumstances may fail to produce such men altogether. If you look upon the history of the world, and ask what Welsh mind has had any influence upon it in an intellectual or social point of view, I think you will have some difficulty in answering the question. There was, indeed, in the earlier centuries, a native of Glamorganshire, one Morgan—better known by his classic name of Pelagius—a distinguished heretic, who produced a very great influence, not only on Britain, but on the world at large. He gave rise to a form of Christianity which took deep root, and which is not even now eradicated. It is not, however, very popular in Wales amongst any of its various denominations. But

Pelagius left here many centuries ago—I am afraid to say how many—fourteen, perhaps. Then, whom has Wales produced since that time? Now, I dare say some fervid patriot will lay claim to Oliver Cromwell, and if he succeeds in establishing that claim, he will undoubtedly show there was a man who influenced the history of mankind. I am bound to say, however, the evidence on this point is but slight. Undoubtedly his family long stayed in England, and England has at least equal claim with Wales to having produced the great man. But Oliver Cromwell lived two hundred years ago. Let us take the last hundred years—that is the right way to judge of the crop a nation has produced. What eminent men have the four countries composing the British Empire brought forth during the last century? As to England, I will not weary you with enumerating them, for, in a moment, twenty or thirty first-rate characters will occur to your recollections. As to Scotland—whose population has been two millions during that time—what has she produced? In philosophy and political economy may be mentioned the names of David Hume and Adam Smith; in the legislature, those of Mansfield and Erskine; in practical science, foremost are Watt and Young; in poetry and literature, I need only select Scott and Burns; and at this moment she can claim the power of a Carlyle and a Macaulay. What has Ireland done—a country on which we are apt to look down? Over and above her Grattans and her Currans, her George Cannings and Daniel O'Connells, Ireland has given to the world in the last century incomparably the greatest thinker and the greatest man of action—Edmund Burke and the Duke of Wellington. Whom of similar calibre has Wales produced? One I might name—Sir William Jones; and every Welshman feels he has a claim on every one who bears that name. But he was born in London; and I am unable to say now to what extent the current of Welsh blood flowed in his veins. Sir William Jones, however, was not a man who produced an impression similar to the others I have mentioned. I do not say this to dis-

courage. Intellectual cultivation depends upon external circumstances. Scotland had, during that time, the refined, polished, and highly educated society of Edinburgh, with a most admirable college at Glasgow. Ireland had its Trinity College, Dublin; and England its great collegiate institutions; whereas Wales, up to the present moment, had no college worthy of the name, nor any great centre of population to stimulate their efforts at distinction; and these are some of the circumstances which have prevented the Welsh minds from springing to the front, as those of other countries have done. But if you will contemplate the subject in the general national characteristics, there I am prepared to join with you in cordial congratulations as to the character of Welshmen, and the prospects of our country. The talented speaker then referred to the paucity of crime in Wales, as compared with other parts of the kingdom. Excluding Glamorganshire, the comparison was peculiarly favourable to Wales. In Glamorganshire, the sudden and vast influx of population made it an exceptional case to the more settled and older populations. For instance, crime in Cardiff, as compared with Merthyr and Aberdare, was in the proportion of 4 to 1—that is, Cardiff, although only half the population of Merthyr and Aberdare, produced twice as many criminals for trial—the difference arising from the influx of strangers, and people of restless character. Wales was also distinguished by the order and industry of its inhabitants; and he would say, as one closely connected with the trade of this district, if it were not for these characteristics of the Welsh workmen, the district in which they were now assembled would not be enabled to compete with the immense natural advantages of Yorkshire in the production of iron. (Hear, hear.) If they had their strikes, their short hours, and continual breaches of good feeling between master and man, which distinguished those parts, he was certain the hour of Merthyr's prosperity would have passed away. The religious character and institutions of the Welsh people were also most creditable to the nation. Mr. Bruce then

mentioned the defection and neglect on the part of the Church of England in time past, and the voluntary efforts of dissent. The healthy existence of a country depended on the amount of voluntary spirit which animated its people. These features were no slight matters, and in the progress of time doubtless Wales would occupy a foremost position amongst the nations. The hon. gentleman concluded his address by a highly complimentary reference to some of the celebrities of Merthyr, naming Mr. Penry Williams, artist, Mr. Thomas Stephens, and Mr. Clark, and sat down amidst loud cheering.

The business of the Eisteddvod then proceeded according to the programme, the impromptu englynion of the bards being succeeded by the award of prizes, varied at intervals with music, vocal and instrumental. Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, was present, and by his splendid execution on the harp, drew rapturous plaudits. The Rev. J. R. Jones, Independent minister, Llanwrtyd, addressed the meeting in Welsh. Miss Wynne, of Liverpool sang very sweetly, accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Wilkes, of Merthyr. Mr. Fowler, stipendiary magistrate, bore his testimony to the kindness and courtesy which he, as a stranger, had received at the hands of the Welsh people, and endorsed the observations of the Chairman as to the comparative freedom of this country from crime. The Cymrodorion choir sang an appropriate piece of music. The meeting adjourned at one o'clock.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

At two o'clock the proceedings were resumed under more favourable auspices than in the morning. The Cyfarthfa brass band (conducted by Mr. Livesey) was in attendance, and opened the meeting by playing a selection of Welsh airs, in excellent style, after which the Rev. Robert Ellis, Sirhowy, delivered an address, which put the audience in good humour.

Rev. J. R. Jones suggested more attention to the cultivation of good reading. He belonged to the clerical pro-

fession, and he believed that amongst the clerics, including the Dissenters of Wales, bad reading was very prevalent. If a man were to go into a shop and ask for a pinch of snuff in the same style as he read in the pulpit, he really would be suspected of an approximation to lunacy. He contended that the people should be more natural.

The awards will be found in another portion of our report. The most important was the prize of £20 for a Welsh essay, "On the Rules of Historical Criticism," placed first on the advertised list. Particular attention was required to the question as to whether the critical rules applicable to general history were appropriate to sacred history or not. Rev. Dr. Williams, of Lampeter, acted as judge, and sent in a very learned adjudication, awarding the prize to the only competitor, who was duly invested by Mr. T. Stephens. The following ladies and gentlemen severally took part in the ceremony of investiture:—Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Fowler, Mr. David Williams, Mr. Vivian, M.P. The competition of young females in singing to Welsh words "The Old House at Home" excited some interest. Two little children, who came off second best, were presented with 10s., subscribed by Mr. Bankes and Mr. David Williams. Miss Wynne sang "The merry Mountain Maid," and was encored, and Mr. Ellis Roberts, as the harpist of the Eisteddvod, accompanied her on his matchless instrument. She gave the second tune, "Y Deryn Pur." An English poem on Welsh patriotism was recited by Mr. W. Evans, Merthyr. Two choirs competed in singing, "Oh! the Pleasure of the Plains," and acquitted themselves remarkably well.

THE CONCERT.

In the evening the hall was brilliantly illuminated with gas, and the attendance greatly exceeded that at any previous meeting. There could not be fewer than from 2,000 to 3,000 persons present. Seldom, if ever, has there been seen at Merthyr such an array of musical

talent. It was curious, indeed, to watch the effect of classical music, such as Mozart's Quartette in G. Major, upon an audience composed, in great part, of labouring men. In this piece Sainton, Pollitzer, Schreurs, and Paque took part, each exhibiting his astonishing and well known artistic skill. The breathless silence with which they were listened to, and the deep attention with which the marvellous execution of the performers was regarded, seemed to indicate that a genuine love of music is a prominent characteristic of the Welsh people. The grand feature of the evening was the aria "In Questa Tomba" (Beethoven), wherein Miss Dolby astonished the natives by her vocal powers. She was rapturously encored. But although unqualified admiration was manifested at these performances, it was evident that the enthusiasm of the Welshman could only be kindled by the simple melodies of his native land. Miss Wynne's singing, accompanied by Mr. Ellis Roberts, created quite a *furore*. She appeared in Welsh costume, with all the primitive severity of the high-crowned hat, the linsey petticoat, the bedgown with short sleeves, and busily plying her knitting needles, to sing, "Mae Robin yn Swil,"—Talhaiarn's words, set to music by Owen Alaw. She "brought down the house," and was recalled to give the English translation. The word "swil" Anglicised is "shy." The conductor and pianist to the instrumentalists was Herr Meyer Lutz, and Mr. Wilkes, of Merthyr, acted as pianist for the choir.

THURSDAY.—MORNING MEETING.

At half-past nine a procession, headed by a brass band and harps, was organised to meet the President on his way from Dowlais House, and to escort him to the Eisteddvod, which was reopened shortly after ten o'clock. The platform was well attended by the *elite* of the district, and the body of the hall was well filled with people, whose plaudits, encouraging the bards, orators, and minstrels, contributed not a little to make the meeting what is generally termed "a success."

The meeting opened with the National Anthem, after which Miss Wynne sang "The Bells of Aberdovey." The Rev. Mr. Jones addressed the meeting in Welsh, and the Merthyr Brass Band played. The award of prizes then proceeded.

Mr. Evan Davies, M.A., Swansea, spoke on the advisability of cultivating the Welsh language, and Welsh literature, and the encouragement of Eisteddvodau as a means to those ends. At the present moment, 750,000 people spoke Welsh, and a large proportion of them spoke Welsh only. Were they to wait until those thousands had forgotten their native tongue, and acquired the English, before they taught them anything? Certainly not. The agency of the Eisteddvod in spreading information was most important. It induced the production of essays, &c., on popular literature, and on scientific and other subjects of practical utility. He had recently to adjudicate prizes for treatises on underground explosions, and on agricultural chemistry—two questions of great interest in South Wales. (Hear.) Reviewing the rise and progress of the Cymrodorion Society, the speaker came to the Eisteddvod of to-day, and making approximate calculations respecting the number of candidates, he mentioned, among other things, that no fewer than 350 persons had actually competed for musical prizes.

The music of the Cardiff Band, led by Mr. Davies, contributed greatly to the harmony of the meeting.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Gathering strength as it proceeded, the Eisteddfod may be said to have reached the climax of its success in the afternoon meeting this day, when no fewer than 3,000 people assembled within the building. The routine of prizes adjudicated, tastefully interspersed with the performances of the brass band, of Mr. Roberts on the harp, and of Miss Wynne, the favourite songstress, was followed by an address from

The Rev. Dr. James, of Pantêg, the most noticeable portion of the proceedings. It was an eloquent and

impassioned appeal to the patriotic feelings of the Welsh, calculated to produce a feeling of self-respect in the Cymro, without by any means detracting from the merits of the Sais. Its electrifying influence on the audience was marvellous to behold. The plaudits were deafening and prolonged, until, at the close of the oration, a hearty Welsh hurrah resounded from one end of the room to the other. Our space precludes the possibility of a detailed report. Amongst the eminent Welshmen of the last fifty years, he claimed Sir Thomas Picton, and the Duke of Wellington, the father of the Duke having married a Welsh lady. He related an incident to show that the Duke was proud of the Welsh blood in his veins.

The harp contest was engaged in by six players, who executed "Penrhaw," with variations. Some of the youthful players came off very creditably, but the blind harper of Llanover bore away the palm.

The adjudication for the best epic poem (£20), which may be considered as the "chair prize," was not pronounced, Eben Fardd, who was appointed judge, not being able to decide between the claims of four candidates who entered the lists. The matter will be referred to two other judges, and the result made known at the society's anniversary on Christmas-day.

After some formal business, the Eisteddvod closed with the National Anthem.

Thursday was a close holiday at Merthyr, all business in the shops being suspended.

Another concert took place in the evening, attended by an overwhelming number of people. The programme was a splendid selection of first-rate music, together with vocal and instrumental illustrations of Welsh melodies. It is calculated that the audience numbered 4,000 people.

Amongst the ladies and gentlemen on the platform were observed,—Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P., G. T. Clark, Esq., Mrs Clark, J. C. Fowler, Esq., Mrs Fowler, Rev. George Thomas, Ystrad Mynach; J. Price, Esq., Mrs. Price, and the Misses Price, Cwmtwrch; Mrs. R. T. Crawshay, Mrs. Bruce, the Misses Bruce, Rev. J. Griffiths,

Rector; Rev. Dr. James, Pantêg; Rev. D. Rhys Jones, David Williams, Esq., Ynyscynon; Evan Davies, Esq., M.A., Swansea; W. L. Banks, Esq., Brecon, and Mrs. Banks, (daughter of Lewis Morris, Esq., author of "Morwynion Glan Meirionydd"); F. Allday, Esq., Mr. Ellis Roberts, Mr. John Wilkes, R.A., Mr. G. F. Davies, Cardiff; Mr. Evan Williams, M.A., C. H. James, Esq., Rev. Alfred Jenkins, Miss Morgan, Graig; Rev. John Roberts, (Ieuan Gwyllt;) Rev. Thomas Levi, Ystradgunlais; Rev. Evan Jones, &c.

PRIZES AWARDED.

For the best Sonnet on Patriotism, air "Morfa Rhuddlan," prize £1: Mr. John Ceiriog Hughes, Manchester. Fourteen compositions.

For the best Sonnet on Philanthropy, air, "Toriad y Dydd," prize £1: the same. Fourteen compositions.

For the best Sonnet on Liberty, air, "Serch Hudol," prize £1: no merit. Ten compositions.

To the female who shall sing best with the harp, "Ar foreu têg," prize 10s., (six competitors): Miss Forey (Gwenfron), Merthyr.

To the three who shall sing best "The Nightingale," £2 (four trios competed): Messrs. Rosser, Griffiths, and Davies, Merthyr.

To the boy under 18 years who shall recite best a poetical selection, "The Blacksmith," first prize, 7s.: John George, Merthyr; second, 3s.: Thomas William Jones, Rhymney. Six competitors.

To the brass band (not exceeding ten in number) that shall play best "Serch Hudol," £5: the Merthyr town band; conductor, Mr. Mathias. No other competitor.

For the best harmonization of "Morfa Rhuddlan," £1: Mr. W. A. Williams, Rhymney. Fourteen competitors.

Ditto of "Toriad y Dydd," £1: Mr. John Lodwick, Rhymney. Eight competitors.

Ditto of "Serch Hudol," £1: Mr. W. A. Williams, Rhymney.

For the best Elegy on the death of the late Marquis of Bute, £5, (presented by David Williams, Esq., Ynyscynon): Mr. John Thomas, Walker Iron Works, Yorkshire.

For the best Welsh unmetrical hymn, with rhythm of parallel thoughts, instead of a syllabic rhyme, after the fashion of Hebrew poetry, subject, "The History of the Cymru," £2: Mr. Theophilus Williams, Merthyr.

To the two females under 15 years who shall sing best, "The Old House at Home," 15s.: Margaret Watts, and Anne Harries. To the second best, (presented by Mr. Banks, and Mr. David Williams,) 10s.: Gwen Richards, and Anna Evans.

For the best descriptive poem of Wales, £10: Mr. Owen Wynne Jones (Glasynys), Dolgellau. Six competitors.

For the best Essay on the "Rules of Historical Criticism," £20: Rev. Rees Gwesyn Jones, Independent Minister, Merthyr. Only one competitor.

To the choir that shall sing best, "Oh! the Pleasure of the Plains," £5: The Choir of St. David's, Merthyr; conductor, Mr. J. Jones.

For the best "Essay on Gardening," £5: Mr. David Lloyd, Bryn Colliery, Cwmavon.

To the male who shall sing best with the harp, "Monk's March," 10s.: Mr David Rosser, Merthyr. Nine competitors.

To the person who shall pass the best examination on "The Variety of Nature," from Dr. Dick's work, £1: Mr. David Jones, Merthyr.

To the young girl who shall recite best, "A Mother's Affection," first, 7s.: second, 2s.: divided amongst three competitors, Elizabeth and Margaret Rowlands, and Mary Ann Baker.

To the two males who shall sing best, "Tell me, where is Fancy Bred?" £1: David Rosser, Merthyr; and Daniel Griffith, Aberdare.

For the best Solo, Air and Chorus, £5: Mr. John Owain (Owain Alaw), Chester.

For the best Historical and Critical Essay on Music: no competition.

For the best six Englyn to the Loadstone, £2: Mr. William Thomas, Blackwood.

For the best Englyn to the Hand, £1: Mr. R. Foulkes Edwards, Wern, Llanbedr, near Ruthin. Forty-four competitors.

To the three who shall sing best "The Fairest Flowers the Vale prefer," £1 10s.: Messrs. David Rosser, Daniel Griffith, and William Davies.

For the best Essay on "Recreative Amusements," £5: John Morgan, New College, St. John's Wood, London.

To the harpist who shall play best "Penrhaw," on a harp with one row of strings, with variations, £3: Mr. Thomas Griffiths, Llanover. Six competitors.

To the boy who shall recite best "King Henry's Oration on Sleep," first prize, 7s.: second, 3s. 1. Edwin Thomas; 2. David Thomas; also, 3. John George; 4. John Thomas; added.

For the best Essay "On the Relations of Society, or the Mutual Dependency of Different Classes of Society," £3: Aneurin. (Proper name not sent.)

For the best Welsh Novel, £6: Llew Llwyfo.

To the two females who shall sing best "Let's imitate her notes," £1: Miss Forey, and Mrs Kruger, Merthyr.

For the best Glee, £5: Mr. John Owen, Chester.

To the choir who shall sing best, "The most exalted Glory," first prize, £10: Dowlais Choir; second, £5: Aberdare Choir.

THE THREE SEVENS OF SAINTS.

Tri Seithau Seint Ynys Prydain :—

1. Seithnyn gosgordd Bran Fendigaid ap Llyr Llediaith a ddaethant â'r Ffydd o Rufain i'r Ynys honn gyntaf, ag ai dysgasant i genedl y Cymry.

2. Saith Doethion a fuant yn y main lle cawsant ddeall gwaranred a rhif ag ansoddau 'r ser; a Garmon Sant au dug dan fedydd, a gwedi hynny y buant yn sywdyddion ac yn athrawon y ffydd yng Nghrist yng Ngwyndy Teilo yn Llandaf, sef oeddynt, 1. Dewi Sant, 2. Cybi Wynn o Euas, 3. Deinioel Sant, 4. Dingad Sant, 5. Beuno Sant, 6. Cynfarch Sant, sef oedd ef tad Urien Reged, 7. Seirioel a roddes floedd Helilw, ban llas Benlli Gawr a llawer oi osgordd, a gyrru ffo ar ereill, ag o hynny gorfod ar y Paganiaid a Gwyddyl Mon ag Arfon a fuant yn ormes yno ganmlynedd a . . .

3. Y drydedd saith oeddent seith o Dyno Heli ym Morfa Rhianedd a oresgynws mor eu tir, ar saith a ddyrasant y ffydd yng Nghrist ar Wyddyl Mon ag Arfon a'r Cantref.—*MS.*

Translation.

The three Seven Saints of the Isle of Britain :—

1. The seven persons in the retinue of Bran the Blessed, son of Llyr Llediaith, who first brought the faith from Rome to this island, and taught it to the nation of the Cymry.

2. The seven wise men who had presided at the stones, *i. e.*, in the bardic circle, where they obtained a knowledge of the fixedness, and number, and nature of the stars. And it was St. Germanus that brought them to baptism. And after that they became astronomers, and teachers of the faith in Christ, at the college of Teilo, in Llandaff. They were, 1. St. David, 2. Cybi the Fair from Euas, 3. St. Deiniol, 4. St. Dingad, 5. St. Beuno, 6. St. Cynvarch, father of Urien Rheged, 7. Seiriol, who raised the hulloo cry when Benlli the giant, with many of his retinue, was slain, and others put to flight; whence the Pagans and the

Gwyddelians of Mona and Arvon were conquered, after they had usurped those places for a hundred years and . . .

3. The third seven were the seven of Tyno Heli, on Rhianedd shore, whose lands were inundated by the sea. And these seven brought the faith in Christ to the Gwyddelians of Mona, and Arvon, and the Cantred.

BRAN.

Gwedi cael adoresgyn ei wlad ai gyfoeth o Garadoc cystal y cadwes yr ymgadwes ef yn heddwch yr ammherawdr fal nas caid rhyfel a gwyr Rhufain dros hirfod amser, ag am hynny gollwng Bran ap Llyr ei dad yn waredig oi wystleidaeth yn Rhufain, ac yn rhydd iddo ei wlad ai genedl, yna dyfod yn ol i Ynys Prydain a orug Bran a dyddwyn gydag ef Ilid Sant gwr o'r Israel, a Chyndaf Sant a elwir Cyndaf Hen, a mab i hwnnw Meugant Hen Sant, a chyda Bran y bu'r Triwyr hynn yn dangos gwybodaeth y ffydd Ynghrist i Genedl y Cymry ag Ilid yn ben athraw. Yna yr amherawdr a roddes i Fran ai wehelyth ei dir yn rydd ai fraint yn rad, ag a roddes iddaw hefyd ei ddegwm yn rydd ag yn rad, a Bran ai rhoddes i Ilid Sant, a hwnnw a fu 'r degwm cyntaf a rodded i Dduw ai Saint, fal y dywed Taliesin,—

Gorug Bran ap Llyr llwrw braint,
Ar y ffydd ac ai gwypaint,
A Degwm i Dduw ai Saint.
—*MS.*

When Caractacus had re-possessed his country and territory, he continued so well in peace with the emperor, that no war broke out with the Romans for a long period of time. Wherefore Bran ap Llyr, his father, was liberated from his pledge at Rome, and had free permission to return to his country and people. Thereupon Bran came back to the Isle of Britain, bringing with him St. Ilid, a man of Israel, and St. Cyndav, called Cyndav the Aged, and a son of his, St. Meugant the Aged. And these three men continued with Bran, showing a knowledge of the faith in Christ to the nation of the Cymry, Ilid being the chief teacher. Then the emperor made his land and privilege free to Bran and his family, and made also his tithe free, and Bran gave it to St. Ilid. And this was the first tithe that was given to God and His Saints, as Taliesin declares:—

Bran, son of Llyr, conferred just privilege
Upon the faith, and those who knew it.
And gave tithe to God and His Saints.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIALECTS OF WALES.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

Sir,—In the Triads (16, Third Series) it is stated,—"There are three principal tribes of the nation of the Cymry: the Gwenhwyson, or men of Siluria; the Gwyndodiaid, or men of Gwynedd and Powys; and the tribe of Pendaran Dyved, or men of Dyved, Gower, and Cardigan; and each of the three possesses a peculiar dialect of the Cymraeg." An interesting inquiry is, in which chiefly of the three dialects is Welsh literature written? Or, in other words, which of the three principal tribes has done most for the literature of Wales? I must confess that I have never yet met with a Chronicle or historical MS. in the Gwyndodian dialect, nor can it, I believe, be ascertained that North Wales ever produced a prose writer before the fifteenth century, unless the author of the Life of Gruffudd ap Cynan may be considered as one, who nevertheless wrote it in the Gwentian dialect. At least all the ancient copies of the Life are written in that dialect. The first prose writing in the Gwentian dialect of ascertained date is the original charter of Llandaf, and a survey or description in Welsh of lands granted by its original founders to that see about the year 450, or but very little later. Then of known date in the ninth century, we have the Howelian code of laws, drawn up and written by Blegywryd, dean, as some term him, or archdeacon of Llandaf. His Welsh title is *Mebydd*, which some render dean, and others archdeacon. He was undoubtedly the next in office and dignity to the bishop.

We have some prose writings in the Gwentian dialect by *Ceraint Fardd Glas*, or *Y Bardd Glasceraint*, as his name is by some written. (The *Glaskerion* of Chaucer.) These are ethical essays and sentences; and indeed of a much earlier date we have ethical writings in prose as well as in verse, by Cattwg Ddoeth (*Cadocus Sapiens*), about the year 500.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Caradoc of Llancarvan, wrote their histories about the middle of the eleventh century.

Cwtta Cyfarwydd Morganwg wrote when Glamorgan continued within its ancient boundaries, of course before the Norman conquest of that kingdom.

"Brut y Saeson," or the Chronicle of the Saxons, is in the Gwentian dialect, and is, in several of its copies, attributed to Caradoc of Llancarvan.

A Treatise on Agriculture is by Walter de Mapes; the "Greal," and the "Mabinogion," with many romances, are also in this dialect, and by Southwalian or Gwentian authors. Our oldest gramma-

rians, Edeyrn Davawd Aur, *circa* 1280, Ieuan ap y Diwlith, *circa* 1220, Einiawn Offeiriad, 1360, and others, are also Southwalians; so are a great many prose writers besides, as "Meddygon Myddvai," a large medical volume, written about the middle of the thirteenth century—numerous theological tracts—tracts on the arts of poetry and versification. All the Northwalian bards, down to the year 1300, wrote in the Gwentian dialect, and even later than that; afterwards they wrote in the Dimetian, which appears to have been their literary dialect for nearly 200 years, or down to the year 1500, for much earlier we find nothing written, or very little, in the Northwalian or Gwyneddian dialect. The only prose writings that can be ascertained to be Northwalian before the year 1400, are the "Life of Gruffudd ap Cynan," and the "Rhuddlan Statute," and these are in the Gwentian dialect. The "Book of Twrog" is in the same dialect, and seems to have been written in North Wales about the middle of the fourteenth century. The meagre annals bearing the Latin title of "Æræ Cambrobritanicæ," seems to have been written in North Wales about the year 1300, or rather later, but this is not unquestionable.

The Gwentian was the dialect of the courts of the Northwalian Princes; it was, at least, their literary dialect, as it undoubtedly appears from all the works of their bards without exception. Some Northwalians contend that the dialect in which they wrote was that of the country in general; but, if this be proved, it will also prove that the Northwalian has been subsequently greatly corrupted—prodigiously more so than the Gwentian or Dimetian. The fact, I believe, is this; the seat of the British government, after it became independent of the Roman, was in Gwent, in Caerleon-upon-Uske; hence the dialect of the country naturally became that of the court, of the laws, and of literature in general. It thus became highly polished. When the seats of the Welsh governments receded farther into Wales, North and South, the established and cultivated dialect of literature, and of the more civilized classes, was retained in the courts of the princes, and by the bards, the only *literati* of North Wales, until a late period. The present Northwalian dialect abounds in archaisms, and has but imperfectly adopted the regular grammatical system of the Gwentian, wherein all the verbs are formed by inflection, but in the Northwalian they are formed by auxiliaries very generally. It has besides a taint of the Irish language, especially in the compounds as *y Borthwen, y Cilgwyn, Pencaer*, &c., which in the *Gwentian* would be *Gwenborth, Gwyngil, Caerben*, &c., or uncompounded, *y Borth wen, y Cil gwyn, Pen y gaer*, &c. Numerous instances of this appear in the names of places in North Wales, as *Greigwen, Penllyn, Llanfawr, Trefawr, Mynyddfawr, Aberman, Aberarth, Aberffraw, Llanfair, Minmor, Corwen, Minffordd, Llanddwyn, Pentir, Penmon, Bodfach, Penmaen, Pentraeth*, with other barbarous compounds, as *Penyci, Penytir, Clustyblaidd*, and other kinds of words, as *y Fedw deg, Carreg y*

Walch, &c. There are Irish idioms of other kind in the Gwyneddian dialect. Our oldest annals inform us that, in an early part of the Christian era, the Irish settled themselves in North Wales, chiefly in Anglesey and around the Snowdon mountains. They were subject to the government of the Welsh Princes in subsequent ages, but never wholly expelled, and a considerable portion of them coalesced with the Welsh, became one people with them, and so in some degree did their languages. The words *moch*, *blochda*, *brych*, *broch*, for which the Southwalian dialects use *mwth*, *blith*, *brith*, *brwth*, are instances of this. Yet the Gwyneddians boast of the superior purity of their dialect, but very unjustly, unless they will be contented with what will be easily granted to them, that they have more archaisms, more numerous irregularities in their grammar, and a general deficiency of cultivation, indicating the retention to this day of a considerable degree of primitive barbarism or rudeness, which can be proved to the fullest demonstration. The Northwalian boast has excited a pretty general opinion that its dialect is the purest of all the Welsh dialects, and Southwalian writers of the present age are stupid enough to adopt the barbarisms and corruptions of North Wales; but these are such as have never properly studied the language—such as know but little of its true idiom and structure, of its genius and character.

A SILURIAN.

THE IRISH HARP.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—*The Harp* that once in Tara's Halls was sung of by Tommy Moore, the Irish poet; but the harp of "Tara" is mute centuries ago; so is the Irish harp. There is a harp hanging up in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, said, or supposed, to be an ancient Irish harp; but there is no sufficient proof of this I believe. However, the said harp is a miserable little one-stringed affair, which never could have produced any of the fabled strains "Moore" celebrates in his *Irish Melodies*. Telyniwr Tywysog Cymru, "the harper to the Prince of Wales," would be completely at fault if this little lyre, more than harp, was to be put into his hands, and if he were to be asked to play some of our noble national airs, such as "Codiad yr Haul," or any other of the Welsh melodies requiring depth of sound and sweetness also. The instrument so much vaunted in song is too short to produce bass, tenor, and treble, in the sound of the strings; it would be all tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. I merely make these remarks, Sir, to show that the Irish harp proper does not exist; and that when it did exist, if the harp hanging up in Trinity College Museum represents the real Irish harp, its value as a musical instrument was very trifling. But the Irish make a great cry about their harp; it is on their coin, on the colours of their regiments, brought in in every way possible as the national instrument, whereas it literally does not exist in Ireland. Herein may be perceived a great difference in the two races, the Erse

and the Briton (ancient of course); the one magnifies a mere poetic symbol into a great and national instrument of music. The Irishman is right, nationally speaking, in raising everything of his country into some great and glorious, though mysterious attribute it may be, of Ireland's past or present greatness. The Welshman, on the contrary, does not give to Wales her due in many things, but too often deprecates that which in his country is really worthy of renown. The facts of the case are exemplified in the harp of the two countries. The one which does not exist is blazoned abroad, and is in the mouth of every Irish Celt. The one which does exist, did exist, and is played all through Wales, and which is a magnificent instrument of music in the hands of the Prince of Wales's harper at this very time, is scarcely known in the great world out of Wales. Let us correct this at once by registering every Welsh harp and harper, that the number may be known. I believe there are yet many more than is imagined. There are numerous bagpipes in Ireland, and the great men of that country always kept pipers; the Irish pipes, bear in mind, being quite a different instrument from the Highland or Scotch bagpipes; the former being very inferior in make and sound to the latter. I am quite certain, and I have been often in Ireland, and have relatives who are natives of that country, that the bagpipes are, and have been for centuries, the national instrument and national music of Ireland, and that you must go back to a very remote date to find out when the harp was played in Ireland, probably as far back as the time when some of the petty Kings of Ireland held revel in the Halls of Tara.—I remain, &c.,

WELSH HARP.

MERTHYR TYDFIL EISTEDDVOD.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—I used to think that an Eisteddvod was essentially a Welsh congress, having for its object the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of Wales. If I was right in my supposition, why in the name of consistency were Sainton, Pollitzer, Schreurs, Paque, and Herr Meyer Lutz imported to a meeting bearing that name at Merthyr Tydfil? It was quite evident from the reception given to our fair songstress of the mountain, lovely Miss Wynne, who, as is stated in the report, "brought down the house," that Welshmen would have been contented with the representatives of simple Welsh melodies. I trust that such an eisteddvodic mistake will not soon again be recorded.—I remain, &c.,

DYVAN.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE PEDIGREES.—Can any of our correspondents give us any information about a book entitled *Gloucestershire Pedigrees*, said to have been published in 1765? or can they refer us to a copy?

DENBIGH EISTEDDVOD.—Many of our readers will be glad to hear that Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart., M.P., has accepted the presidency of this national congress, about to be held in the autumn of next year.

THE WELSH FUSILIERS.—The Prince of Wales has sent a goat to the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, at Malta, as the other died since the regiment has been there.

CORPORAL SHIELDS.—We read in the London papers as follows:—"*Middlesex Sessions.*—A case was to have been tried, which did not come before the court, and the recognizances of the accused party and his sureties were ordered to be estreated. Had the case being gone into, the celebrated Corporal Shields, of the 23rd Welsh Fusileers, who now holds a situation as one of the Regent's Park keepers, would have been a witness. He appeared in court, wearing the Victoria Cross, the Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Crimean medal (four clasps), the Turkish medal, a medal subscribed for him in his native town, Beaufort, and a gold collar presented to him by the Welsh nation as 'her bravest son.' This collar was in imitation of the old British torques, and was presented to Corporal Shields at the Grand National Eisteddvod held in Llangollen last year."

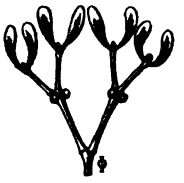
AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The late W. Williams, Esq., formerly M.P. for Manchester, while staying at a friend's house, in the county of Buckingham, on his wedding excursion, was walking in the grounds with a number of friends waiting for breakfast, when a servant came up to say that a poor girl was at the house door, apparently asking for charity; they could not understand one word that she said; but she was shoeless, and presented a most miserable appearance. The party were attracted to see her. Mr. Williams immediately found she was from Wales. Upon his addressing her in her own language, the poor creature fell down upon her knees, clasped her hands, and, in Welsh, exclaimed, "Thank God, I am saved from starving!" which Mr. Williams interpreted to the company, who were all deeply affected by the scene. It turned out that she was a respectable small farmer's daughter, who had come up from Wales to take leave of a brother who was a sailor. Upon arriving, however, at Portsmouth, she found that the ship, on board

of which her brother was, had sailed for China. She had not the means of paying for any conveyance back, and did not know the way, nor where she was; but that in walking at random for days, she had completely worn out the soles of her shoes, and had suffered greatly from cold and the want of food. She was hospitably treated. The party subscribed an appropriate sum for her pocket, and Mr. Williams had her comfortably supplied with all requisite clothing, and when she was fit to start, paid the coach fare, and gave strict injunctions to the guard and coachman to see that she was safely conveyed to her native place, and that during the journey all her wants should be provided for.

THE WELSH IN CALIFORNIA.—This people constitute a numerous class in the mining community of California, and exhibit certain characteristics of marked peculiarity. Chief among these is that clinging devotion to their nationality which we term clanishness. This keeps them united in a foreign land as by a secret obligation of brotherhood. Obedient to the subtle instinct of a common nativity, they prefer one another to all the world besides, and are prompt, unwavering friends in the hours of sickness or adversity. Let one be stricken down by accident or disease, and though he may have been a stranger to his countrymen, they flock around him with words and deeds of kindness, remaining watchful guardians of his couch till health revisits it. Where one prospers in his search for gold, others soon come, buying out those of the world's people who may happen to be there before them, until the entire locality is sometimes in their possession—a little Welsh settlement. They are noted for industry, and are generally successful labourers. Wherever tunnelling is done, almost certainly you will find them employed, dividing this field of occupation with the experienced miners of Cornwall. Although usually shorter in stature than the English, they are not less stout and robust. Lacking the shrewd craftiness of the Scotch, they are like them in native intelligence; and although so exclusive and unfamiliar, are yet good neighbours—not backward in assisting the needy, even if not of their own darling nationality.—*Panama Star.*

THE

CAMBRIAN JOURNAL.

ALBAN  ARTHAN.

(WINTER SOLSTICE.)

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BARDS.

By the Late Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.

SCHOOL OF GRUFFUDD AP CYNAN; *alias* OF GLYNN ACHLACH.

(*Continued from p.* 141.)

It was the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan that introduced, properly speaking, at least systematically, alliteration into the Welsh poetry. It must indeed be confessed that, some time before, a few faint traces of it had appeared; but so few do we find that we are at a loss to say whether they were intentional, or things of mere accident. Some of our modern would-be poets and critics have considered this fantastical, and, I will boldly say, false ornament, as the great excellency, and indeed the glory, of our versification; but rationality, sound criticism, and good taste are things that have not, for too many centuries to be well remembered, appeared amongst our self-boasting Welsh. If I offend some of them I cannot help it, for I have, unfortunately for them, some predilection

for truth, and also some fondness for pure nature. Had our poetry for the last five centuries been what might have been expected from the genuine character and energetic powers of our copious and luminous language, what a high rank would it have held amongst the poetical compositions of the world! We have, it is true, some pieces that appear tolerably decent; but why am I not able to speak more highly of them? Why? because false principles of ornamental verse have so graspingly laid hold of our verse-mongers, that they have not been able to disengage themselves from the clutches of those illegitimate refinements that have so heavily hampered them for ages. But to proceed.

Alliteration was, in the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan, considered as an indispensable requisite of versification, at least what was not greatly to be dispensed with. Meilir appears to be the first of this school; he used alliteration in by far the greater number of his lines; I say the greater number, for he sometimes contented himself with the rhymed pauses of the school of Taliesin, such as in the following lines:—

"Pan ddyfo Do*fydd*, yn *nydd* pennawd,
Peryf par wrth*fynn* yn er*bynn* brawd,
Nid adfarn cer*ddau* nid *gau* defawd."

Such lines are very frequent in Meilir; but alliterative lines are much more—at least three to one. His son, Gwalchmai, improved on this new embellishment of verse, at least was more sparing of the internally rhyming verses with alliteration; but it was contrived to combine both principles together. The following lines are instances.—

"Ergyrwayw brwydrin cyn rhewin rhawd,—
Pedryddawc deyrn uch cyrn coned,
Un undawd drindawd drwy rybuched."

Of this combination there are numerous varieties.

Though alliteration had been adoped as a principal requisite of versification by the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan, it was pretty long before it was brought under any fixed rules, and did not arrive at its ultimate perfection till a more recent school, that of Edeyrn Dafawd

Aur, superseded it, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Here we must deviate a little to search out the origin of alliteration, and the source whence the Welsh poetry derived it. It appears to have been known to the Runic Scalds many centuries before the Welsh bards adopted it. The dying ode of Regner Lodbrog, was composed about the year 550, cotemporary with Taliesin.[1] It not only has alliteration, but this appears to have been completely systematized—brought under well defined rules—a sufficient proof that it had been very long in use; for every principle in art has its incipiency and progressive state, and it is a long time before it reaches its ultimate point, or such a degree of perfection as to be deemed sufficient so as to render it stationary, to arrest it in its career, and to say, "Hitherto shall thou come, and no farther." The Welsh alliteration did not arrive at such a point till a thousand years after the ode of Regner was written. I am not to be understood as if I meant to say that Welsh verse was, prior to this event, in a state of imperfection; on the contrary, I assert with confidence that it only arrived at its ultimate deviation from its original perfection then. When we read the energetic verse of the *Gododin*, where it remains unmutilated, of Llywarch Hen, of Myrddin in his Avallenau, of Meugant, of Llefoed Wynebglawr, of Englynion y Misoedd, &c., that have no alliteration, we are astonished how the Welsh bards ever suffered this false embellishment to arrive at the extravagantly high pitch which it attained.

The late Lewis Morris boldly asserted, in some of his letters that are now printed, that alliteration had been in all ages in use amongst the Welsh bards. Lewis Morris was a man of extreme ignorance in ancient Welsh literature, much as he pretended to the contrary—much as the ignorant at present think otherwise of him; a man of unconquerable prejudice—witness the hard and long labour of his whole life to establish that romance

[1] Olaus Wormius and Five Runic Odes, p. 23.

of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and a number of other instances; much as he affected the characters of poet and critic, he never had any skill in the Welsh versification of any period whatever; a mere schoolboy portion of knowledge in its more modern principle was all that he ever possessed. But in favour of his own systems, what audacious falsehoods has he uttered in his letters to learned and candid English historians and antiquaries, who applied to him for such information from the Welsh MSS. as they wished to obtain, and which a man of any conscience would have honestly given. But to proceed in our research.

Gruffudd ap Cynan was undoubtedly acquainted with the Scalds; spoke their language from his infancy; was versed in all their learning, in their principles of versification, and had acquired a taste for their poetry and its peculiarities of verse, turn of sentiment, &c., &c.; hence he might wish to transfer those (imagined) graces into the poetry of his own, or the Welsh language. He had probably some experience of the animating effects of the Scaldic heroic odes, and might wish to patronize an order of bards or poets similar to the Scalds in his own dominions, to effect the same purposes as were known to be effected by the Runic poetry. This could not be effectually accomplished but by establishing a school of such poetry, and an order of bards similar to the Scalds; this he did, and with complete success. That the poetry of the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan has a great number of its characteristics derived from the Scalds' poetry must be in the highest degree obvious to any unprejudiced critic; but there are persons of strong prejudices who are such hot-brained, self-dubbed critics, that will not admit that the Welsh poetry is in any particular instance derived from any other source than their own ancient (supposed to be divinely inspired) Awen (poetic genius). Give every such person his own way; indeed he will have it, whether we will or not.

Alliteration is not the only peculiarity of metre derived from the Runic poets; to begin two or more lines together

with the same letter is by the Welsh poets called cyd-saingymmeriad. This was used by the Scalds long before it appeared in the Welsh,—three or four centuries at least.

The poetry of the Scalds has a species of ferocious grandeur in its sentiments that is very remarkable; so has the poetry of the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan.

1. "Arddwyreaf hael o hil Iago
A borthes branhes Brynaich gyffro."—*Gwalchmai*, 198.
2. "Dysgwedwn gwelsant ar gant celain,
Am draeth Edrywy adryweded brain."—*Ib.* 200.
3. "Ar edrywedd gwaed gwaeddai gigfrain,
Marchogynt ar feirw fil frain
Marchogion Brynaich branhes Owain,
Calenig uddudd coludd celain.
Y dan draed adar gwyr gwanar gwain,
Gweleis eu trychni trichant celain
Gweleis wedi cad coludd ar ddrain."—*Cynddelw*, 204.
4. "I flaaidd rhudd i fraw fudd i frain."—*Ib.* 207.
5. "Uch myrdd wyr uch Myrddin oedd cain,
Uch gwalchlan uch gwalchladd pennain,
Uch gwayw rhudd yn rhuddaw adain,
Uch gwaed gwynt goleu hynt gwylain,
Uch gwaed lyry gwaedlanw gwaeddai gigfrain,
Uch gwaedffreu uch adneu ednain."
6. "Brwysg lafneu ynghreu ynghrai gelanedd
Cyminedd cymynai,
Gwyrdd heli Teifi tewychai,
Gwaedlan gwyr a llyr y llanwai,
Gwyach rhudd gorfudd goralwai,
Ar doniar gwyar gonofiai—
Gwyddgwn coed colled ai porthai."—*Ib.* 208.

Thus Englished,—

"I extol the liber descendant of Iago, who fed the ravens with the carcases of his enemies."

"I assert it, along the strands of Edrywy were seen, on hundreds of the slain, the scenting ravens."

"Loudly screamed the ravens in the scent of blood. Thousands of crows rode on the dead. A feast to them were the entrails of carcases. Under the claws of birds of prey were seen men in whose bodies our sovereign sheathed his sword. I have seen

mangled three hundred carcases. I have seen after the battle entrails hanging on the thorns."

"To the blood-redden'd wolf, to the ravens, a delightful view of wealth to them."

"It was delightful to see hovering over myriads of men, over the camp of heroes, over the striking off of heads, over the fumes of scenting blood, the visible concourse of sea gulls, over a tide of gore the loud voices of ravens, over the torrents of blood, over what was consigned to the ravenous birds."

"The swords were drunk with blood from the fresh carcases. The blood of men thickened the waves of Teivi. The blood-reddened snipe called it exuberant wealth. He swam in waves of blood. The wild dogs of the wood have lost him who fed them."

I hope this will be thought enough; but some thousands, I believe, of similar instances might be exhibited from the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan.

The following parallel instances are from the ode of Regner Lodbrog:—

"We procured ample entertainment for the eagle in that slaughter."

"We gave ample prey to the ravens to rend in pieces; a banquet for the wild beasts that feed on flesh."

"Many fell into the jaws of the wild beasts. The hawk and the wolf tore the flesh of the dead. They departed, glutted with their prey."

"We carved out with our weapons a plentiful feast for the wolves of the sea."

"Wide on the shore lay the scattered dead. The wolves rejoiced over their prey. He was given a prey to the hungry ravens. Bodies of warriors lay intermingled. The hawk rejoiced at the play of swords. He was given a prey to the hungry ravens."

"We gained rivers of blood for the ravenous wolf. Ample food for the yellow-footed fowl. The whole ocean was one wound; the ravens waded in the blood of the slain. The birds of prey bewailed his fall."

These are coincidences of such numerous particulars of verse, of sentiment—in short of the whole, of every idea in the poetry of the two nations; and nothing can be

more clearly proved than that this species of heroic poetry existed amongst the Scandinavians several centuries before it appeared in the Welsh language. Whence could we derive this kind of infernal sublimity, for sublimity we find the barbarian bards of our own age, and of (I am ashamed of my being a Briton) our own country have generally agreed to term it?

It is said by many of our writers, and I believe that what they say is true, that such heroic odes as these were sung to the harp in the halls of our princes when they met to rejoice and celebrate the victories they had won; but surely it will be allowed, by every one whose heart approaches in some degree to what should be found in a human breast, that Pandemonium is the only place where such triumphs can be with propriety and full effect exhibited.

Passages, indeed, of less ferocious aspect might be selected from the bards of this school, and lines that are truly and uncommonly sublime, in sense sufficiently good, others that are charmingly beautiful; and a beauty that would charm a ferocious barbarian runs through (we may generally say) the whole of the poetry of this school.

Whencesoever anything in literature or science may be derived, it will bring along with it its concomitants; hence most probably the Irish idioms, especially those of using auxiliaries instead of inflections in forming verbs, which prevails considerably in, and is peculiar to, North Wales. The Irish do the same; hence Irish words as Moch (for mwth), Rhechdyr, and others; hence the Irish manner of forming compounds, as hindda, gwrda, Pentir, y Borthwen, Treborth, minmor, minffordd, Llanfor, Coetmor, Llanycil, Penytir, Penyci, Cilgwyn, Mynyddfawr, and many hundreds besides, unless we suppose that we derive them from the Irish invaders who settled in North Wales in the fifth century, and continued there for about thirty years, or 130, as other MSS. say, till they were driven away by the sons of Cunedda Wledig, and afterwards by Caswallawn Lawhir. Great numbers, however,

having been properly subjugated, remained for ever in some parts of North Wales, particularly in Anglesea, where for a long time they kept themselves a separate people, often very troublesome to the Welsh; they, however, in time, became blended with the Welsh natives, and, as a nation, lost; but with a portion of their blood, some traces or effects of their language permanently remain.

If the accounts that many of our MSS. contain of the achievements of the sons of Cunedda Wledig are pretty correct, it should seem that the Irish were at one time very generally spread over most parts of North Wales. We find also from history that a very considerable intercourse, and for the most part friendly, subsisted between North Wales and Ireland. This, however, is playing the truant, and gadding out of Gruffudd ap Cynan's school, wherein we must remain a little longer for what of further knowledge we want.

This school, as before observed, was the means of powerfully reviving the poetry of Wales, that had been, as it were, dying away for almost two centuries; it selected the best and most grandly-sounding of the metres and stanzas of the ancient schools, rejecting the less dignified—and perhaps mistakenly in one instance—that of the ancient triplet (Englyn Milwr). This, though but simple in its form and the principles of its structure, possesses, as it appears from the hands of Llywarch Hen, a dignity that is not common, and is susceptible of a rhythm that is at once easy, harmonious, and simply majestic. However in this school was a sufficient variety of our finest kinds of verse, and if adding to this variety had never been thought of, it would have been attended with advantages that may be said to be incalculable, when we lamentingly view the depredations which subsequent attempts at improvement have made on the Welsh poetical genius.

Though this school did not immediately extend into South Wales, yet it operated as a stimulus that produced a revival in the ancient school there, which probably would not otherwise have taken place.

The dialect of this school is much nearer the Silurian than any other Welsh dialect, and has absolutely nothing of what constitutes the peculiarities of the modern North-walian dialect. It obviously retains the dialect of the ancient schools, or the ancient literary dialect. How this happened to be the Silurian may be thus accounted for:—

Caerleon, in Siluria, became the seat of government for many regal successions after the Romans had left Britain, and the Britons had established an independent government. The dialect of that part of any country where government seats itself will infallibly become the court dialect, the fashionable dialect, and thence the literary dialect. This being regularly formed, a number of literary works will in time appear, and its words and its idioms will thus pass through a mint that will leave a permanent impression upon them, and render them the only currencies of the language; hence all the writings of the sixth century are in this dialect; this secured the same to works of succeeding times. A literary dialect being thus formed, and permanently established, will not easily alter; it will not escape away; it is firmly bound up in the chains imposed upon it by literature. This having taken place, let the sovereign courts and residences remove to wherever choice or necessity may drive them, they will carry with them their own dialect of the national language; they will be attended by the literature of their country; thus, though removed to a part of their dominions where a different dialect may be the popular one, or the *vernaculum*, they are under a necessity of retaining the more polished dialect, and they will also be strongly inclined to do so.

Owing to the incursions of the Saxons, or perhaps to other reasons elsewhere noticed, the supreme court of the sovereignty retired into North Wales. They took along with them their own dialect, and ever after they retained it; hence we perceive why the Silurian dialect prevailed, at least in a greater degree than any other, at the courts of all the Welsh Princes of both North and South Wales; and it is also very possible that, being the court dialect of

Caerleon, it might have been adopted by all the inferior princely courts of Wales, and of every part of the island, before the seat of supreme government ceased to be at Caerleon. The English court may remove to any part of Scotland, of Wales, of Ireland, or even to where it will be more dangerous—to Exmoor or Zumurzetzhire—but it will carry with it its firmly established cultivated dialect of London, and for ever retain it, in whatever dialect the surrounding rustics may converse.

The Northwalian dialect was never, at least but very sparingly, admitted into the national literature, till the native princes and their royal courts were no more. It however began to appear conspicuously in poetry about the middle of the thirteenth century, and not much before; but even so late as this, Dafydd Ddu o Hiraddug, wrote entirely in the Silurian dialect, though, if not a native, he had long resided in North Wales on his benefice of Dinmeirchion.

This school may be peculiarly termed the ancient school of North Wales, because it never extended itself much into South Wales. There was, indeed, at the time of its commencement, or soon after, one of its pupils in South Wales, Gwynfardd Brycheiniog. In its second century, we find Philip Brydydd, and Prydydd Bychan; and besides these it does not at present occur to me that South Wales had any bards of this school. Prose writing was, however, cultivated in South Wales, and it should seem, exclusively. Geoffrey of Monmouth, Caradoc of Lancarvan, Walter de Mapes, author of an ingenious little tract (for the age) on husbandry, were Southwalians; so to all appearance were the writers of our old romances, at least as far as can be inferred from dialects, the heroes and scenes of their tales, &c., for no names of authors appear to them. The medical writers of Myddfai were also about the year 1200; so that the literary school of South Wales was a prose writing school, not a poetical one. It is true South Wales had some poets through the whole of this period, but they never greatly distinguished themselves as such, and the few that were must be con-

sidered as of the ancient school of Taliesin, and the continuators of it. One Southwalian poet indeed, Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert, seems to have so much originality in his poems and manner, that I have ventured to put him at the head of a Southwalian school, having objects of indeed a more humble nature and much less sublimity in almost every respect than the school of North Wales, but more congenial to civilized humanity; these objects were rural description, rural and domestic manners, gallantry, &c., and I have given some reason for supposing it in a degree a branch of the school of the Provencal Troubadours.

To the ancient schools no locality can be attached; they are peculiarly neither of North or South Wales, but equally common to each.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries everything was poetry in North Wales, and South Wales all prose. These are singular appearances, but I believe that facts will warrant my assertion. Not a single prose writer can I find during those centuries that can be ascertained to have been of North Wales; but the Northwalian bards were numerous. In addition to those already mentioned must be added Dafydd Benfras, Einiawn ap Gwgawn, Einiawn Wann, Einiawn ap Gwalchmai, Meilir ap Gwalchmai, Gwgawn, Gruffudd Llygad Gwr, Llywelyn Fardd, Bleddyn Fardd, Gruffudd ap Gwrgeneu, Einiawn ap Madawc Rhahawd, Hywel Voel ap Griffri, Gwilym Ddu Arfon, Llywarch Llaetty, and I believe many more.

Of the productions of these poets we have about 200 pieces, most of them of considerable length, and in general, well preserved; time has injured a few of them. Perhaps a few poets of this period may be found in North Wales that belong more properly to the ancient school of Taliesin than to that of Gruffudd ap Cynan. In South Wales, also, a few Taliesinian bards may also be found; amongst them Madawc ap Gwallter, the Friar, for by his language I conceive him to have been a Southwalian, not indeed from the general cast of it, for I have before observed that all the Northwalian bards, till a late

period, wrote in a Southwalian dialect, but from many local or provincial words of a comparatively recent age that are still common in South Wales, and never were so in North Wales. These not being derived from the popular dialect of North Wales, or the ancient—at that period generally retained—literary dialect, must have been taken up from the popular language of his native place, or at least of his place of residence.

The school of Gruffudd ap Cynan was very bold, metaphorical, figurative, and rich in its language; its compounds and abstracts are energetic, concise, and very beautifully and luminously express their intended ideas; and in this respect it has preserved, uninjured and unrelaxed, the gigantic nerves of the Welsh language—nothing inferior in this respect to the school of Taliesin at its most flourishing period. It exhibited a nice judgment in selecting the best of our ancient metres for its use, but otherwise added nothing to our versification; this was not amongst its objects which were to inspire the Welsh of that age with a ferocity of character that was thought necessary to enable them to make a tolerable stand against their enemies; to excite in them a mortal hatred of the Saxons and the Franci, as the Normans were termed by them. Hence it is that we meet with but very few instances of gallantry in this school; all the gentler and more genial affections of human nature were made to give way to ferociously martial ardour, to the higher delight of plentifully feeding thousands of wolves, dogs, eagles, ravens, cormorants, &c., with the flesh and blood of their enemies, of their detested Saxons; next to these enjoyments those of the mead horn engaged them, over which in frantically energetic song they triumphed over the sons of Alis, over the spawn of Rowena; for it was such epithets that those bards bestowed on the kings of England.

The benign effects of the Roman civilization through four centuries of the most luminous period of which our language and literature had passed, and which were strongly impressed on the school of Taliesin, made not

the least appearance in the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan. The literature of this school was that of barbarians—a perfect counterpart of the learning of those lettered savages the Runic Scalds. A thought, yet a truth, occurs to me, and very sorry am I to utter it; many of our modern literary savages, of our English bards, and of their readers —what a shame!—have a wonderful penchant, a strong predilection for such poetry as we have had under consideration. We see this in their fondness for the diabolical Runic poetry, for what is equally diabolical in many parts of Homer. Let them study the Welsh language, and read the poetry of Gruffudd ap Cynan's school, and they will be gratified to the utmost extent of their infernalized wishes.

Such was the poetry of North Wales and Powys in those ages. The effects of it on the manners and morals of the peoples and their governors were such as might be naturally expected; what castrating of brothers, uncles, cousins! what putting out of their eyes! what murdering of such relatives, giving their bodies to the dogs! were practised perpetually by the houses of Mathrafal and Aberffraw? what numberless things besides, horrid to relate! What a villain was Gruffudd ap Cynan himself! Let us turn our eyes for a moment to the poetry of our primitive or druidical school, of which we have very considerable remains. In this we see expressed in language almost to a miracle impressive, the most benign principles of morality, sentiments the most friendly to human nature, maxims the most friendly to the well-being of society, the most powerfully inculcative of justice, benevolence, peace, truth, and general good order.

From a huge aggregate of evil a good will sometimes proceed. The school of Gruffudd ap Cynan kept literature alive in North Wales, when to all appearances nothing else could have effected such an end. It has given such specimens of poetical description in its own sceneries as cannot be surpassed, I believe, by anything in the whole poetical world; such animation, such strength, and at the same time such justness of language

and expression, such truth of colouring as cannot be well conceived by such as are not able to read those poems in their original language.

In the first century of its existence it was temperate in the use of alliteration, and other embellishments that border on the false. In the last years of its life it ran in unpolished extravagances that have communicated a taint of unnatural refinement to all subsequent schools.

It has left nothing peculiarly worthy of being copied in its principles, unless we mention its boldly figurative and elliptical language, its elliptical metaphors, almost unknown to any language (perhaps) besides the Welsh; but these, I think, would at this day of softer and more natural elegance. It is a recommendable thing, I believe, to make use always of such words, expressions, figures, &c., as may with sufficient ease be translated into other languages, without recurring to the unfortunate expedient of an awkward and nerveless periphrasis; every language should be friendly to its neighbour, keep in idiom and construction as near to them as purity can admit. Languages should so accommodate each other that what appears in one may be well transferred into the other. What practicability may attach to such ideas, I know not. It must be decided by those of whose number I am not—the learned in languages.

For my own part I know of nothing so far beyond the verge of possibility as the translating of the Welsh of the poetry of Gruffudd ap Cynan's school into any kind of English, that would have its strength exhausted before it arrived at the very distant end of a periphrasis dreadfully long; and yet this Welsh is in itself very luminous, and very minute and discriminative in every particular circumstance.

In the poetry of this school there are some, though not many, traces of the druidical mythology.

The theology of it is, with respect to the object of worship, monotheistical, in a tolerable degree of purity, as the druidical as well as the primitive Christian was. This is elsewhere more amply treated of and exemplified;

but in other respects, its God was the God of war, of blood, of carnage, and his favourites those who were the most successful in destroying their brethren who had the same God as themselves for a father; or, in other words, they believed in and prayed to a God who delighted in such of his children who the most remorselessly murdered the others. How strikingly similar to the practice of our modern equally savage theologists, whose temples are decorated with the trophies of human carnage, whose kings repair to those temples to worship their God of rapine and murder!

The most ancient bards of whose works we have any remains opened their poems most commonly with an adorative address to the Deity. Examples of this are numerous, and this practice was retained in the school of Gruffudd ap Cynan. Some of the passages that exhibit this are highly poetical. See elsewhere.

It should be observed that the Popish theology was not admitted into the bardic schools, at least systematically, till the fifteenth century, wherein, and even in the preceding century, we find that many of our most celebrated bards were professed Lollards, as Dafydd ap Gwilym, Sion Cent, &c. Even in the darkest ages the Church of Rome considered our bards as heretics, and sometimes excommunicated them, as in the instance of Cynddelw, to whom the monks of Ystrad Marchell denied Christian burial.

(To be continued.)

LLYWELYN THE LAST.

By Lady Marshall.

CANIAD VI.

(Continued from p. 207.)

"Then all on me your vengeance take;
But for our common country's sake—
Yea for your own—for honour—faith—
Respect in life and peace in death,
Spare him!"—
"Full well revenge I knew
On him was worst revenge on you."

"Then pardon *me*—for pity, Rhys:—
I never wronged you—"
"*That* it is:
Had you but ever frowned—denied—
Vouchsafed to scorn me—deigned to chide,
I might forgive; but it was one
Smooth, placid insult—ice and stone!"

"Then I will frown—will chide—my eye
Shall pour a blight—my tongue a cry
That Rhys of Stratwy, at the hour
Appointed for all flesh with power
Shall on your conscience whelming come,
A foretaste of that pending doom
Which nothing henceforth can reverse—
Behold and listen—Ethne's curse!"

So saying, while the Chief amazed
Looked speechless on, her veil she raised,
And turned her steadfast eyes on Rhys:
Transfixed and motionless were his,
As though on somewhat half divine
They rested—emblem—statue—shrine.
Across them then, as if to rest
Their straining nerves, his hand he pressed,
And rousing from a minute's pause,
"Ethne," he said "'tis, as it was,
Vain to resist—think not I rave—
Or mock;—command your willing slave:—
I came to curse—remain to bless:—
Merged in the greater is the less!"

"What mean you—what?" she gasping cried.
"To do your bidding;" he replied;

" Obedient to my changeless fate;
Recal the past, if not too late:
Fast on Llywelyn's traces fly:
Conquer for him—for you—or die.
A vista more remotely opes,
And draws me on with brighter hopes:
Against this priestly ban to turn,
Rome's hateful ursurpations spurn,
Confirm the union knit between
The Prince and you, and hail you *Queen!*
Now time is precious; we must haste—
A moment is an age of waste:
Fleet horses and a mounted guard
Await in Dimpoeth's castle-yard.
A palfrey trained to lady's hand
In escort of the martial band
Shall bear you onward to the scene,
The wrong designed to countervene,
Which on this holy cross I swear
A life-long service shall repair."

Before the holy cross he knelt,
And took the oath: the Lady felt
As dreaming, but the wond'rous change
In Rhys unfolding, brought the strange
Disjointed tale that Madoc told,
Back on her mind with stronger hold;
And even through the mist of years
Things came to view in long arrears,
Not much accounted when they happed,
And since in long oblivion wrapped,
But yet that now a glimmer sent
Upon this new development.
Nor be we over strict to blame
If o'er her mind there stealing came
A half belief of privilege,
Which few misdoubted in that age,
A gift by heaven's mysterious will
Conferred, and used for good or ill,
As those who held it were inclined
To love or hatred of their kind.
All goodly gifts that to the share
Of Ethne fell, (and they were rare,
Of heart and intellect) for *well*
She used—her simple magic spell.

Accepting now in honest part
Rhys's remorse as from the heart;
And in this unexpected phase
As best to aid her desperate case,

Though still misgiving of a man
Who such a felony could plan,
She smothered o'er her doubts and grief,
And took her journey with the chief,
The convent brother at command
Attending with the warlike band.
Nor in this hour of dire suspense
Failed she to use the influence
Which now she felt that she possessed
O'er Rhys's humour for the best:
On every string that in his strange
Wild nature's gamut jarred the range
To touch with such artistic skill
That each with all should tunely thrill;
E'en as a master of the lyre
Handles the graduated wire,
With this relaxed and that o'er tight,
Till all in harmony unite.

So worked the gentle charm that now
It spread like morning o'er his brow,
Where stormy night had held its reign;
And ardour to dissolve the chain
His ingenuity had twined
With fatal skill, inflamed his mind.
To reach the castle e'er yet time
Could consummate his dastard crime—
E'er yet the Prince should seek its aid
And find his noble trust betrayed—
This was the spur—the goad—the steel
That stirred his heart—his arm—his heel;
Each loftier impulse of his soul
O'ermastering it with high control.

Oh! if there is an earthly hell
'Tis surely where some purpose fell,
All too successful, in its fiery ring
On its contriver turns its scorpion sting.

Not all the anguish of suspense,
In crucible made more intense
Of woman's deep, enduring love
Which Ethne's faithful bosom clove
Was half so bitter as the draught
Of self-reproach Rhys Fychan quaffed.

The miles were leagues—the steps were miles
To where, soft whispering 'mid the smiles
Of level meads the Wizard Wye,
Seems resting from the headlong high

Achievements of his earlier course—
The grand repose of giant force:
A witching and a soothing scene
For eye and heart to feast on, e'en
When his bright waters stealing through
Pure white are dyed intenser blue.

But what avail are nature's charms
To breasts where tumults dire—
Remorse and conscience's alarms
Consume with baleful fire?

Nor tint nor tone of stream that laved
The graceful shore, but *this*—
The colours in the flag that waved—
The sounds from Buallt's tow'rs—moved Rhys.

If the Red Dragon in his light
Green *field* was seen to soar,
'Twas well,—but if on ground of white,
St. George's Red Cross crowned the height
Hope—honour—*all* was o'er.

When hope's last tendrils snap—
Slight as cobweb—tough as oak—
'Tis as the thunder clap;
Threatened how long soe'er, the stroke
Shocks—rends as though life's thread had broke.

Though scarcely dating half a day,
And founded upon less than air,
When Rhys's visioned hopes gave way
He felt a frenzy of despair,
As if a life-buoy's rock-clenched stay
Had drifted with the gliding spray!—
From his own towers the Anglo-Norman cheer,
"Saint George for England!" pealed, and flaunting there,
The blood-red cross made its abhorred display!

Each feature more repulsive grew
As lessening distance plained the view,
And closer to the spot they drew;
'Twas maddening now to see:—
Upon the bridge-gate's crennelled wall
Appeared the Norman seneschal,
With more that matched him to his call,
In Giffard's badge arrayed:
His own behind, with downcast look—
Poor faithful man—he ill could brook
The part that wonderingly he took
In such a masquerade.

In answer to their hateful cry
Rhys Fychan asked for all reply,
With quivering lip and flashing eye
"Where is the Cymric Prince?"
"Oh! all is as you planned:—he came
And did, as you may guess, exclaim
Of *treason, guilt*, and all that same,
But finding he had lost the game,
He fled some two hours since."

"Lost—fled—a Cymric Prince to fly!
But ah, what else—Oh! God, 'twas I,
But I will all retrieve or die:
Ho, here, Sir Norman, list:—
There has been treason—guilt—mistake,
So now with yours your congé take,
Or mine release with me to make
Llywelyn's instant quest."

Frantic he spake, scarce knowing what,
And further goaded by the smile
That spread derisively and sat
Upon the Norman's lip the while,
"The treason's thine—SEE THOU TO THAT!"

The parley with whate'er result
He might have urged but that he saw
While words were passed a catapult
Was being ranged on him to draw.

Turning to flee, a voice he heard,
And knew his faithful seneschal's,
But din forbad to catch a word,
As whizzed the ineffectual balls.

That turning spared him then to know
The crowning of his servant's faith:
Llywelyn's parting route to show
He called, and met a martyr's death.
Ah, how much happier in that bloody fate,
Than living to deserve his own and others' hate!

And whither should he go—what route remained—
E'en now began the ready pioneers
Who waited but till he (then deemed a friend)
Had passed, to undermine the bridge's piers.

The north thus barred, where go—the road
To Aberedwy by the hostile bands
Pre-occupied—his own domain he trode
An outcast by his suicidal hands!

Blindly he fled as instinct willed:
To look on Ethne did not dare:
The thought of her, his *victim*, filled
The poison cup of his despair.

Water, water, thou art ever
Range for fancy—theme for song—
Tiny rill—majestic river—
Silent—vocal—gentle—strong;
Lake's smooth bosom—depths of ocean—
Thundering torrent—surging sea,
Dread repose or wild commotion—
All suggestive is in thee.

In thy slumber—in thy frolic—
Mirrored calm or sparkling spray
Soothed are humours melancholic—
Quickened idle—sobered gay.

But the goodliest of thy phases
Is a river as he flows,
Lapping in his soft embraces
Some fair rill, his gentle spouse.

With a bend, as timid, gliding,
To his whispers answering low,
In his breast her murmurs hiding,
Joined FOR EVER—on they flow.

Thus doth YRFON, Nymph of Waters
From her cradle wild and high—
Fairest of BRYN GARW'S daughters,
Come to wed imperial WYE.

While I view them fancy musing
Feigns CAER BERIS gaunt and stern,
As an evil genius using
All his powers her faith to turn.

For as those old pagans doted,
Giving souls to stream and hill,
Matter's masses are promoted
In my wild sensorium still.

Still for me the Genius local
Peers from out his ambuscade,
Still the grove—the stream are vocal
With the Dryad and the Naiad.

But adown the mossy dingle
Where such sounds alone should trill,
Lo, the tones of anguish mingle,
With the music of the rill.

One on hasty message flying
Hails the fugitives to stay:
"Come, attend a warrior dying—
Good Cistercian, with him pray."

To the spot their footsteps quickened,
Towards the dell as near they drew
Ethne's heart within her sickened—
Ah, it boded all too true!

Propped on the dingle's mossy slope
Reclined her own—her country's hope;
A faithful friend on either side
In the last tender office vied—
Aurdaf to stay the ebbing tide
Of life that from his bosom burst;
Madoc to cool the burning thirst
The death-pang brings was scooping up
A limpid draught—his helm the cup.

At such a sight—in such an hour,
Nature asserted all her power—
Trammels of weary years were spurned,
And Ethne on Llywelyn turned
Those eyes the load-stars of his youth,
Whose opening beams of love and truth
Had made his morn of life so bright
To plunge it but in deeper night.

A stream of radiance bathed his brow:
Through the death-struggle flickering now
His spirit seemed at once to tread
Realms of the living and the dead.
One he had reckoned as among
These melancholy ranks so long
To meet him now—
"Ah, what is this—
Already in the world of bliss;
And Ethne's spirit meets me first—
And Madoc too—but ah, this thirst!"

"Accept the draught your Madoc gives"
Said Ethne softly—"he revives:—
Not yet your heavenward course is run:
These hands—these hearts—three knit in one—
Behold *your* Ethne and OUR SON!"

That moment lit Llywelyn's eyes,
Tinged by a brighter soon to rise,
As gilds the unrisen sun the skies.
That moment's touch—that moment's glance
Had power to break an age-long trance,

And in its little span comprise
Long decades of domestic joys.
But ah, time waned, and still above
The claims of kindred—joys of love
His duty's—country's pressure swayed
Llywelyn's soul: he even made
A signal in abeyance brief
To hold religion's blest relief,
Given by the good Cistercian's hand,
Defiant of his country banned;
And in his purpose casting round
To work it out, upon the ground,
In deep prostration, on his knees,
With hands uplift, he noticed Rhys.

To bursts of penitence and woe
From him Llywelyn answered low
"If thou thy treason wouldst retract—
Its consequences counteract—
Collect thy band, and thou, my son—
Beloved as such ere fully won—
Accompany and lead the force;
Through Brecknock take your rapid course:
The bender of that random bow
'Tis very certain did not know
What bird had fluttered to his aim,
Else had he better tracked the game:
Haste then ere yet the *Prince's name*,
The *tower of strength*, saith holy writ,
Hath crumbled quite:—make use of it
To rally, rouse, combine—inspire,
As circumstances shall require.
This my command—perhaps the last,
Unless, please God—this faintness past,
To grant me yet another chance,
The which 'twill most of all advance
To feel our country's cause will fall
To those who will respond the call.
Then leave me to the tender cares
Of friend—of *wife*—this Father's prayers—
Thus both alternatives are best
Prepared for—work on earth or heavenly rest."

No word—no look—no scruple dare
Oppose this mandate: howsoe'er
Young Madoc writhed to quit the spot
So twice endeared, he ventured not
A murmur—doubt—but straightway sprung
To horse, and led his troop along;

Rhys following in a whirlwind reel
Of air-spun hopes and torrent zeal.

It seemed as their departure made
The change for which Llywelyn prayed,
A phial from the medicine store
That Ethne in her satchel bore,
Reviving with its cordial glow
His pulse as that his spirit's flow;
Reclined upon her faithful breast,
While Aurdaf's hand the stream repressed
That drained his own, in other sense
He eased it then, his penitence
Outpouring in a friendly ear—
The good Cistercian's of Cwm Hir;
Receiving then the Church's seal
In pledge of his immortal weal.

"Absolvo te:"—out swelled the sound
Upon the crispy silence round,
Solemn and soft as vesper bell,
But ah, it was a funeral knell!

Behoved them now ere evening close
Remove for shelter and repose
For that beloved and sacred head;
Superfluous all—the soul had fled,
Co-effluent with the words of love
That wafted it to realms above!

Scarce had they realized the blow—
Scarce had their tears begun to flow,
When broke the silence of the glen
Approaching sounds of steeds and men,
And Norman hoof and Norman steel
Advancing straightway made them feel
Their countless loss—their bitter grief
Their Prince's gain—their own relief.

"Ho!" cried a voice, "now sound the *view:*
'Fore George, the blacksmith told us true—
Old Wide Mouth—who could turn a shoe
So quick, can turn his jacket too;
And turn-coats though a shabby breed
Are sometimes handy at a need;—
The matter clears—the Prince 'tis plain
Outstripped too rapidly his train,
Unknowing that the river, shrank
By icy droughts had bared his flank;
And so fell in with our advance
By that new ford's thrice lucky chance:

Though unprepared for such a spy,
I reined and bade a volley fly,
But little dreamed, as who could dream,
That one of *three* was Chief Supreme;
And followed up another track,
Till that old tinker called me back
And told about the horses' shoes
Turned front to rear—a clever ruse:
But seems my shaft had harder hit
Than longer travel to admit,
For there he lies; but changed his guard—
A monk, a woman, and a Bard—
Non-combatants, but any how
I'll get a goodly captive now—
A barony shall soon be mine,
And Master ADAM FRANKTON take the shine
From Giffard, Grey, Le Strange and Argentine!"

"*Captive!*—vain boaster, not to thee:
He scorns thy power—behold him *free;*
Though scarce" aside "it real seems—
Ah! brainless bard, where are thy dreams?"
Cried Aurdaf.

"Ha! my power defy,"
Cried Frankton, "talk not quite so high:
Remove that woman, monk—she faints:
'Tis well; commend her to the saints.
And now this prince although he's dead
Shall show my power: I'll take his head,
And carry it to London town,
And fit it with a kingly crown,
And bear it through the streets in state,
And set it over Rufus' gate;[3]
And thou, BLUE PRATE-APACE, may'st go,
And sing his praise and see the show!"

"I will," said Aurdaf, "and thy name,
Lifted from nothingness by shame,
Combined with his more hateful shall be made,
As next to brightest light is darkest shade!"

NOTES TO CANIAD VI.

[1] "*The hirlas horn.*"—Of the famous "hirlas horn," that indispensable appendage of Welsh *chiefship*, little need be said here; but I will once more reverentially quote Mrs. Hemans' spirited *Cymriadics*, which embody the very soul of poetry, in its most essential form—*nationalism*. She says:—

"Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal for fight
With the Bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light:

Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crowned,
For the strong hearts in combat that leaped to its sound."

Thus we see the two-fold office of the horn; each most important in its way—a grand idea too, in a warlike age, as much as to remind the warriors that even in their moments of relaxation they must not lose sight, or indeed *sound*, of their sterner duties; of which the ever-present horn was a memento. For the rest we are informed traditionally that on those festive occasions when its services were in requisition, the grand feat of the mighty drinkers of those days was to drain the horn at a draught, and to sound it when thus emptied. We must admit that they who could do such had not only "strong hearts" but strong heads.

[2] Llanbadarn Fawr, near Aberystwyth, or rather the parish where that celebrated watering-place is situated, is one of the oldest and most venerable churches in Wales. It was originally collegiate, episcopal, and even metropolitan, sharing this last dignity with St. David's.

[3] The Tower of London was built by William II., *dit Rufus*. This spectacle was "brought out" on the very stage, and with the *mise en scene* planned by Frankton: thus verifying Aurdaf's early dream. His later vaticination also came true, Frankton's butcher deed standing out as an act of exceptional barbarism even in that rough age. We are not told whether the faithful bard was allowed to perform the *rôle* allotted to him in the drama, or even to keep his own head on his shoulders; but that Frankton's reward was not commensurate with his own estimate we may infer; no such name being handed down in any extinct peerage. Edward I., like most such sovereigns, was readier to accept than remunerate the baser sort of services.

NOTE FINAL TO LLYWELYN.

So much for verse:—so far "a tale," which is bound to end with a death or a wedding. For those who would like to know somewhat more than the etiquette of romance writing permits of being spun out, we subjoin a few details, for as Scott says of his "Marmion" that it is

"a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history,"

so have we taken the privilege to *adapt* history, not to copy it. Of what followed, however, to our principal personages we may add a few words supplementary. And first of Llywelyn himself; his body, decapitated by Adam Frankton was then buried without funeral rites, as an excommunicated person, near the spot at the meeting of two roads; and there *it still is*. The Countess of Salisbury, related to the Prince, made indeed Christian efforts to have the ban reversed, intending to bury him as became a Christian, but she failed to obtain her boon; and strange to say, in the lapse of many centuries, nothing

of the kind has been carried out, either by the gratitude of his countrymen, the approbation of the high-minded of all countries for those among the departed who have been like unto themselves, or the good feeling and good taste of later ages. The place is called *Cefn-y-bedd*, three miles from Buallt: a cottage now stands over his body: a few paces further is the little dingle, *Cwm Llywelyn*, where tradition places him drinking his last draught of water: the rivulet still runs tinkling down the cool dell. We may say with Scott,—

"When thou hast reached the little rill,
With thy heart commune and be still."

though not as in Marmion's case, for a warning, but an example. Go visit these spots, gentle reader, whoever thou be. Though not so creditable to his country they are as touching, as suggestive, as the stately marble and the elaborated inscription—perhaps more so, for "testimonials" are rather hackneyed in these our days. Llywelyn's daughter, named CATHARINE, and surnamed Lackland, was brought up as became her rank, at the English court. Mr. Williams (Enwogion) says she was married to Malcolm, Earl of Fife: Burke's *Peerage* mentions her as the wife of Philip ab Ivor, Lord of Caerdigan. Doubtless the Princess was twice married: by her second union she became the ancestress of OWEN GLYNDWR and—QUEEN VICTORIA. On the death of Llywelyn his brother David succeeded to the princedom of Wales, and made a series of efforts to carry on the struggle with Edward I. Nor does it appear that he again swerved from his duties; but if that struggle was at fearful odds in Llywelyn's case, what must it have been under David—overwhelming; and ended in his being *hunted* from his concealments, like a beast of prey. Then followed the forms of a trial at Shrewsbury, and a sentence in accordance with the butcherly vindictiveness of the age, at its *worst:* as to all which see Pennant's work on Wales, with his remarks on the subject.

Another rising in the cause of national independence was subsequently headed by Madoc; and on such a scale was the effort made and carried on, that Edward found it necessary to come over in person to suppress the movement, nor was he able to put it down in less than two years' time; when, after having been victorious in several engagements, the young Prince was taken on the heights of CEFN DIGOLL, Montgomeryshire, his party dispersed, and himself consigned to the Tower of London *for life*. Why that life was spared we are left to conjecture; and we may perhaps not unfairly come to a conclusion favourable to both sides; namely, that some spark of human feeling may have been kindled in his enemies by the gallantry and misfortunes of the Prince.

I was much interested by noticing in the *Illustrated London News*, February 5, 1859, an account and cut of the recent restorations in an ancient crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, just under the present House of Commons; where, in addition to the antiquity and extraordinary beauty of the building, (long desecrated,) it was mentioned as inte-

resting from having been the scene where was celebrated, privately, but in presence of the King, HENRY III., the marriage of his sister ELEONOR, with SIMON DE MONTFORT, Earl of Leicester; and *that* ELEONOR was the mother of *our* ELEONOR; and these ladies shared in the spirit of their redoubtable husband and father; for it is related that after his death, and that of his eldest son, at the battle of Evesham, the mother and daughter long held out in his castle of Kenilworth against the King, only yielding on very advantageous terms, and then retiring to France, at whose court the younger princess was brought up.

Pen-y-Gardden, August 27, 1859.

SION CENT;

OR, as he is sometimes called Dr. JOHN KENT, was a remarkable character in his day, and, on that account, is well worthy of a biographical sketch in the pages of the CAMBRIAN JOURNAL. Our notices of him, however, are few and brief, but such as they are, they are here presented to our readers, in the hope that they may induce others to add what they may further know of him, so that we may be in possession of as complete a collection as possible of materials wherewith to write his life, and to illustrate his character at some future time.

In Coxe's *Monmouthshire*, chap. 34, we thus read of him:—"Grosmont rings with the achievements of JOHN KENT. Old and young women, men and boys, unite in relating with extreme volubility, and without the smallest disagreement, a series of extraordinary tales concerning this wonderful personage. Like Doctor Faustus, he is said to have made a compact with the devil; but more successful than the Doctor, he evaded the conditions of his covenant, and outwitted the prince of darkness, both in his life and at his death.

"Among the early specimens of his skill, whilst a farmer's boy in the vicinity, he confined a number of crows which he was ordered to keep from the corn, in an

old barn without roof, that he might visit Grosmont fair. 'And sure enough,' said the old women, 'they were there, for they made a terrible clatter, and would not fly away till Jack himself came and released them.'

"Kentchurch House, the neighbouring seat of the Scudamore family, by whom he was hired as a servant, became afterwards the scene of his marvellous exploits.

"But the feat of all others which most endears his memory to the inhabitants of Grosmont, was the construction of the bridge over the Monow, leading to Kentchurch; it is still called John of Kent's bridge, and is said to have been built in one night by one of his familiar spirits.

"An old tombstone in the church-yard, close to the east wall of the chancel, is said to cover his body; he was interred under the wall to evade the condition of his 'compact, which stipulated that, if buried either within the church or out of the church, he should become the property of Satan.'

"A cellar at Kentchurch is still shown as the stable where he kept horses; and his portrait on wood, painted in oil, of which an engraving is annexed, is likewise there preserved.

"—— According to tradition he was a monk, educated at one of the universities, and remarkable for his learning. In an age of ignorance, his acquirements excited the astonishment of his contemporaries, and, like Friar Bacon, he was esteemed by the vulgar a necromancer. A Latin translation of the Bible, on vellum, which was either made or copied by him, was preserved in the family, but has been long mislaid or destroyed.

"Leland says of him,—'He was bred in Wales, and so ardently followed the most celebrated schools of the Franciscans at Oxford, and made such improvements in profound learning, that he was the wonder of all his religious brethren.'

"According to the antiquities of the English Franciscans, he was born at Chepstow; became Professor and Doctor of Divinity; and, on account of his extraordinary

virtue, was chosen minister provincial of the order in England. He wrote many learned and pious works, particularly commentaries on the Master of the Sentences, sermons to the people, disputed questions. He died in 1348. The catalogue of the provincial ministers says of him,—'Brother John Went, Doctor of Oxford, who wrote miracles in his life time, lies at Hereford.' Baker, in his *Chronicle*, mentions another John of Kent, among the men of learning in the reign of Henry the III." —(Leland, *Script. Brit.*, p. 376; *Antiquities of Eng. Fran.*, p. 159; Baker's *Chron.*, p. 132.)

In the addenda to chap. 34 we have "further information concerning John Kent, communicated by Mr. Owen," thus:—

"John Kent was a favourite poet among the Welsh, and there is scarcely a Welsh MS. which does not contain some of his pieces. He may be classed among the early and eminent Lollards, as his writings are filled with doctrines hostile to the Roman Catholic religion. His boldness in consigning such opinions to writing would have exposed him to great dangers had he used a language more generally understood. It is difficult to give a catalogue of all his works, which are extremely numerous. The following list is compiled merely from the index of the Welsh Charity School MSS."

Mr. Owen is of opinion that the author of these pieces probably flourished between 1360 and 1430.

A list of the Welsh poetical pieces by John of Kent, which are still preserved:—

1. The three periods of life.
2. The Trinity.
3. The creation.
4. An invitation to praise God for His grace.
5. To his own purse.
6. The world.
7. To God.
8. On the world.
9. The same subject.
10. Showing the afflictions of the world.
11. A lamentation for the condition of the Welsh under Henry IV.
12. On the world, with an invitation to trust in God.
13. The uncertainty of the world.
14. To the proud and covetous.
15. On the world.
16. An address to God.
17. Paraphrase on the 21st chap. of St. Luke.
18. The miser.

19. On the Ten Commandments.
20. A Divine poem.
21. The day of judgment.
22. The seven deadly sins.
23. An address to the deity.
24. To the world.
25. Against murder.
26. A satire on the bards, with an answer to it by Rhys Goch Eryri.
27. The reprehension of the clergy
28. The miser.
29. The prediction.
30. The three mortal foes.
31. To old age.
32. The Redemption.
33. The fall of man.
34. To the world.
35. On the life of man.
36. To the world.
37. A Divine poem.
38. The same subject.
39. The eight vengeances.
40. Address to the Bible, wherein he mentions the martyrdom of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, for reading it.

This last from Iolo Morganwg's MSS.[1]

We find traditional accounts of Sion Cent in Glamorgan, very similar to those that are related of him at Grosmont and Kentchester. We have likewise notices of him in manuscripts, one of which was printed in 1805, in the third volume of the *Welsh Archaiology*.

In one old genealogical MS. he is said to have been a nephew of Davydd Ddu o Lwyn Davydd Ddu, by whom he was educated in all the learning of the world. "Yn mhob gwybodau bydawl a golychwydawl." This Davydd was a priest, and supposed to be a conjuror at his death, which happened in Chester, where he was beneficed. His nephew returned to his native country, and engaged as a servant with a farmer near Caerphilly Castle, at a place called Cwm Tridwr, whence having been severely treated, he left the farmer, and went to Kentchurch in Gwent, where he engaged as a stable boy, but soon distinguished himself as a young man of learning, and was encouraged by the family, sent to Oxford, and ordained a priest, and soon after appointed chaplain to the family.

Besides his poetical works, he is said to have been the author of a grammar which goes under his name—of the apologue of Einiawn ap Gwalchmai a Rhiain y Llwyn Glâs—of fables in the Welsh language—of Llyvr yr offeren yn Gymraeg—of St. John's Gospel in Welsh—

[1] We shall be glad if any of our readers can still add to the list, so as to render it as complete as possible.

of Araith y tri brodyr, pwyll, nwyf, a dysg, and of other things. In his poem on the Bible he mentions the fall of Sir John Oldcastle, a proof that he was living at that time. He lived to an extreme old age, as he says in one of his poems; having seen five kings, many wars, and earthquakes, and floods, &c.

In another MS. we find the following account of Sion Cent. His maternal uncle lived a recluse life at Llwyn Davydd Ddu, in the parish of Pentyrch, and taught the Latin and Welsh languages, with the art of poetry, gratis, to as many as applied to him for instruction. The parents of Sion Cent lived in Cwm Tridwr, in the parish of Eglwysilan. Their son was obliged to pass over, or rather through, the river Tave (vulgo Taff) to go to his uncle, who lived in a house called Llwyn Davydd Ddu.[2] So ardently desirous of acquiring knowledge was young John, or Sion, as written in Welsh, that he would not be deterred from going daily to his uncle's school, bare-footed and bare-limbed, through Tave river, even in the severest cold, frost and snow. Both his parents died; and after that he lived with his uncle, who sometime afterwards was beneficed at or near Chester, where he also died, and was buried. The nephew returned to his native country, where he was called *Sion Cwm Tridwr* (John of Tridwr Vale), having no means of subsistence but his own labour. He accordingly hired himself to a farmer at or near Caerphilly, when one extremely cold and wet day, having been on a wheat-field scaring the crows away, and coming into his master's house, and placing himself by the fire, his master asked him in an angry tone why he had left the field, and allowed the crows to devour the wheat? "O!" said the poor boy, "the crows are safe enough, they are confined in Caerphilly Castle." On being thus answered, his master beat him very severely, and turned him out of the house; and when he was inquired after, he was no longer to be found. Hearing an uncommon noise of

[2] We believe that the house is still extant, habitable, and bearing this name, which signifies the Grove of Davydd Ddu.

crows in the castle, the hard-hearted master went there, and surely enough found prodigious numbers of crows in the castle fighting with and tearing each other; and though all the doors and windows were open, not one could escape out. But when the cruel farmer went in among them, they gathered about him, and picked out his eyes. The farmer now relented, and sent in all directions to inquire for the ill-treated boy, but nothing could be heard of him, and it was observed that not a single crow could be seen on any sown field in all that part of the couutry. Poor Johnny went on towards the upper parts of Gwent (Monmouthshire), and to Kentchester (on the borders of Herefordshire), where he engaged as a stable boy in the Scudamore family. He slept every night under the manger, as no other lodging had been assigned to him. He was observed to be very active and diligent; he kept the stable very clean, kept the horse clean, well fed, &c. His master noticed him, approved of his conduct, and would give him some money occasionally, which Johnny laid out in the purchase of books and paper, or parchment; and he was observed to read sometimes in a book which he kept always about him. These circumstances introduced him into favourable notice; he was examined, found to be able to read and write Latin, Welsh, and English; he was taken into the house, better lodged, well clothed, &c., and employed as a tutor to the children of the family, and having given much satisfaction, was sent to the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself as one of the first scholars of the place. He was afterwards ordained a priest, and as such officiated in the district of Emlyn, whence he returned to Kentchurch, and spent the remainder of his days as the domestic chaplain of the family, and at his death he was buried under the chancel wall, where we are solemnly assured the devil could not molest him.[3]

Sion Cent was accounted one of the best poets of his

[3] Ex. Llwydarth Memoirs of Celebrated Bards.

age, and is still, and probably ever will be, esteemed one of the best in the Welsh language. He also wrote in English, at least there are some English pieces to be found in manuscripts ascribed to him. In his works, which are all of them on religious and moral subjects, he appears to have been a truly religious and pious man. He blames the clergy and monks for their impiety and superstitions; and he greatly admired the conduct and character of Sir John Oldcastle, who lived in the neighbourhood of Kentchester.

"Dyma'r dallder arferwyd;
Delwau oedd well na Duw lwyd;
Rhoi addoliant ar ddeulin,
A ddylai i Grist, i ddelw grîn."

In English thus,—

"This was the blindness which prevailed;
Images were more esteemed than the adorable God;
Worship, which was only due to Christ,
Was rendered on both knees to a rotten image."

We may fairly suppose that Sion Cent was living in or about the year 1420, and possibly some time after; for, as already observed, he in one of his poems mentions the fall of Sir John Oldcastle, who was born in the year 1418.

In the style of Sion Cent we find a dignified simplicity; in him and his contemporary, Davydd ab Gwilym, the versification arrived at a high pitch of refinement, where, perhaps, it ought to have stopped, and not to have been carried up to that excessively high pitch which marks the modern prosody of Wales.

The commencement of the fifteenth century was to literature a reviving season in most parts of Europe; it was conspicuously so in Wales, and Sion Cent contributed largely to its cultivation. He was cotemporary with Petrarch in Italy, and though he survived him about twenty years, he began to write before him. Sion Cent, if it be true that, as it is said, he lived to the age of 120; must have been born about the year 1300. In that year Davydd ab Gwilym was born, who died in the

Abbey of Tal y Llycheu, or Tally, as usually named, at the age of 78. These two poets were thus cotemporary with Boccaccio and Petrarch in Italy. Chaucer was in date their cotemporary, but in polish of language and of versification was 300 years behind them. We may say 1000 years behind the Welsh.

Sion Cent was one of the first writers in that metre which we term *cywydd* (*i.e.* continued or connected verse, not divided into stanzas—recitative verse). He was one of the first and most successful cultivators of it. It was about this time, or soon after the beginning of this (the fourteenth) century, that it was invented by Davydd ap Gwilym, as some say, others say by Casnodyn, and some say by Einion Offeiriad, all of these about the first part of the fourteenth century, unless we may venture to admit the authenticity of a piece in this metre by Rhys Goch, ap Rhiccert o Dir Iarll, about the year 1150; rude enough, it must be confessed, for an early if not a first attempt, and indeed rude enough to remain unadopted until it could receive a little more refinement or polish. This it received from Davydd ab Gwilym and Sion Cent, who improved it greatly, more so than any others; and the beautiful descriptions of nature, and tenderness of sentiment given in this metre by Davydd ap Gwilym, and the fine and naturally expressive moral and religious sentiments of Sion Cent in numerous pieces in the same metre, rendered it the most favourite recitative metre or verse in the language. It continues to this very day to be our most approved verse for recitative poetry, and has stood the test of 500 years without falling off in the public estimation, and the ground which it has for so long a time occupied in peaceable possession it will most probably retain during the life of the language—a language more tenacious and retentive of life than any language that has yet been known in Europe, whatever may be said of some languages in other parts of the world. *Esto perpetua.* EINION.

THE HENGWRT MSS.

As these celebrated manuscripts have recently changed hands, being now in the possession of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., the respected member for Merionethshire, to whom they were bequeathed by the late Sir Robert W. Vaughan, Bart., we have thought it a proper opportunity of re-issuing a list thereof. The following was drawn up some years ago by Aneurin Owen, Esq., but we cannot vouch for its correctness.

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1. Dares Phrygius, and the Brud y Brenhinoedd in the Welsh language, written in a very fair and venerable character, each page having two columns, in folio. Parchment, an inch and a half thick.

3. The History of Peredur ab Evrawg, and a fragment of the History of Charlemagne and Roland, written columnwise, in folio. Parchment, an inch and a half thick.

4. The first part of the Llyvyr gwyn Rhydderch (the white book of Roderick), containing two series of the Tales of the Mabinogion. An old book, written columnwise, in quarto. Parchment, an inch and a half thick.

5. The second part of the Llyvyr gwyn Rhydderch, containing, in the first two pages, an Account of the Countries of the East and Greece, and of the Planets; in the two next, the Gospel according to Nicodemus; in the next four, the Mass for Good Friday, and the manner in which Elen found the Cross; in the next two, the History of Pilate; in the next, twenty Englynion on the Wonders before the Day of Judgment; in the next, the Prophecies of Sibli Ddoeth; in the next eight, the Life of the Virgin; in the next four, the Story of St. Catharine; in the next four, the Story of St. Margaret; in the next, an Account of the Manner in which Mary Magdalen and others came to Marseilles (many leaves are here lost); History of Mary's Return from Egypt; Miracles of various Saints, and Stories of Adam and

Eve, and of their Children, till the time of Noah, in four leaves; in the next nine, an Account of Christ and Pilate, and of the Jews; the Letter of Pilate to Claudius concerning Christ; stories concerning Tiberius' leprosy; the next four, the Letter of Melitus, Bishop of Sardinia; the next five, a Treatise, with the title as follows:—"Gerard Archesgob Sans, Benet esgob, ac ereill, &c., a ysgrifenasant y gwrthiau hyn, i bawb ar a fai osodedig yn Archesgob Caint." The next five, Athanasius' Creed, and a complimentary Letter from Grufydd y Bwla, the Translator, to Eva, daughter of Maredudd; the Gospel of St. John, with a commentary (a number of leaves are here lost). The next two, the Story of Owain Varchog ac Ystyphan Vrenin going to Purgatory; from the forty-ninth to the hundredth, the History of Charlemagne; the next thirty-four, the Story of Bown of Hampton; the next fifteen, the Story of Peredur ab Evrawg; the next three, of Maxen Wledig: the next thirty, the beginning of the Story of Llevelys; Stories of Arthur's Warriors (a number of leaves wanting at the end). Parchment, quarto, three inches thick.

6. The Laws of Hywel Dda, and the Old British Laws. Parchment, large quarto.

7. The Laws of Dyvynwal, Maelgwyn, Hywel Dda, and Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, written columnwise. Bound in London for Mr. Robert Vaughan. Parchment, quarto.

8. A volume, containing,—1. One leaf and a half of old Laws; 2. Chronology, in Latin, beginning, "Anno ante Christum 1230;" 3. The Vision of Paul; 4. Brud y Saeson wedi Cadwaladyr Vendigaid; 5. Oes Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, sev sail cyvriv yr amser. Parchment, quarto.

9. A very old volume, almost obliterated, of the old British Laws, and some historical notices. Parchment, quarto.

11. Y Llyvyr Du o Gaerfyrddin (the Black Book of Caermarthen), containing, on fifty-four leaves,—1. Ymddiddan rhwng Merddin a Thaliesin; 2. Awdyl; 3. Awdyl, by Cuhelyn; 4. Awdyl, printed page 182 of the *Welsh Archaiology*; 5. Awdyl, ditto, page 184; 6. Awdyl,

ditto, page 184; 7. Tri Anreith March Ynys Prydain; 8. Awdyl, ditto, page 575; 9. Awdyl, ditto, page 575; 10. Awdyl, ditto, page 576; 11. Awdyl, ditto, page 577; 12. Awdyl, ditto, page 576; 13. Awdyl, ditto, page 578; 14. Awdyl; 15. Avallenau Merddin; 16. Hoianau Merddin; 17. Cygogion, Elaeth ae Cant; 18. Awdyl; 19. Geraint filius Erbin, by Llywarch Hen; 20. Awdyl, ditto, page 578; 21. Dadolwch yr *Arglwydd Rhys*, by Cynddelw; 22. I Yscolan, by Merddin Wyllt; 23. Awdyl, ditto, page 185; 24. Awdyl, ditto, page 580; 25. Awdyl; 26. Tribanau, ditto, page 130; 27. Ymddiddan Arthur a Chai a Glewlyd; 28. Ymryson Gwyddneu a Gwyn ap Nudd; 29. Cant Gwyddneu; 30. Ymddiddan rhwng Ugnach a Thaliesin; 31. Marwnad Madawg mab Maredudd, by Cynddelw; 32. Marwnad Madawg mab Maredudd, by Cynddelw; 33. Cant Gwyddneu; Seithenin saw di allan; 34. Enwau meibion Llywarch Hen. On parchment, octavo.

10. Old British Laws, the beginning and end lost. Parchment, quarto, one inch thick.

13. Part of the History of St. Mark, under the title—"Llyma Vabinogi Iesu Grist;" next, the Prophecy of Merddin Emrys; 3. Vision of St. Paul; 4. Story of Judas Iscariot; 5. Story of Adam; 6. Story of Peredur (the conclusion lost). Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

15. Brud y Brenhinoedd (the conclusion wanting).

16. Brud y Tywysogion, by Caradoc of Llangarvan (the beginning lost), written in an old hand. Parchment, quarto, one inch thick.

17. Llyvyr Taliesin (the commencement and conclusion are wanting). It begins with,—1. Gan iewyd gan elestron, page 33 of the *Welsh Archaiology;* 2. Marwnad y vil veib; 3. Buarth Beirdd; 4. Adwyneu Taliesin; 5. Arymes Dydd Brawd; 6. Arymes Prydain Vawr; 7. Angar Cyfyndawd; 8. Cat Godeu; 9. Mabgyfreu Taliesin; 10. Daronwy; 11. Gallawc ab Lleenawc; 12. Glaswawd Taliesin; 13. Cadeir Taliesin; 14. Cerdd am veib Llyr; 15. Cadeir Teyrnon; 16. Cadeir Ceridwen; 17. Canu y Gwynt,—"Dychymyg pwy yw;" 18. Canu

y Gwynt,—"Chwedl am dothyw;" 19. Canu y Medd; 20. Canu y Cwrwv; 21. Mic Dinbych; 22. Plaeu yr Reifft; 23. Trawsganu Cynan Garwyn mab Brochwel; 24. Llath Moessen; 25. Can y Meirch; 26. Y Goweisws Byd; 27. Lluryg Alexander; 28. Anryveddodau Alexander; 29. Llath Moessen; 30. Preideu Annwn; 31. Gwaith Gwenystrad; 32. Canu i Urien Reged; 33. I Urien; 34. I Urien; 35. Gweith Argoed Llwyvein, Canu Urien; 36. I Urien,—"Arddwyre Reged rysedd rieu;" 37. Dadolwch Urien; 38. Marwnad Erof; 39. Marwnad Madawg, &c.; 40. Marwnad Corroi mab Dayry; 41. Marwnad Dylan eil Ton; 42. Marwnad Owain; 43. Marwnad Aeddon; 44. Marwnad Cunedda; 45. Armes, page 71 of the *Welsh Archaiology;* 46. Marwnad Uthyr Pendragon; 47. Arymes, ditto, page 73; 48. Cywrysedd Gwynedd a Deheubarth; 49. Gwawd Gwyr Israel; 50. Gwawd Ludd Mawr; 51. Ymarwar Ludd Mawr; 52. Ymarwar Ludd Bychan; 53. Canu y Byd Mawr; 54. Canu y Byd Bychan; 55. Dryll or Darogan Cadwaladyr, written in a good hand. Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

18. The Laws of Hywel Dda, with a calendar prefixed (the conclusion wanting). Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

19. The Laws of Hywel Dda (the conclusion wanting). Vellum, octavo, one inch thick.

21. The Master and Scholar, by Archbishop Anselm, in Welsh; 2. The Third Book of a Holy Life, and the Pæniteas; 3. The Sinner's Confession, and Questions on the Catholic Faith and the Ten Commandments, and on Confession. Vellum, octavo, two inches thick.

22. The Calender of Guttyn Owain. Vellum, octavo, half an inch thick.

23. Fragment of the Laws of Hywel Dda. Octavo.

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34. Y Cwtta Cyfarwydd, containing,—1. Prophecies in Latin and English; 2. The First Prophecy of Merddin before Arthur; 3. Prophecies; 4. Pwylliad Penbryn; 5. Avallenau Merddin; 6. Peiriannau; 7. Gwasgargerdd Verddin; 8. Coronawg Vaban; 9. Cyvoesi Merddin a Gwenddydd; 10. Caniad y Gwynt; 11. Gwaith Taliesin; 12. Y Gorddodau; 13. Darogan yr Olew bendigaid; 14. Prophwydoliaeth Merddin Emrys gar bron Gwrtheyrn; 15. Gorddodau Taliesin; 16. Am Gantrevau Morganwg; 17. Heddwch a wnaeth Edgar Vrenin Lloegr rhwng Hywel Dda a Morgan Hen, Arglwydd Morganwg; 18. Enwau Cymydau a Chantrefydd Cymru i gyd; 19. Cynneddvau Meddwdod; 20. Trioedd Ynys Prydain a'i Hanryveddodau; 21. Enwau Cystedlydd (Castellydd); 22. Chronologia, scripta anno Domini 1353; 23. Chronologia Britannica; 24. De Geometriâ; 25. Breuddwyd Pawl; 26. Am y Lloer ddinidydd—item, Theologia; 27. English Verses—item, Prophwydoliaeth Sibli a Merddin; 28. Caniad y Bardd Bach, neu Rys Vardd; 29. Gwersi Prophwydol yn Lladin; 30. Vaticinium Aurelianum de Leone Britoneum—item, Prophwydoliaeth Seisnig, &c. Handsomely bound in London, in Mr. Robert Vaughan's time. Vellum, octavo.

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37. Cywyddau ac Odlau Lewis Glyn Cothi. Well written on vellum. Quarto, an inch and a half thick.

38. An old copy of the Laws of Hywel Dda, very much worn, but neatly bound in London in Mr. Robert Vaughan's time. Octavo, one inch thick.

39. An old copy of the Laws of Hywel Dda, and

others, bound in Mr. Robert Vaughan's time. Vellum, octavo, an inch and a half thick.

40. The Primitive British Laws, in old black binding. This was particularly prized by Mr. John Jones, of Gelli Llyvdy, the great Welsh antiquary, for its antiquity. He observes that the contents of this volume are not to be found in the other Laws. Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

41. Volume of the Laws of Hywel Dda, in which the privileges of the men of Arvon, granted them by Rhun ap Maelgwn on account of their accompanying him in his wars in the north, during which expedition their wives slept with their slaves, are inserted. Item, Y Deyrnged (tribute) payable by the King of North Wales to the Crown of England, and the Honey and Flour due from South Wales and Powys to the Kings of North Wales. Item, the Laws of Rhun ap Maelgwn and Dyvynwal. Written, in a strong and good hand, by Mr. Robert Vaughan, on parchment.

42. Part of a collection of Trioedd Ynys Prydain (the remainder being lost) made by Mr. Robert Vaughan.

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338. Troilus and Cressida, a Welsh Interlude, written in 1613, finished in 1622 (John Jones). Quarto, one inch thick.

Brud y Breninoedd; Genealogies; Triades, &c. Vellum, octavo, two inches thick.

340. Poetry, by Davydd ap Gwilym, and Grufydd Gryg; and a Grammar. Octavo, one inch thick.

341. Primer Davydd ddu o Hiraddug. Vellum, half an inch thick.

342. Song of the Three Children in the Fire; Song of Zachariah. Octavo, half an inch thick.

343. Translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew; Discovery of the Cross by Elen; Paul's Vision. Vellum, octavo, half an inch thick.

344. Vocabulary, by John Jones. Duodecimo, one inch and a half thick.

345. Ditto ditto.

346. On Logic. Folio, thin.

347. Plays on the Creation and Resurrection, in Cornish. Folio, thin.

348. Fragment of Orders for the Administration in Wales. Folio, thin.

349. Laws of Hywel Dda. Quarto, one inch thick.

350. Part of Liber Landavensis; Saith Doethion Rhuvain; Ebostol y Sul; Ach Cynawg Sant; Ach Catwg Sant; Breninoedd y Prydeiniaid; Llyvyr ancr

Llan Dewi brevi; Tales and Religious Treatises, seventeen in number, comprised in 144 pages; Buchedd Beuno; Buchedd Dewi; Cysegrlan Vuchedd; Meddygon Myddvai; Hanes Grufydd ap Cynan, and of the Gwedir Family; an Answer to the North Wales men, who maintain Anarawd to be the eldest son of Rhodri; at the end commences a Miscellaneous Collection, written on the back of the pages, as follows,—Genealogies and Historical Notices of South Wales Families; Hanes Owain ab Urien; Mabinogion; Extent of Wentwood. Folio, three inches thick.

351. Various Papers; Meddygon Myddvai; Catalogue of Welsh Manuscripts; Poetry of the Early and Middle Ages; Letters; Ethelstan's Josephus. Folio, three inches thick.

352. Law Proceedings in French; Customs and Fines in South Wales, and the Marches, in Latin; Gosodiad Ynys Prydain; Welsh Laws, a fragment. Quarto, one inch.

353. Aristotle's Logic; Fragments and Letters in French. Quarto, one inch thick.

354. Ordinances of the Church, in Latin; Dares Phrygius, a fragment; British History, a fragment. Quarto, one inch thick.

355. Genealogies; Description of Britain; History of Charlemagne; Genealogies of British Saints. Octavo, an inch thick.

356. Englynion and Cywyddau in the beginning, the rest Medical Recipes. Octavo, an inch thick.

357. Avallenau Merddin; Fragment of Chronicle of Wales; Achau y Saint, fragment; Kings of Britain; Scripture Genealogy; Five Royal Tribes of Wales; Achau y Saint, fragment; Gwyrthiau Mihangel; Awdyl, "E wnaeth Panton;" Cywydd by Davydd ap Gwilym; Another; Llyvyr Theophrastes; Cywydd brud, gan H. Pennant; Scripture Genealogy and History; Medical Recipes; Ystori Gweryddon yr Almaen (the 11,000 virgins); Bull for the Regulation of the Church in Britain.

358. Araeth Gwgan; Miscellaneous Collection of Moral Verses. Octavo, an inch thick.

359. Genealogies of North Wales Families. Folio, an inch thick.

360. Ditto, part of the same work.

361. Genealogies of North Wales Families. Octavo, an inch and a half thick.

PEITHYNEN.

This was the Wooden Book of the Bards. The term has also been applied to several other things, *a weaver's slay, the cogs of a mill wheel, the rows of human teeth, a board of wood, a slate,* peithynen y ddwyfron, clwyd y ddwyfron, *the breast bone* or *brisket,* &c. Of the several things, and of very different natures and appearances, the original, whence all others figuratively or similitudinarily derive their names, must be the Book, because it is from some part, some appearance, or property to be found in it that every other derives its name that has been so called. All the different ideas to be found in the others separately are united in this. The weaver's slay is similar in its formation to the billets in the Bard's Book when framed together. The cogs of a mill wheel resemble strikingly the ends of those billets that project at each end. The teeth are in similar rows. The board and slate, before parchment or paper became known, were used whereon to inscribe, engrave, paint, or cut letters or literary memorials. The arrangement of the breast bones or ribs are very similar to the billets in the Book and the reeds in the slay. But it is in the Book only, and in no other thing, called peithynen, that all those different ideas can be found or traced up to their origin. This is of itself a striking proof of the antiquity of this kind of Book. The probability is at least great that it was known before the weaver's slay, the cogs of a mill wheel, the use of a slate or board for inscription, &c., were known to the Welsh, and these last must have been used before parchment and paper were introduced by the Romans. E. W.

"THE ENGLISHRY" OF PEMBROKESHIRE AND ITS DIALECT.

By Thomas Purnell, Esq.

Pembrokeshire, forming the extreme west of South Wales, is the first object that offers itself as a resistance to the waves of the Atlantic, which, rolling in between Cape Clear and the Land's End, there precipitate themselves against the lofty cliffs, and become broken into two divisions, named respectively the Bristol and St. George's Channels.

Its coast, more than a hundred miles in extent, is extremely irregular, and, especially towards the south, presents a bleak, wild, and gloomy appearance; and in foul weather is ever a terror to the approaching mariner. But Nature, as a compensation for this inhospitable coast, has bestowed upon the county the magnificent estuary of Milford Haven, which intersects it, and justly forms its chiefest boast.[1] The country possesses no very prominent features; no rivers of any great length—no lakes—no extensive plains; but its surface is generally undulating, and in the north swells up into the Precellau mountains—a slaty ridge ten miles long—which attain an elevation not far short of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. From its exposure to the south-west winds, and consequent deficiency in trees, the character of its landscape scenery is for the most part barren, but almost always picturesque.

Pembrokeshire anciently formed part of the territory of the Demetæ, and received its present name from its position—being derived from two Welsh words (pen, bro,) which may be translated, as in England, by Land's-End, or, as in France and Spain, by Finistère. It is exceedingly rich in the remains of antiquity. The mysterious

[1] This is certainly one of the most splendid estuaries in the world. For an account of its capacities and capabilities see a pamphlet, intitled, *Milford, Past, Present, and Future*, by Jelinger Symons, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Tenby: Mason, High Street.

cromlech, watching the course of ages, still occupies the station assigned it by its primæval builder; watch-towers and Danish encampments are frequent along the coasts, where they crown almost every other steep; whilst of mediæval times there are domestic, military, and ecclesiastical relics, noted for their number, magnificence, and extent.

Speaking generally, a line drawn through the centre, from east to west, would divide the county into two districts. To the north of this line we encounter a people speaking the Welsh language, and having the well defined features of the Celtic race. On the south there is a sensible difference. The inhabitants use the English language alone, whilst their physiognomy, wholly distinct from their neighbours of the hill-country, proclaims them to be of a different race.

A stranger passing through Wales, and having reached its furthest extremity, finding there a district inhabited by a people whose vernacular language was English, would naturally be somewhat surprised, and would, doubtless, attribute the fact to recent intercommunication with England, or suppose he had come upon a colony of Englishmen, who had lately made a settlement in the land. But neither of these suppositions would be the strictly correct one with respect to the "Englishry" of Pembrokeshire. On the contrary the people there are principally descendants of a race other than English, and the language there, one introduced more than seven centuries ago. And it is accounted for in this manner. In the first decade of the twelfth century those Anglo-Normans who, soon after the conquest, had subdued this district, and had acquired for it many royal privileges,[2] being hard pressed by the natives whom they had dispossessed, King Henry

[2] "If Pembrokeshire people were the means of subduing Ireland & Wales to the Kings of England, what glory can be greater, and what praise more worthy, and what other countrys in the land may vaunt themselves of such valliant attempts and happy success? and therefore no marvel that this countrey was magnified above all the rest of Wales."—*George Owen*, temp. *Eliz.*

I., a man, as Monk William of Malmsbury tells us, of "excellent parts," hit upon an expedient to counteract the designs and quell the continual insurrections of the Welsh against his authority. At that time large numbers of Flemings, who had come over in the days of the Conqueror (through the friendship of his queen, their country-woman), dwelt on the northern frontiers of England, where it seems they had been posted as a barrier against the Scots; these Henry resolved should act in a similar capacity against the Welsh; so he ordered them—together with others of their countrymen, who, lately driven from Flanders by an inundation, had sought refuge in England—to repair forthwith, with all their chattels into Pembrokeshire, and there to take up their residence. This they accordingly did; and afterwards, in the year 1155, the second Henry strengthened their hands by the accession of another colony consisting chiefly of soldiers, whom Stephen, his predecessor, had brought over from the Low Countries. That they did effectually accomplish the work which had been entrusted to them must be presumed from the circumstance that, even in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, to such an extent was the district Anglicized, that he speaks of it as Anglia Transwallia—England beyond Wales.

Now, these colonists, be it remembered, did not come directly from Flanders, but had been settled in England sufficiently long to enable them to acquire its language, which at that time was probably not very dissimilar from their own; and the latter colony came into Pembrokeshire just at the time when the distinctions between Norman and Saxon were beginning to wear away, and the Saxon language to assume the form in which, presumably, we may discover traces of the beginning of the present English.

Thus, the language was not learned by the Flemings subsequently to their arrival in Wales, but was brought by them from England, and used by them on their settlement here. Thenceforward it took the same course

in south Pembrokeshire—underwent the same phases—suffered the same modifications—and has attained its present form much in the same way as it has done in England itself.

The vocabulary of Pembrokeshire contains many archaisms, and words peculiar to itself; and (as might be supposed from the condition of its origin) many also similar and germane to those of provincial dialects in England. Some of these I communicated in a former Number of this Journal. (*Alban Elved*, 1856.) I am now enabled to give a more extensive, but doubtless far from complete list, which I shall do, without any attempt at classification, in the order in which they occur to my recollection. A large portion of them is of that class of words which have ceased to be used in the towns, and are prevalent only in rural districts, where, eliminated from literature and refined discourse, banished from even the shop and the market, they seek refuge and find it in the homely speech of country-folk, which, like an inn, "retaineth old guests, but hath not room to entertain new." There they linger till one is scarce able to tell what they originally represented; but their possessors, from long familiarity, are ever loath to give them up.

I mentioned in my previous communication, a general custom in this district, when making use of the preterite, to omit the auxiliary, (as, "I written" for "I have written," meaning, thereby, "*I wrote.*") I have since noticed here another of a similar nature, invariably, that is, to use the *strong* preterites of verbs that are furnished with them, and when verbs are not so provided, to improvise new ones; for instance, he "*lit*" the lamp, and "*clen*" his gun, is the prevalent expression, for "he lighted the lamp, and cleaned his gun." I may mention, also, the very prevalent habit of retaining the old form of adding *e* as a final syllable to words. The farmer's wife goes out to *churne*, to *milke* the cows, or sits down to *mende* her husband's hose, whilst he is gone abroad to "*carte in*" the corn; *e* often has the sound of *a*, which,

in its turn, is almost invariably pronounced with the broad sound—a habit traceable, perhaps, to that part of England whence the people came. But of all the vowels *o* is that most frequently ill-used. It is seldom pronounced rightly,—"cold" is "cauld;" "told" is "tauld;" "borrow" is "borra;" "to mow" is to "maw;" "going" is "gwain," &c. I have never heard the aspirate omitted or misplaced, nor have I met with an instance of *w* and *v* changing places, but there are other forms of speech almost as disagreeable to the ear; words ending in *ing* are seldom correctly pronounced, nor is the *d* in "and" always sounded. The neuter gender is here never recognized by the lower orders, but everything is *he* or *she*. At the commencement of words *v* is frequently convertible with *f*, *b* with *p*, *z* with *s*, *g* with *c*. Transpositions of letters are common. "Grits" are "girts;" "graps" takes the place of "grasp;" "cruds" of "curds." "How" is universally used for "why." "How did you come?" would here have no reference to the manner of coming, but would refer solely to the reason for coming. For "I am not," "he is not," the common expression is "I arn't" "he arn't," which is, I suppose, the Danish *är*, *er*, present indicative singular of the substantive verb *vara*, *være*, to be. "A couple" here does not necessarily mean two of a kind, but most usually usurps the meaning "a few."

Of peculiar words, or words used in a peculiar sense, there is a great number. "Skew" (this is the Welsh *ysgiw*) is the name for a settle, or wooden seat with a back, so universally to be met with here. "Looch" is the name of the wooden spoon used by the peasants. When a person is over anxious for anything, or wishes for more than his proper share, he is said to be "skadly:" another word (*hainish*) is sometimes substituted; but this, I believe, is only applied when greediness is displayed in respect of food. One person throwing a stone at another is said to "pile" him. "All by lejurs" is the current phrase for "leisurely:" a mother tells her little one to go on *all by lejurs*, and she will overtake him. "Orra one"

for "one," and "norra one" for "none," are also much used. "Dollin" is the name given to certain small jugs, capable of containing about a pint; the word is doubtless from the Welsh, and is allied to the English word "doll." The imperial half-pint is known as "a damper"—a circumstance that speaks well for the temperate habits of the people who, as a rule, are able to "damp" their thirst with such a small quantity. The open basket made of twigs, and used for farm and domestic purposes, is a "cowell,"[3] and in some places a "cowet;" the thatch that covers a mow of corn is a "coppat," evidently a corruption of "cop-head," *i. e.*, high peaked, in which sense it is frequently used by old writers. The agricultural three-pronged fork is, as in Cornwall, an "evil;" the nails used by the thatchers, as in Ireland, "scolps." The straw ropes that are placed to keep down the covering of ricks are termed "teens," and the wooden stakes that serve to keep them in their places, "spiddaks." To "freeth" means, as in Devonshire, to wattle, and the work is termed "freething;" the contrivance placed on carts during harvest to increase the load are known as "tripples"—in Hereford they are, I believe, "thripples;" a cow addicted to "pushing" is said to "pilk;" the stalks of a plant much resembling carroway, that grows so plentifully in hay fields, are locally known as "keaks;"[4] barriers thrown across rivers to prevent cattle straying, are called "bariottes;" the mill stream, or any water-course deriving its origin from art or any temporary circumstances, as a flood, is called "a leet"—whilst a small pool of water is, as in Norfolk, "a pulk;" a ditch, as in Bucks, is a "gripe;" a large piece of bread or meat is a "culf;"[5] a small cake baked is a "cook" (probably the Flemish *cock*); boiled, it is a "trolly." An article that is weighty, is said to be of good "heft," or to have much "sump." You hear the hucksters in selling their poultry say, "You'd better buy'n ma'am—there's a deal o' *sump* in e'n," meaning

[3] Wallice, "Cawell."
[4] "Keks" in parts of North Wales; also in Herefordshire.
[5] "Clwff" in Denbighshire.

substance; "bible" is a term not confined to any particular book, but is very generally applied to any one, but more especially to "primers."

To a weak, worthless person, the term "cristmal" is applied; a boon companion is a "scud;" one of stunted growth is said to be "cranted;" one of weak condition of body "nash," and sometimes "sorry;" "lear," as in various dialects, means "thin;" one whose intellect is impaired by age is "dotty;" "brat," a term given to a child, has furnished a name to the coarse outer garment, something similar to a long pinafore, worn by children; "bratful," means a large quantity, *i. e.*, what can be contained in a "brat"—like handful, what can be contained in the hand. It is, no doubt, in this sense, Chaucer uses the word in his description of the Pardoner:—

> "His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
> Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote."

The word "dull" gives us a glimpse of the character of the people. At first it had the same meaning as in the general acceptation—one of slow capacity, but it afterwards came to mean a "silly" person; those who applied the term evidently placing both in the same rank; "dullan" also (dull one) is in universal use. "My nabs" is an expression in general use for "my fine fellow." "Stern" is "dern;" "moderate" is "tidy;" "completely" is "rottle." "This is a tidy fellow," meaning, as in various other parts, a pretty good fellow; "that one is rottle dull," meaning one completely out of his wits. The nape of the neck is known as the "nedack;" dandrif in the head is "gan;" a pert person is said to be "conk," an unworthy one, "a pelt;" the Anglo-Saxon "gant" is the word in use for "gander;" "filty" means affectedly showy, and a woman over-dressed is said to be "filty-fine;" a blazing fire is said to be a "ranging" one; anything in an insecure position is "tripless;" a "bubow" is the strange title given to the jew's-harp; sympathetic swellings of the glands are "agonies." "Budram" is oatmeal gruel —"washbrew," oatmeal reduced to a jelly. These two

words, as I find by the excellent *Provincial Dictionary* of Mr. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., are used in the same sense elsewhere—the former in Norfolk, the latter in Devonshire. When a person discourses in an incoherent manner, or makes a long speech without the subject, his address is termed a "rammas," a word obviously derived from the Latin (ramus, ramosus). Upon some of the games played by children, curious names are imposed; "moral" is one, played by two persons, with three "men" each, and is won by either getting his "men" in a row on the board without crossing a line; "dandies" is a game played by children with five stones; each stone also is a "dandy," and sometimes the shells of periwinkles are used, when they are called "croglings,"[6] as also is the game itself; "rambat" is another game played by boys with a ball. "Tosty," (from to toss,) is the designation of a ball made with cowslips, and used by children in place of a shuttle-cock, the game being called "tisty-tosty." "To hild," or "hildé," is to pour; "hild out the tea;" hilding is also used for violent; and heavy rain is "hilding" rain. The old English words "rathe" and "quick" are still in use, as the opposites of "late" and "dead." "To send" one home, is not here meant to dismiss, but to accompany one thither. "To stivvle," is to shiver from the effects of cold. To "velge" the land is to fallow it; a furrow is "a voor;" any small meadow is called a "burgage," evidently having reference to the tenure by which it was originally held; a large eater is stigmatized as a "gorral;" the large purple sloes that grow in hedge-rows are "cracks." Boys apply the term "cossy" to that portion of a frozen pond on which they slide. The local name in Pembrokeshire for the guillemot, is "eligug;" for the river lobster is "segar;" to "heft" anything is to try the weight, and "heft" is the expression invariably made use of for weight; "kift," as in various dialects, signifies "unhandy;" to bear tales, is to "tell claps;" the person is "a clap" and

[6] A shell in Welsh is called "crogen."

the tale "claps." "Cutty," as in Northamptonshire, is "diminutive;" it is a "cutty-wren;" a "cutty"-*evvet* is a lizard; a "cutty"-*elver*, a small eel; a weazle has the local name of "veer," a title given in Cornwall to a young pig; "crut," used in Northampton for a dwarf, is here applied to a youth;[7] "to mogue," used in the same county for "to cheat," here has a less invidious meaning generally; it means to coax, but is employed to express (and I am afraid it is too often needed) insincere action—to say one thing and mean the other by way of compliment; and, as a natural consequence, it has come to signify "to make sport of a person." The frequent requirement of the word in their vocabulary does not speak well for a people. There is another in very constant use which tells a sad tale—it is the word "call." To "call" one would ordinarily mean to address a person by name; but here, so universal are by-names—indeed in the county town itself, I much question whether there is one, from the highest to the lowest, but has a *sobriquet*—that when one person "calls" another, it is known without any explanation that he has used the by-name: it frequently means also to abuse; to contradict or reply by way of confutation, is to "ergé." To save water from running to waste is to "vang" it; to smother, is to "stum"—(mad people are generally supposed, in Pembrokeshire, to be "stummed;") and when at night the mixture of culm and slime termed "balls" is laid on the fire to keep it "in" till morning, the fire is said to be "stummed," and the material placed on is the "stumming." "Noy" is the name locally given to the wooden trough used for washing, or for kneading bread; to hop on one leg, is to "heck;" a "heck" is a hop, and "heck shell," a game played by boys, takes its name from the word; for the word "belch," the Anglo-Saxon "balke" is used.

Not a few of the words in common use in Pembrokeshire open up to us a chapter in the history, habits, or manners

[7] Wallice, "Crwt."

of the people. There is more than one word to express "begging." To "kedge" is the most general; it is the genus under which are comprehended "hoggling" and "souling." The custom, pursued by limeburners and quarrymen, of going round at a stated time amongst those whom they have been supplying with stones or lime during the year, has received the name of "hoggling," and the men, returning invariably laden with provisions, are "hogglers," and their booty "hoggle." The bag in which the miners in Cornwall carry their food is there called "hoddan," and the word is, perhaps, of kindred origin. "Souling," again, is a word with a different pretence from "hoggling," but the signification of both words is pretty nearly alike; it means the going about at All Souls' time to collect donations of bread and cheese, and the custom evidently has its origin in Roman Catholic times, when soul-cakes used to be distributed to the poor. Thus we see, though the religion of the people has changed, they are loath to give up their ancient and profitable customs. I may mention, in passing, that I have often heard the word "soul" used by the peasantry, without being quite sure what it means; but I think it is applied to anything eaten with farinaceous food—as cheese, or animal food. Previous to the solemnization of a marriage, there is a "bidding," or marriage-feast, a custom received from the Welsh, to which all persons, likely to attend, are invited by a "lavier," who goes about dressed in ribbons, and, with much badinage, informs the friends of the happy pair of the great preparations, and of the good things in store for those who honour the "bidding" with their presence; and when the day arrives, all present contribute to the general stock of the soon-to-be-married pair. These contributions are called "poyth"[8]—a term imported from the Welsh. And since it is the duty of the brideman to collect it and keep an account of what is received, (for each person who gives expects an equivalent on a like occasion, or he is present to return the "poyth"

[8] Wallice, "Pwyth."

once received by himself,) that useful functionary is named the "taylor,"[9] or "taileur," a term which, I suppose, is germane to "tally," and means one who counts.

The exaggeration of the people is manifested by their use of "great" and "small." It is "a great big thing," or "a little bit of a thing;" sometimes, indeed, "a little bit of a grinch;" and not unfrequently "the toptest thing in the world." There is a story current of a woman, who had just entered upon the occupation of a new house, who, when asked how she liked it, replied, "it is a lovely house, with a beautiful oven, that bakes heavenly bread." This habit of exaggeration exhibits itself in various other ways, not needed to be shown up here, and I have introduced the subject only for the purpose of stating that it is generally attributed (justly or unjustly) to the Irish element that is to be found in the population.[1] "Men" and "dren" are two particles in frequent use, the meaning of which I am not sure I know. It is "no, min," "yes, min"—"yes, dren," "no, dren," &c., &c. They sometimes seem to be used like the Greek μὲν and δὲ, but in the generality of cases, I believe they are merely expletive.

To conclude, I may mention that the most popular goblins in Pembrokeshire, next to his satanic majesty himself, are two with names more potent than euphonious —namely, "Tom Rug" and "Bully-bo."

"The Englishry" is characterized by other peculiarities besides in respect of its vocabulary. The people generally

[9] In Welsh, "talwr" means a payer. "Talu pwyth," to return like for like.

[1] A correspondent of Cardinal Wolsey informs that prelate thus:—"Within these twelve months (A.D. 1523–4) there is great abundance of Irishmen lately coming into Pembrokeshire, such that be coming thither before & inhabited there, that by estimation do amount at the least to the number of twenty thousand persons." He then goes on to say that the most part of "the same Ras-cals be out of the dominion of the Kings Rebel Earl of Desmond," and few out of the English pale. I suppose that after a short time most of these returned to their own country; but, eighty years afterwards (1603), George Owen complains that Irishmen were so powdered among the inhabitants of the "Englishry," that in every village the third, fourth, or fifth householder was Irish.

speak in *falsetto*, hurry out their shrill words with such impetuosity, and run them one into the other in such a manner, that not unfrequently they have difficulty in making themselves understood by strangers. This inharmonious pitch of voice is not confined to the lower orders, but the disagreeable habit obtains, in some measure, amongst the higher and more educated classes; where—even in the fair sex—we seldom hear that delicate quality of tone which is often met with elsewhere, and which is, in itself, a power to affect the sensibility of the hearer.

Intermarriages are common. This is especially the case in the hundred of Castlemartin, where, it is said, "everybody can claim kindred with everybody else;" whilst at Angle, at the mouth of Milford Haven, and again at Langum, on the Daucleddau river—two villages inhabited by a dredging population—the villager scarce ever thinks of going beyond the bounds of his own community for a life-partner.

Then there is the architecture: old castles, solitary and ruinous, but with more of beauty in their crumbling decay than ever were their's in the days of their strength—fragments of domestic architecture remaining to us in those old square massive chimneys, with circular shafts, which are ascribed to the Flemings, and called after their name—churches, small in size, but grand in effect, frequently rude, but always in keeping with the climate and situation. They are generally cruciform in plan, have thick massy walls,—rendered necessary by the great weight of the stone vaulting they have to support,—and are frequeutly provided with "squints," a convenient but simple contrivance, peculiar to this district, which enables the congregations in the transepts to view the officiating priest at the altar. Each church possesses also a tall square tower, parapeted or battlemented, and built (the lower story supported by a stone barrel vault, and fire-proof) so as to serve the purpose at once of a belfry, and, if need were, a place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the hamlet, from the marauding attacks of their Welsh foes, which were far from being

imaginary or seldom. These towers, as noticed by old George Owen, furnish the best criterion by which to determine the extent of the Norman and Flemish settlements, for they are the invariable appurtenances of every church within the limits of those peoples, whilst the Welsh fabrics are of a mean description, and destitute of steeples.

Lastly, there are common among the people superstitions and customs peculiar to themselves, besides many and various fanciful legends which are still obtainable, and which, as I judge, are well worthy of being gathered and preserved.

Tenby, Nov. 1859.

THE TRADITIONARY ANNALS OF THE CYMRY.

Chapter XX.

THE RURAL ARTS.—ARCHITECTURE.

The third rural art was architecture, or, as it is expressed in the original, *saerniaeth*, that is to say, the vocation of a wright or artificer, from *saer*, a wright. In the following Triads it is spoken of as consisting of three different branches, or departments;—

"The three branches of *saerniaeth:* a stone mason; a carpenter; and a smith."

"The three branches of *saerniaeth:* wood; stone; and *gist.* (*qu.* schistus ?) *Al.* wood; stone; and metals."[1]

In a document published in the *Cambrian Journal* for Alban Eilir, 1858, the callings of a *saer* and *gov*, or smith, are both distinguished as *privgampau* or principal arts, neither being comprehended in, or regarded as, a mere branch of the other. *Saerniaeth* is there described as the art of "working in wood, and stones, and boughs,

[1] Unpublished MSS.

so as therefrom to construct a strong and appropriate homestead."

In the Laws of Dyvnwal Moelmud the term *ffferylltaeth* is employed to denote the combination or union of the three trades mentioned above; thus,—

"There are three branches of *ffferylltaeth*, being primary branches: to wit, of a smith; of a stonemason; and of a carpenter. Or otherwise, smithcraft; carpentry; and stonemasonry; and the three are coequal in privilege; and everyone that shall practise one of these three arts has a right to his maintenance donation of five free acres, other than is due to him by the privilege of an innate Cymro; and he is to be at the will of the territorial lord to give instruction to the aliens of the king, or of the lord, and to any that should be thought proper of his villains, within the limits of the law; that is, in confidence that no degree of art be conferred upon any of them, except with the permission of the proprietary lord and the king."[2]

It is unnecessary to say anything here of smithcraft, the subject having already come under notice in the last chapter in connection with metallurgy, or the art of working in metals. As to the other two callings, we are presented in the Historical Triads with the names of two persons who respectively improved them in no inconsiderable degree in times anterior to the Christian era; thus,—

"The three blessed artizans of the Isle of Britain: Corvinwr, the bard of Ceri Hir Lyngwyn, who first made a ship with a sail and rudder for the nation of the Cymry; Morddal gwr Gweilgi, the builder of Ceraint ab Greidiawl, who first taught the work of stone and mortar to the nation of the Cymry, when the Emperor Alexander was subduing the world."[3]

We have no means of ascertaining the period when Corvinwr lived, further than that it must have been *prior* to the era of Alexander the Great, and accordingly more than three hundred years before Christ. "The Genealogy of Iestyn ab Gwrgan" gives an earlier date to the invention of mortar, as well as to its use in the erection of buildings. The first is attributed to Calchvynnydd—two

[2] Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, vol ii. p. 512.
[3] Myv. Arch. vol. ii. p. 71. Triad, 91.

generations before Dyvnwal Moelmud; and the latter to his son. We subjoin the extracts that mention the facts.

"Calchvynnydd the Aged, the son of Enir the Bard, was the first who made lime, which he discovered first by making a bread kiln, with stones, under his hearth. But these stones, being pulverized by fire, were thrown away; and then the rain, having first completely reduced them to dust, converted them to mortar, that hardened exceedingly in the weather. With some of the lime he whitewashed his house; and hence his name.

"Llywarch, the son of Calchvynnydd, was the first who constructed fortresses of stone and mortar."[4]

There were fifteen generations from Llywarch to Ceraint; how can we therefore harmonize the testimonies of the Triads and Genealogy on the matter in question? In no other way than by insisting upon the literal statements of either. The Genealogy says that Llywarch was the first who *constructed* fortresses of stone and mortar, but says nothing about his communicating his knowledge to others. Whereas the Triad asserts that Morddal was "the first who *taught* the work of stone and mortar to the nation of the Cymry." Both statements may thus be true. The art of making mortar, and of applying it in the erection of fortresses, might have been known to a few individuals before the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud, but it might not, from motives of policy, or for some reason unknown to us, have been taught to the people, as an ordinary art or business, for many generations subsequently.

Architecture among the early Britons must have been at first exceedingly rude. The word *adail*, which is still used to denote a building of any kind, would imply that the first houses were made of wattled boughs. Indeed, there can be no doubt, when we consider the extensive forests which the primary colonies encountered on taking possession of the island, that they made ample use of the timber in the construction of homesteads, even as in the case now with the settlers in parts of America.

[4] Iolo MSS. pp. 337, 338.

Even in the days of Dyvnwal Moelmud summer abodes seem to have been generally constructed in the same fashion, for we read in his Laws,—

"Three indispensables of the bothy (*bwd*) of a summer resident: a roof tree; roof-supporting forks; and wattling; and he is at liberty to cut them in any wild wood he pleases."[5]

Julius Cæsar describes the dwellings of the Britons as similar to those of the Gauls;[6] and these we learn, from the accounts both of Strabo and Diodorus Siculus, were constructed of wood, of a circular form, and with lofty tapering roofs of straw.[7] According to Cæsar and Strabo, their strongholds and towns were at first nothing else but a round spot of ground, fenced about with trees felled down for the purpose, and secured on all sides with a ditch and rampart.[8] Where stones were convenient, they seem to have used them in the construction of the rampart; also in that of their circular huts.[9] Remains of such buildings are still to be seen in various parts of the country, but nowhere more clearly and on a larger scale than on the Eifl mountains in Caernarvonshire. "Tre 'r Caeri," as the remains are called, is a complete British town, or encampment. It consists of several groups of huts or "cyttiau," surrounded by a wall inclosing an area of upwards of five acres in extent, and

[5] Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, vol. ii. p. 362.

[6] De Bello Gallico, lib. v. c. 12.

[7] Cæsar says likewise "Casæ Gallorum stramentis erant tectæ."—Lib. v. c. 6.

[8] De Bello Gallico, lib. v. 21.

[9] It is not to be expected that the Cymry, whilst they remained a nomadic people, whatever their architectural skill might have been in reality, should have bestowed much of it upon the construction of their houses. Their abodes might be regarded in the light of tents rather than houses. Hence we have Caractacus's exclamation in Rome, Εἶτα ταῦτα καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα κεκτημένοι, τῶν σκηνιδίων ἡμῶν ἐπιθυμεῖτε; "Can ye, who possess these and such like, covet our *little tents?*" Not as it is generally expressed in school-books, *humble cottages*, or *miserable hovels*, words intended no doubt to represent more clearly the *savage* state of the Britons as contrasted with the civilization of Rome. The military bearing of τῶν σκηνιδίων is altogether ignored.

having two entrances, one to the north, and one to the west, and a sally-port, also on the north side. This side, being the most accessible, is defended by a second wall, and even in some places by a third.

The two entrances are very artfully and strongly defended by horn-works and lunettes, or horse-shoe fortifications, and the sally-port, which is a square opening, six feet wide, and about five feet high, roofed with large flat stones, is protected by two walls, which run out and join the second wall. The inner wall, which is very perfect, is in many places fifteen feet high, and in some places sixteen feet broad, and has a parapet and walk upon it.

There are nine large groups of huts, besides numerous smaller ones which nestle closely under the inner wall, or are scattered over the internal area; and they are of various forms, round, oval, oblong, square, and, in some instances, a combination of a hexagonal chamber, leading to, or rather joined to, a circular one. Their entrances are clearly defined in most instances, and, as well as the interiors of the huts and the walls, are nicely faced with flat stones; but no mark of chisel is anywhere observed. Some of the round huts are fifteen feet in diameter, and some of the oblong ones thirty feet in length. The walls of some of them are still five feet high, and may have been six or seven when perfect, and probably were roofed with boughs and thatched with heather.[1]

We have been thus particular, as Tre 'r Caeri may be said to afford a very vivid idea of the style of architecture, which the primitive Britons adopted in the erection of their fortified towns.

It appears probable that Tre 'r Caeri, and other towns of a similar description, were erected subsequently to the reign of the Silurian prince Dingad, who, in the "Genealogy of Iestyn ab Gwrgan," is stated to have "constructed

[1] We are indebted for this description to an article which appeared on the subject in an early Number of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, from the pen of T. Love D. Jones Parry, Esq., F.S.A., Madryn Park.

many strong cities and wood fortresses, and to have been the first who accustomed the people to live in places of defence." He was the grandfather of Ceraint, the patron of Morddal.

Five generations later lived another architect, of royal blood and position,—

"Caid, the son of Arch, [who] was the first who constructed bridges over rivers: the repairs of which he enjoined on the country."[2]

It is not improbable that the principle of the arch, which is an important element in the construction of bridges, was now added, for the first time, to the architectural knowledge of the Cymry. It may be objected, however, that the resemblance of the Welsh term *pont* to the Latin *pons*, leads to the supposition that our British ancestors were indebted to the Romans for the idea of constructing bridges. But surely such an objection can be of no value when we consider that the word *pont* is used also to designate features of the human frame. Such as *pont y trwyn*, the bone of the nose; *pont yr ysgwydd*, the collar bone. Analogy would teach us that these constituent parts of the body lent their name to the material bridge rather than otherwise. Besides, the word *pont* is of itself capable of a very satisfactory etymology, being derived evidently from *pon*, anything that rises or supports, whereas the Latin language suggests no root whatever to the word *pons*. Nevertheless, as the Cymry had their *pont bren* as well as their *pont faen*, the native origin of the word does not necessarily imply the antiquity of the stone structure. All that can be inferred is that they had from the remotest periods some kinds of ways over rivers, and that they did not borrow the art of forming them originally from the Romans.

The ancient Britons, however, had a religious or ecclesiastical style of building which far surpassed their domestic architecture in point of magnificence and effect. Their views of the Divine object of worship suggested a

[2] Iolo MSS. p. 342.

more complete manifestation of power, greatness and glory, than did their own personal comfort and convenience, as witness the magnificent remains of the Gorseddau which are still traceable in our land.

Three of these circular structures are especially recorded in the Triads, and no doubt they may be regarded as the national temples of the primary provinces of Britain respectively:—

"The three principal Gorsedds of the bards of the Isle of Britain: the Gorsedd of Bryn Gwyddon, in Caerleon-upon-Usk; the Gorsedd of Moel Evwr; and the Gorsedd of Beiscawen.

"The three perfectly poetic Gorsedd of the Isle of Britain: the Gorsedd of Beiscawen, in Devon; the Gorsedd of Caer Caradawg, in England; and the Gorsedd of Bryn Gwyddon, in Wales."[3]

Of these Moel Evwr, or Abury, which seems to have been subsequently superseded by Caer Caradawg or Stonehenge, was the most majestic; but at present very few of the stones which originally composed it are remaining. Gibson describes it as "a monument more considerable in itself than known to the world. For a village of the same name being built within the circumference of it, and, by the way, out of its stones too, what by gardens, orchards, enclosures, and the like, the prospect is so interrupted that it is very hard to discover the form of it." The great circle is stated to have been composed of a hundred stones, many from fifteen to seventeen feet in height, but some much smaller, and others considerably higher, of vast breadth, in some cases equal to the height. Its circumference at the top is stated by Sir Richard Hoare to be four thousand four hundred and forty-two feet. The area thus inclosed exceeds twenty-eight acres! Within are also two other circles, of the more northerly of which some stones of immense size are still standing. The great central stone of one, more than twenty feet high, was standing in 1713. The great circle had two openings, at which two lines of upright stones branched off, each extending for more than a mile, and consisting,

[3] These Triads are printed in *Coelbren y Beirdd*, p. 38.

according to Stukely, of about two hundred stones. From this brief description some idea may be formed of the original majesty of Abury, and of the grand effect it presented when the vast area was filled with worshippers. But what mechanical skill must those architects have possessed who raised these gigantic pillars, and arranged them in the order which they were made to occupy! The blocks were to be raised entire, as it was a tenet of the druidical religion that no metallic tool was to be applied to the materials with which the temple of the Most High was to be formed.[4] This principle, however, seems to have been violated in the case of the structure of Stonehenge, for there we find traces of the chisel and hammer; but though this circumstance may imply the degeneracy of the national religion at the time when it was erected, still it shows no signs of decay in the mechanical art. The great peculiarity of Stonehenge, as distinguished from Abury, is that, upon the tops of the upright stones, about fourteen feet high, has been carried throughout a continuous impost of large flat stones of the same width. These horizontal stones carefully fitted each other, so as to form each an arc of the circle, and were held firmly in their places by a deep mortice at each end, fitting upon the tenon of the uprights. If it be true that the neighbourhood produces no such stones as those which were employed in the formation of Caer Caradawg, our wonder increases at the skill which must have been required to bring them from a distance. The same feeling seems to have influenced also our less remote ancestors, who, to account for the marvel, invented the legend of their being conveyed from Ireland by the magic power of Merddin Emrys.[5]

[4] The same principle seems to have entered into the Hebrew religion. Thus the Divine command is given to Moses,—"If thou wilt make Me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone; for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it."—*Exodus* xx. 25.

[5] The erection of Stonehenge, or the work of Emrys, as it is sometimes called in Welsh, is recorded in the Triads as one of the three

Saerniaeth, however, though primarily, is not exclusively architecture, or the art of building. It takes in all those other branches of mechanism which are generally comprehended under the term carpentry. Of these there was not one for which the ancient Britons were more distinguished than the construction of vehicles. *Rheda*, *Covinus*, *Essedum*, *Benna*, *Currus* or *Carrus*, *Petoritum*,[6] are carriages of different kinds, which are attributed to the skill of our Celtic ancestors. The war-chariot in particular was a complicated piece of workmanship, which required no slight mastery of the mechanical arts to execute. Nor was this a rare article; on the contrary, we may infer that the Britons possessed a vast number of war-chariots, from the fact mentioned by Cæsar, that Cassivellaunus, even when defeated, was able to retain in his service no less than four thousand. His words are, "he disbanded the greatest part of his forces, retaining only about four thousand chariots."[7] The skill, therefore, required to make them must have been very generally possessed by the carpenters of Britain.

The *fferyllt* was looked upon as a very important member of the community, and his services were regarded so necessary, that by the laws of his country he was exempted from attendance in war. Thus in the Moelmutian code it is stated,—

"There are three persons privileged not to attend to the horn of country, nor to have hand on sword; that is, they are not to engage in war: a bard; a *fferyllt;* and a man of court; for, neither one nor the other of the three can be dispensed with."[8]

mighty labours of the Isle of Britain,—"The three mighty labours of the Isle of Britain: erecting the stone of Ketti; constructing the work of Emrys; and heaping the pile of Cyvrangon."—*Triad* 88, *Third Series.*

[6] The Cymric forms of these words would be *Rhed, Cywain, Yssedd, Men, Car, Pedwar-rhod.*

[7] "Dimissis amplioribus copiis, millibus circiter quatuor essedariorum relictis."—*Cæs. de Bell. Gall.* lib. v. c. 19.

[8] Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, vol. ii. p. 556.

Chapter XXI.

THE RURAL ARTS.—BARDISM.

After what has been already said on this subject in Chapters XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., and XVII., little need be added on the present occasion. Before the era of Prydain, Bardism consisted of but one general branch, which went by the name of Gwyddoniaeth; but it had no privileges or immunities attached to it by law. "There were bards and bardism, but they had no licensed system, nor had they privileges or usages except what was obtained by kindness and courtesy."[9] Afterwards it was divided into three orders, Bards, Druids, and Ovates, each having its peculiar honours and duties, and all being equally endowed and protected by the state. The Bard proper had to take cognizance of "every memorial of art and sciences, so far as they might be in his department, and likewise every memorial and record of country and kindred, in respect to marriages, and kins, and arms, and territorial divisions, and the privileges of the country and kindred of the Cymry." It was the duty of the Ovate "to protect sciences, lest there should not be found customary teachers, and likewise to improve and increase the sciences and arts, by adding everything new to them by the judgment of teachers and wise men, and thence to establish and give them authorized privilege, and not to preclude sciences of wisdom, which might spring from the natural burst of genius and intuitive invention." The function of the Druid was "to diffuse instruction, and to demonstrate the sciences of wisdom and religion in the session of the bards, and in court, and in llan, and in the house wherein his office is performed."[1]

We have already alluded to the rights and privileges

[9] Triad 58, Third Series.

[1] Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, v. ii. p. 511. See the passage from which the above extracts are made more at large in Chapter XII.

s they occur in the Laws of Dyvnwal
h were five free acres of land—exemption
attendance in war—permission to pass
n one district to another in time of war
ce—support and maintenance wherever
mption from land tax—and a contribu-
plough in the district in which they were
eachers. We will now give the passages
these particulars *in extenso*, except where
cited already.

CRES OF LAND.—The Triadic clause in
nentioned has been quoted in Chapter
the reader is referred. We will merely
erw, here translated acre, applies exclu-
lands, and that it consisted of about

M PERSONAL ATTENDANCE IN WAR.—"Three
ot to be compelled to bear arms: a presiding
the court and llan; and a judge; since they
ed with in respect to their character and
ause there ought not to be a weapon in the
hall be, under the privilege of God and His
pious arts and sciences, and to offices necessary
kindred."[2]

l to the same effect may be seen in the
r.

PASS UNMOLESTED FROM ONE DISTRICT TO
privileged persons of a border country: a
vorshipper; and a chief of kindred; and the
er country embassy is vested only in one of
weapon is not to be bared against one or other
ether at war or at peace the countries and
rivileged ones may be; for, without privilege,
wisdom, and piety, and political sciences,
ld not be tranquilized; on that account, it is
ountry and border country, that there should
privilege for border country missionaries to
ace and security, they being authorized by
the customs of truce."[3]

[2] Ibid. p. 517.

[3] Ibid. p. 517.

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London office of the National Bank of Scotland. It possessed of strong literary and artistic gifts, and w frequent lecturer at the meetings of the Highgate Lite and Scientific Institution. He was the author of a pape entitled "The Historical and Literary Associations of Highgate," upon which and similar subjects connected with the Northern Heights he was an authority.

at our Sundays members should be compelled to ss in the pavilion, and thus avoid going through the streets dressed in hockey attire," found no seconder.

The case is reported in another column.

Xt.—The Kingston Hill Hockey Club, a ran four teams, have just decided in Friday afternoon hockey on the club's ground ugh members who wish to play, subject to the of the lessees of the ground. A motion, ho respectfully submitted that the ball originally fixed—namely, the prisoner in £1,000, and six sureties in £1,000 each—was under the circumstances far too high. The Magistrate having held a private consultation, the Chairman announced that they would consent to accept bail, Mr. Shepherd in £1,000, and six sureties of £1,000 each, or twelve sureties in £500 each.

SUPPORT AND MAINTENANCE.—"There are three motes, and wherever they come, they are to have support and maintenance: those who have the privilege of supremacy; those who have the privilege of bards; and those who are under the privilege of destitution."[4]

EXEMPTION FROM LAND TAX, AND A PLOUGH CONTRIBUTION.—"There are three sorts of proprietors: those naturally born free; men of the court; and clergy; the first of the three are called laics, and to them pertains the privilege of location upon land, and grants; and to the second there is the privilege of office, according as the law shall set forth; and to the third class, or the clergy, there pertains the privilege of teachers, with an allowance to each from every plough within the district where he shall officiate as an authorized teacher; and his land of privilege free to him;[5] and his maintenance secured to him under the privilege of his sciences."[6]

In the "Triads of Privilege and Usage" it is stated that it was where the bard had no five free acres of land he was entitled to "a plough penny, that is to say, a contribution from every plough within his district, and where that cannot be, then a spear penny, namely a contribution from every landowner."[7]

There were other emoluments, as we have seen,[8] to which the bards were likewise entitled, and which were presented to them at the great national festivals; such were oblations of food and drink, raiment and money.

Bardism was one of the three arts which aliens could not learn without the permission of their proprietary lords, and of the lord of the territory; and this permission being obtained, and the profession embraced, they were at once released from villainage, and made free as long as they lived.[9]

Like the metallurgist, the bard could only practise the art of his profession, for "no man ought to be engaged

[4] Ibid. p. 477.

[5] The Priests and Levites among the Hebrews enjoyed privileges and immunities not very dissimilar. It was declared by Ezra that it "should not be lawful to impose *toll, tribute,* or *custom,* upon them." —(Chapter vii.)

[6] Ibid. p. 547. [7] Unpublished MS. [8] Ante, p. 156.

[9] See Triads on this point quoted at large in Chapter XIX.

in two arts, and if he do that, he has no right to the privilege of maintenance other than from one of the two; and no one that follows two arts, or two offices, at the same time, can do so justly and regularly."[1]

There are three things in particular which it is considered degrading in a bard to practise; these are *mechanism*, *war*, and *commerce*. They are mentioned, with the reasons for their prohibition, in the following Triad:—

"There are three things which a bard is not privileged to practise; for they are not proper for him: namely, *mechanics*, with which art he has nothing to do, save with the view of improving it according to his genius, and learning, and knowledge, and doctrine, for he is a man of learning; and *war*, since there should be no bare opposing weapon in his hand, for he is a man of peace and tranquillity; the third is *commerce*, for he is a man of morality and justice, and he ought to attend to his office of instructing country and nation. And because of these things it is adjudged that a bard ought to follow no trade, except his own office and art in respect of song and bardism, lest what is owing from bard and bardism be corrupted, deteriorated, and lost, and lest a bard, from following a trade, should not be able to maintain meditation in respect of the things which become a bard and bardism, and rational learning, and sciences; but he may follow the three common practices."[2]

The "three common practices" here alluded to are explained in another Triad thus:—

"There are three pursuits which are free to a bard, and to every other native of country and nation, that is to say,—hunting, husbandry, and the occupation of a dairy, for it is thereby that all obtain food, and they should not be denied, nor anyone having an inclination for them be forbidden."

Another version has it,—

"Husbandry, the occupation of a dairy, and medicine, for these are practices of improvement in respect of peace and morality, and they are called the three common practices."[3]

[1] Welsh Laws, vol. ii. p. 507. See also Chapter XIX. of the present work.

[2] The "Triads of Privilege and Usage," from the Book of Llywelyn Sion, unpublished.

[3] Ibid.

Tradition has preserved to us the names of some of the bards who flourished prior to the Christian era. Here follows a list as far as we have been able to make out:—

MENW AP Y TEIRGWAEDD, supposed to be the first man that was created, answering to Adam in the Holy Scriptures.

EINIGAN GAWR, the son of Huon, son of Alser, son of Iôn, son of Japhet, son of Noah the Aged, who first invented letters.[4] According to some accounts Einigan is represented as the first *man*, and Menw as the one who taught the sciences of the ten letters, having seen them on three rods that grew out of Einigan's mouth, a year and a day after his decease.[5]

GWYDDON GANHEBON, on whose stones "were read the arts and sciences of the world," perhaps identical with Einigan. See Chapter I.

GORONWY, son of Echel.

ARGAT WYNVARD.

CADAIR WYNVARDD.

ELLMYR, son of Cadair Wynvardd.

GWGAWN, son of Peredur Wrawn.

TYDAIN, son of Tudno, or Tydnaw, or Hu Gadarn, *al.* TYDAIN TAD AWEN.

"He was the wisest of all the poets, and was more than all endowed with genius from God, and it was he who systematized vocal song and bardism, and systematized also the privileges and usages which appertained to a bard and bardism; and such bards were called bards according to the privilege and usage of the old Cymry. And it was in accordance with the system of Tydain that vocal song and bardism was maintained for a long time, until Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr, consolidated the states of the Isle of Britain, and its nations. And because Tydain first systematized vocal song and bardism, and because of the sciences found in him more than in others, in respect of vocal song and its appurtenances, and because it was through him, and his order, and system, that methodical instruction and art in respect of vocal song and the sciences of bardism were first obtained, he was called TYDAIN TAD AWEN. Some say that it was before the

[4] MS. [5] See *ante*, Chapter I.

arrival of the Cymry in the Isle of Britain that Tydain lived, but sufficient information on that head cannot be had."[6]

PLENNYDD, son of Hu—ALAWN, son of Einyllt—and GWRON, son of Tangwystl, the daughter of Tanc ab Ercal Wynn, the three primary bards of the Isle of Britain.

At the time when the bardic institute was established by Prydain, these three were found to have retained in memory more of the primitive tradition than any others.

"He (Prydain) commanded the poets to exhibit their sciences, and the memorials and records in respect of them, which being done, search was made as to which of the poets were the wisest and most knowing, and the best in respect of those things which appertained to vocal song and the sciences of wisdom, were found to be PLENNYDD, ALAWN, and GWRON, and they met in a chair, and there proposed a 'shout for restoration,' under notice and proclamation of a year and a day, and put it to the authoritative vote of country and nation. And by that shout they summoned and invited all the poets and *gwyddoniaid* who were skilled in vocal song, and the sciences of wisdom, and the privileges and usages of the old Cymry, to come to chair and gorsedd openly, and in the sight of the sun and face of light. And thither came all who were skilled in poetic genius and sciences in respect of vocal song and its appurtenances; and privileges and usages were there framed, which were reduced into a system appropriate for bards, bardism, and the wisdom and secret of bardism; and the three orders of bards and bardism, and the sciences of bardism, were arranged and instituted."[7]

All those mentioned above were of the order of the *Gwyddoniaid*, which was the name by which the priests and public teachers were known previous to the reformation of bardism under Prydain.

MADAWG, CENWYN, and ANLLAWDD.—These were the first three that were graduated, or received into the rank of presiding Bards, after having gone through a course of instruction and training, according to the system newly established.

"And it was incumbent upon them to maintain and perpetuate the three memorials, and to adjudicate and arrange matters in

[6] "The Triads of the Bards of the Isle of Britain, and the Memorial and Accounts of them by Voice Conventional."—*Unpublished MS.*

[7] Ibid.

chair and gorsedd, and to take disciples and poetic aspirants to instruct them in the sciences of vocal song and its appurtenances, and to preserve from corruption the primitive knowledge, and the Cymric language, and the memorial of everything good and praiseworthy in man, deed, and accident."[8]

CADAWG AB MYLMUR MAWREDD, TRYSIN AB ERBAL, and RHUAWN GERDD ARIAN.—These were the three primary Ovates that were endowed with privilege.

"And they were enjoined to collect bardic and good sciences of whatever chance, and of whatever genius and invention, and to submit them to the judgment of chair and gorsedd, and in accordance with reason, and judgment, and the method of art."[9]

MEIWYN VARDD, RHIALLON ASGELLAWG, son of Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr, and BERWYN, son of Arthrawd. These were at the same time received into the order of Druids.

"And upon them it was incumbent to maintain Divine worship and the sciences appertaining thereto in respect of the three memorials according to the judgment of chair and gorsedd.

"And these three three-men, together with the three primaries, were the twelve primitive bards of gorsedd, according to the privilege and usage of the bards of the Isle of Britain; that is, they are primitive, because there were none of their kind and order before them. And they are adjudged to be the twelve primitives because they were of the same primitive gorsedd; and it was from them that were first obtained the three orders of the bards of the Isle of Britain."[1]

GORONWY, son of Eilir Eiliriawn, in the time of Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr.

RHUAWN, son of Ceinvarth Prydain, MADAWG, son of Arthvael, MELVIN, daughter of Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr. These are called "the three golden-tongued bards of the Isle of Britain"[2]

In another Triad Rhuawn is classed with Alawn and Gwron, "and they are called golden-tongued because they could obtain what they wished in virtue of the sense of vocal song."[3]

Rhuawn or Rhuvawn Davod Aur, is said to have added

[8] Ibid. [9] Ibid. [1] Ibid.
[2] The Triads of Bards, MS. [3] Ibid.

two letters to the Cymric alphabet, so as to augment it to eighteen, in which state it continued to the time of Talhaiarn.[4]

Rhuvawn is mentioned by Ceraint Vardd Glas in the following stanza:—

"The achievement of Rhuvawn, was the establishing for record,
And verse, and the security of memorial;
The principles of justice upon the law of the land."[5]

ENIR, son of Ithel, called ENIR VARDD, was a Silurian prince who lived three generations before Dyvnwal Moelmud.

"He reduced to fair order the maxims of wisdom, and conferred high distinction on bards and druids, so that he and they became supreme through the world for wisdom and knowledge."[6]

TEGID, son of Baran, and brother of Llyr, who was the 38th of the Silurian princes.

"He was a good bard. He enacted excellent regulations for literature; restored ancient learning, which had nearly become lost, and instituted a council of bards and druids as of old."[7]

CASWALLAWN, son of Beli ab Manogan, MANAWYDAN, son of Llyr Llediaith, and LLEW LLAW GYFFES, called "the three golden-robed bards of the Isle of Britain,"

"Because they wore gold, and it was Beli Mawr, son of Manogan, that first put it on Caswallawn his son, when he went to Gascony to fetch Fflur, daughter of Vygnach Gorr; and these three men were the first of the golden-robed."[8]

Caswallawn is recorded also as one of "the three loving bards of the Isle of Britain," on account of his love for Fflur.

There are several other bards mentioned in the traditionary accounts of the Cymry, but as there is nothing to indicate the times in which they lived, whether before or after the Christian era, we are obliged to omit their names from the present list.

[4] MS. [5] Iolo MSS. p. 669.
[6] Genealogy of Iestyn ab Gwrgant, *pene* Iolo MSS. p. 337.
[7] Ibid. p. 346. [8] The Triads of the Bards, MS.

(To be continued.)

ON THE TOPOLOGY OF IRELAND.

By Amergin.

The attention bestowed by French and German scholars upon the Celtic languages is beginning to react upon ourselves; and that in a twofold manner. Those who were averse to studies of this kind, are half ashamed to think that foreigners should take an interest in our philology and antiquities, while the natives remain apathetic; and even scholars, who have spent their lives in the study of Irish literature, see reason to suspect that in neglecting the Welsh, they have left a large portion of the ground unoccupied.

Conversely, it is too often the case that Welsh scholars pay no attention to the Irish, which is the purest form of the *Gaelic:* and by this one-sided study, the science of Comparative Grammar suffers grievous loss. In many Welsh grammars we read that certain idioms are *peculiar* to the Welsh, which in reality are equally common in Irish; and many difficulties in the grammars of both dialects are left unsolved, which, by judicious comparison, might be made mutually to explain one another.

But further, for want of broad philological views, the study of Celtic grammar is allowed to fall into contempt. The English in Britain, and the Anglo-Irish in Erin, however they may differ on other subjects, seem both agreed that the Celtic languages are barbarous, that they contain no literature, that they are eminently of no use, and that the sooner they are swept from the face of the earth, the better for civilization. Of course, as the persons who reason in this way are so profoundly acquainted with the subject, it would be presumptous to contradict them: but what shall we say of those Irishmen, born Gaels, who are well able to speak Gaelic, but who disguise the fact, and are actually ashamed of their own language? Let us hope that there are no parallel cases in Britain.

The chief thing is to trample down the silly prejudices which exist in the public mind. Men are at present very

much the same as they were in the days of old Cato, who said that the Romans were like a flock of sheep, and that it was much easier to drive a troop of them, than one of them: for if any one of a troop could be made to go right, the rest would follow. Similarly, if Celtic literature became the fashion, the very men who now decry the study, would begin to chatter about Celtic manuscripts as familiarly as household words.

The next obstacle is downright idleness. Persons who have acquired three or four languages are sometimes not very willing to undertake the study of an entirely new language. When a man knows Latin, he has no great difficulty in gaining some acquaintance with French, Italian, or Spanish. But to most Europeans the Celtic languages are totally strange: not merely with regard to words, but in respect of grammatical construction and idiom. Consequently the study of Welsh or Irish is a matter of very hard work: the sounds appear harsh, the meaning obscure, the syntax perplexed. But no one likes to own himself beaten, or to plead idleness: it is much easier to condemn the languages, and to talk about the progress of civilization.

However, it is the duty of a good teacher to smooth the way, as much as possible,

> "Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
> Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima:"

and if we can find a course of inquiry which, besides being interesting in itself, may tend even remotely to advance Celtic philology, our labour will not remain altogether without fruit.

Such a course appears to present itself in the study of the names of places in Wales or Ireland. These names are mostly significant, some having reference to the natural peculiarities of the country, others to the history of past times. This inquiry is peculiarly important for the history of Britain, because many scholars conclude, from an examination of old Celtic names in Britain, that the original inhabitants were Gaelic, and not Cymric. On this point we offer no opinion here: it is sufficient to

indicate the importance of the subject, and we may just allude to the popular name, *Cytiau y Gwyddelod*, common on the west coast, especially in Anglesey.

This branch of investigation is sometimes called the study of "topographical nomenclature," but as this term is too long, we venture to use the word *topo-logy* meaning the science of the names of places. If any Greek scholar maintains that it ought to be *top-onomato-logy*, or *onoma-topo-logy*, we must beg the learned man to spare us, or else the remedy will be worse than the disease.

The ultimate object of the science is the comparative topology of various races, and the discovery of general laws, as well in the language and customs of men, as in the natural peculiarities of countries. We may notice, by way of example, a marked contrast in Teutonic and *modern* Celtic names: namely, that in names compounded of two substantives, or a substantive and adjective, the Celtic puts the generic term first, and the Teutonic places it last: thus we have *Glen*-garry, *Strath*-Clyde, in Celtic: but Dove-*dale*, Kirk-*dale*, in Teutonic. Thus the Gaelic name of Edin-*burgh* is *Dun*-edin. By the same rule we say the Nelson *monument*, and the French la *fontaine* Molière. The rule of composition in old Celtic appears to have included both methods: for Novio-dun-um, in Cæsar, looks very much like New-town, and there are some other compounds, recorded by the same author, which point to the conclusion that in ancient times the rule was not absolute.

We propose then to deal with the topology of Ireland, giving in one column the names of places, with brief topographical remarks: and in the opposite column, the derivation of the word in Irish, to which we add, in brackets, any correlative English words, whether names of places or of men. For it is well known, that many English appellatives which had been lost as names of towns or hamlets, have survived as surnames of individuals. We shall also compare names of places in Wales, and in other countries, as occasion may require.

It was, for some time, matter of doubt, whether or not it were desirable to furnish traditional derivations accompanied by legends. The sneers of modern criticism were to be considered; but the curiosity of honest antiquaries was not to be defrauded. Yet there was this consideration: we know that the Greek scholiasts are full of fanciful etymologies, and that when the etymology is backed by a legend, the legend has been coined, nine times out of ten, to support the fanciful derivation. So among the Latins, Festus and Isidorus have handed down absurd derivations, and incredible legends. Still, no man wishes that these fancies had all perished, and never come down to our times. For, in the first place, we profit by the mistakes of wiser men than ourselves; we avoid the errors into which they fell; and, from those very errors we discover their tone of mind, their manner of thought. But secondly, modern philology is but a science of yesterday: great progress has been made during the last forty years: nevertheless some of our modern scholars are as wild as any of the ancients. The wildness may run in another direction, but it is often quite as wide of the mark.

All things considered, we have determined to furnish traditional derivations: not necessarily to be believed or accepted, but as a record of old times. And it sometimes may happen that an old legend, though apparently foolish, contains a germ of truth, or leads in the direction of truth. The bane of modern scholarship is enormous self-conceit: and when individuals decry the ancients, let them consider how they would have appeared by the side of those ancients.

Adair, a town on the river Maige, co. Limerick.

Aghaboe, a village and vicarage in Queen's County, formerly a bishop's see.

Aghada, a rectory in the diocese of Cloyne, co. Cork.

Ath, a ford; *dara*,[1] of the oak. [Oak-ford, Ac-ford.]

Achadh,[2] a field, plain, or pasturage; *bó*,[3] of cows or oxen. [Cow-ley.]

Achadh, a field or plain; *fada*,[4] long. [Long-field.]

We insert a few Welsh correlatives.—ED. CAMB. JOUR.

[1] *Dar*, an oak. [2] *Cae, chae*, a field. [3] *Bu*, a cow.

[4] *Bed, fed*, as far, or as long as. See *Liber Landavensis, passim.*

Aghadown, a vicarage in the barony of Carbery, co. Cork.	*Achadh*, a field; *dun*,[5] a fortified hill, town, or fortress.
Aghagower, the ancient name of a large plain which comprised the present barony of Morish (*muir*, sea, and *uisc*, water) in co. Mayo. The name is now applied to a parish church, the head of a rural deanery, which was formerly a bishop's see.	*Achadh*, a plain; *fobair*,[6] of the meeting (?) or, of the water (?) [Waterloo.]
Aghalurcher, a rectory in the diocese of Clogher, co. Fermanagh.	*Achadh*, a plain; *urchair*,[7] of the throw or shot. [Shooters'-field.]
Aughrim, a village in co. Galway, where a famous battle was fought in 1691; also the name of a parish in co. Roscommon.	*Each*, a horse or steed; *druim*,[8] the ridge of a hill or rising ground. [Compare Ger. Ross-berg.]
Antrim, a town and county in the province of Ulster.	*Aen*, one; *druim*, a ridge, or mount.
Ardcarne, a village and parish in the diocese of Elphin, co. Roscommon.	*Ard*,[9] a height, or elevated ground; *carna*,[1] of the heap of stones, or cairn; (or *Carna* a Druidic priest?) [Cairn-hill.] Cornhill in London?
Achill, an island on the coast of Mayo.	In the *Annals of the Four Masters* the the name of this island is written *Eccuill*, which may signify "dangerous of approach;"[2] but the derivation of this word is very doubtful.
Annaduff, a parish in co. Leitrim.	*Eanach*,[3] a bog; *dubh*,[4] dark, or black. [Black-marsh.]
Annaghmore, the seat of Major O'Hara, near the post town of Collooney, co. Sligo.	*Eanach*, a bog; *mór*,[5] great.
Annadown, a vicarage in the diocese of Tuam, co. Galway, where an abbey was founded about the sixth century.	*Eanach*, a bog; *dun*, a fort.
Avonuar, a river in co. Roscommon.	*Abhain*,[6] a river; *uar*, or *fhuar*,[7] cold. Its more ancient name was *Glaisiuair*, which is of the same import.
Athleague, a ford in the river Shannon, over which the bridge of Lanesborough now stands.	*Ath*, a ford; *liag*,[8] of stones. [Stone-ford, Stan-ford.]

[5] *Din*, a fort or city.

[6] *Gwyr*, luxuriant, verdant, slanting. A district in South Wales goes by the name *Gwyr*, Anglice, *Gower*. There was a Welsh Saint called *Gower*, the founder of Llangower, near Bala.

[7] Qu. *Iwrch*, a roebuck? The name is attached to several places in Wales, as *Bryn yr Iwrch*, *Ffynnon yr Iwrch*, *Llwyn Iwrch*, &c.

[8] *Trum*, *drum*, a ridge.

[9] *Ar*, a surface; tilth, or ploughed land. It is also a prefix, enhancing the signification of words; when joined to a noun, it has the force of *arch*, a chief, in English; of *very* and *most* in adjectives; and *much* in verbs.

[1] *Carn*, a heap of stones; pl. *carnau*.

[2] Qu. *Ach*, water, and *hyll*, hideous? or *achel*, a hiding place?

[3] *Avon*, a river? [4] *Du*, black or dark. [5] *Mawr*, great.

[6] *Avon*, a river. [7] *Oer*, cold, or *war*, gentle. [8] *Llech*, a stone.

Ardee, or *Atherdee*, a town in co. Louth.	*Ath*, a ford; *Firdia*, a champion of that name, who was slain at this place in single combat with the warrior Cuchullan (?)[9]
Ardes, a barony in co. Down.	The Irish name is *Ard-uladh*, from *Ard*, a height; *Uladh*, of Ulster.[1]
Ardfert, a town and bishop's see in co. Kerry.	*Ard*, a height; *fearta*,[2] of the tumulus (viz., of St. Brendan).
Ardstraw, a place on the river Derg, in co. Antrim, where the primitive church of the see of Derry was founded.	*Ard*, a height; *stratha*,[3] of the marsh.
Ardglas, a place in Queen's County, four miles north of Carlow; also a rectory in co. Down.	*Ard*, a height; *glas*,[4] green. [Green-hill.]
Ardmore, a rectory in co. Waterford, formerly a bishop's see, founded by St. Declan in the fifth century.	*Ard*, a height; *mór*, great.
Ardrathan, a parish in co. Galway.	*Ard*, a height; *rath*,[5] a fort; *án*, little —*i. e.*, the hill of the small fort. The small hill-fort (?)
Ardnaree, a town in county Sligo, near the town of Ballina in Mayo.	*Ard*, a height; *na*, of the; *riagh*, hanging or execution. [Gallows-hill.]
Armagh, a city and county in the province of Ulster.	*Ard*, a height; *Macha*, a queen of that name (?) or *magha*,[6] of the plain (?)
Athboy, a town in co. Meath.	*Ath*, a ford; *buidhe*, yellow. [Yellow-ford.]
Athenry, a town in co. Galway.	*Ath*, a ford; *na*, of the; *riogh*,[7] kings or princes. So called probably from the circumstance that Felim O'Connor, King of Connaught, along with several chiefs, fell in the battle fought there between the English and the Irish, A.D. 1315.
Ahascragh, a town in co. Galway.	*Ath*, a ford; *easgrach*, rocky.
Athassel, now a rectory in the diocese of Cashel. An abbey was founded here, A.D. 1200, by William Fitz-adelm de Burgh.	*Ath*, a ford; *iseal*,[8] low. [Low-ford.]
Athy, a town in co. Kildare; also a town in Queen's County.	*Ath*, a ford; *Aodh*, of Aodh, Anglicised Hugh. [Hugh's-ford.]
Athlone, a well known town situated on both sides of the river Shannon.	*Ath*, a ford; *luain*,[9] loins. So named, according to a historical novel of the sixth century, entitled, *The*

[9] Qu. *Ar du*, a dark surface? or, upon the dark river?
[1] Qu. *Hardd wlad*, a beautiful country? [2] Qu. *Berth*, fair, pleasant?
[3] *Ystre*, a course. "Oedd ddinas ar ystre."—*Llywarch Hen*. *Ystred*, a village. *Ystrad*, a flat, a vale.
[4] *Glas*, green. [5] *Rhath*, a smooth eminence, mound, or hill.
[6] *Mai*, a plain. It forms the names of several places in Wales, as *Pen y Vai*, *Cilvai*, *Mai Silly*, *Myddvai*.
[7] *Rhi*, a chief. [8] *Isel*, low. [9] *Llwyn*, the loin; a grove.

	Cattle Raid of Cooley, from the two loins of a bull having been dropped into the ford from the horns of a contending bull. Others derive from *luan*, a hero, or champion, i. *e.*, "Champion's-ford," because this pass over the Shannon, was a scene of contention between Connaught and Leinster (?)
Avonmore, a river in co. Kerry, otherwise called the Blackwater.	*Amhain* (cf. Lat. *amnis*, Welsh *avon*) a river; *mór*, great.
Attymas, a parish in the barony of Gallen, co. Mayo. The ford from which it takes its name is supposed to have been on the river Moy, well known for its excellent salmon fishery.	*Ath*, a ford; *tighe*,[1] of the house; *in* (or *an*) of the; *messaigh*, fishery; i. *e.*, "Fishing-house-ford;" *meas* is a salmon, or any kind of fish. This example is given to show how difficult it is to explain many of the Anglicised names of places, without knowing the original term; for, otherwise, who could imagine that Attymas is derived from *Ath-tighe-in-messaigh*? Conjecture in such cases is worse than useless, for it almost inevitably leads to error.
Aghuaill, a parish in the barony of Shillelagh, co. Wicklow.	*Achadh*, a field; *ubhall*,[2] of apples, or apple-trees. [Apple-field. Compare the island of Avallon.]
Aghavea, a parish in co. Fermanagh.	In Irish called *Achadh-beithe*,[3] "the field of birch-trees." [Birch-field.]
Aghadoe, a parish in co. Kerry.	In Irish *Achadh-da-eo*, from *achadh*, a field; *da*, two; *eo*,[4] a yew-tree. [The field of the two yew-trees.]
Ardnorcher, a parish in King's County.	*Ard*, a height; *an*, of the; *urchar*, shot, cast, or throw. [Shooters'-hill.]
Athcliath, the ancient name of Dublin (which itself is *dubh*. black, *linn*,[6] pool —"Black-pool").	*Ath*, a ford; *cliath*,[5] of hurdles; i. *e.*, "Hurdle-ford," a name given to a temporary bridge made of hurdles.

[1] *Ty*, a house. [2] *Aval*, an apple; *avall*, an apple-tree.
[3] *Bedw*, birch. [4] *Dau yw*, two yew trees. [5] *Clwyd*, a hurdle.
[6] The Welsh name of Dublin *Dulyn*, i. *e.*, *du*, dark, and *llyn*, pool.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

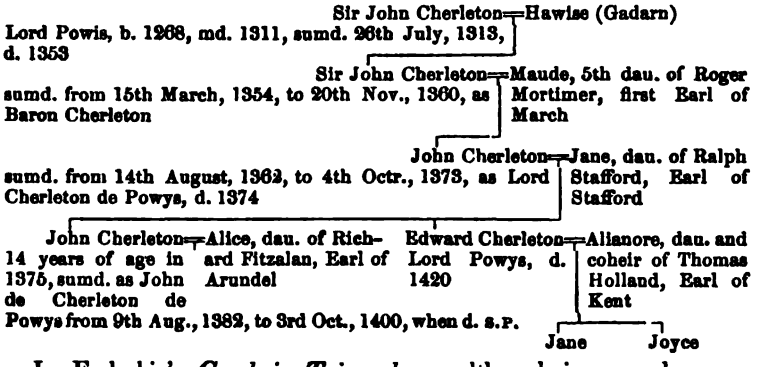
CETOS CÆSAR.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—Cæsar, in his Ephemerides, or Journals, according to *Servius*, says that once being taken by the enemy in Gaul, and carried away on horseback in his armour, they were met by a Gaul who knew him, and who insultingly cried out, "*Cetos Cæsar.*" This is said to mean, in the Gaulish language, *let Cæsar go*, or *let go Cæsar*. Now, though this may be the proper meaning of the phrase, corresponding with the Cymric "Gedwch Cæsar," it appears to me, nevertheless, that the Gaul in reality meant *Cedwch Cæsar, i. e.*, keep Cæsar, or retain him as a prisoner of war; the word *Cadw*, to keep, being derived from *Cad*, a battle.—I remain, &c., GEIRION.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—I would take leave to call attention to discrepancies existing between the different genealogical accounts of the immediate descendants of the first Sir John Cherleton, Lord Powis, and his wife, Hawise Gadarn, and to ask whether the account, as given in Powell's *Wales*, be not, as far as there stated, the correct one, and which set forth more fully might stand thus,—


Sir John Cherleton=Hawise (Gadarn)
Lord Powis, b. 1268, md. 1311, sumd. 26th July, 1313, d. 1353
Sir John Cherleton=Maude, 5th dau. of Roger Mortimer, first Earl of March
sumd. from 15th March, 1354, to 20th Nov., 1360, as Baron Cherleton
John Cherleton=Jane, dau. of Ralph Stafford, Earl of Stafford
sumd. from 14th August, 1362, to 4th Octr., 1373, as Lord Cherleton de Powys, d. 1374
John Cherleton=Alice, dau. of Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel
14 years of age in 1375, sumd. as John de Cherleton de Powys from 9th Aug., 1382, to 3rd Oct., 1400, when d. s.p.
Edward Cherleton=Alianore, dau. and coheir of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent
Lord Powys, d. 1420
Jane
Joyce

In Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, although in one place are mentioned but three, in another are mentioned four Johns Cherleton in succession. It is there also stated that the descent was continued by the marriage of one of them and the daughter of the Lord Mortimer. Dugdale's account, in his *Barons*, of the descent is manifestly erroneous, at variance with his own statements, under the names of Mortimer and Stafford, and with probabilities and possibilities; the date mentioned by him for the marriage settlement of one of the Johns Cherleton, with Jane, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Stafford, must either be erroneous, or else, more probably, there could have

been then but a pre-contract for a future marriage, as the lady at that period, 17 Edward III., could have been scarcely more than a child, as her mother was but 30 years of age in 21 Edward III. Some references to the name, in Nicholas's *Testamenta Vetusta*, seem to accord with the foregoing conclusions. Some confusion in accounts may have arisen from the identity of so many names in continued descent.—I remain, &c.,

November, 1859. OWEN AP GRYFFITH.

THE WELSH VOLUNTEERS.

To the Editor of the Cambrian Journal.

SIR,—Inasmuch as our countrymen are at present enrolling themselves as members of different rifle corps throughout the Principality, now is the time for giving effect to the *esprit de corps* in the adoption of a distinctive costume—truly national—which will characterize our soldiers as worthy representatives of those warriors who followed Llywelyn—"Mil myrdd mewn gwyrdd a gwyn." There is no doubt that green, light green, the green of the leek, is the proper uniform of Wales; and as nothing can be more appropriate than that which is identical in hue with the grass of the field, and spring foliage of the forest, for a rifleman, it should in the case of Welsh companies be adopted at once. As to the shape of the dress, I beg to suggest that the coat should be of the tunic kind, as being more in character with the ancient costume of Wales. A very smart dress might thus be had; and as we know that a handsome uniform has a great effect in inducing persons to enlist, I doubt not that many more would join our volunteer regiments, thus gaily accoutred, than if they were clad in grey, or dark green, both melancholy colours.—I remain, &c.,

MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 23RD ROYAL WELSH FUSILEERS AT MALTA.—Few ceremonies have gone off with greater *eclat* than that of presenting these colours to the above battalion, which occurred on the 21st ultimo at Floriana, and was attended by all the rank and fashion of the island. The celebrated Welsh goat, the favourite of the battalion, was at his post early in the day. The usual drill manœuvres having been gone through, the battalion got into position, when the governor and the commander-in-Chief, Sir John Gaspard Les Marchant, arrived on the ground, accompanied by Brigadier-General Warren, Colonel Warde, R.A., and a numerous and brilliant staff. The band of the regiment played the National Anthem. His excellency and staff having inspected the troops, they formed into an open square, the ensigns in the centre, holding the new

colours. The service of consecration having been gone through by the chaplains, during which the spectators remained uncovered, the governor dismounted, and delivered the new colours into the hands of those appointed to receive them. At that moment the band struck up "God save the Queen." Although a witheringly cold and tempestuous south wind prevailed at the time, yet every head was bare. The regiment now formed into column, escorting their colours, and defiled past the governor in slow, quick, and double quick time. The speech delivered upon the occasion cannot fail to be of interest to the inhabitants of Newport, as the battalion was formed there, and they will bear testimony to the exemplary and praiseworthy conduct of the noble fellows during their stay there. The gallant governor said:— "Soldiers of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers, I partake of your pleasure, your hope, and gratification. The records of your country bear testimony to your bravery and zeal. I am most proud of having the honour of presenting these colours to so valiant and devoted a section of the British army. Your triumphs and your glory have rendered you worthy of yourselves and your dear country. Your soldierlike bearing has been so frequently dilated upon, that it were superfluous in me to lay particular stress upon this characteristic of you, but I must dwell with the deepest reverence upon the honoured name of the first battalion of your royal corps, who fought with such dashing glory through the Peninsular war at Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Vittoria, Toulouse, and a score of other battles. The post of honour has at all times been awarded to the gallant 23rd, and they were never found to be wanting either in courage, in valour, or in bravery. I will, however, particularise the Alma, Inkermann, the Redan, and India, where they are now stationed. I repeat, in your presence, that the royal and loyal 23rd Welsh Fusileers have never been, nor are they, second to any other regiment in the British army. Your very name has hitherto been a watchword of terror to those against whom you have fought. May it ever continue to be so. The name of the 23rd is ever dear to the Principality, as it is to me. During the Crimean war I was proud to see so many of the descendants of the ancient Cymry leaving their native hills, their peaceful dales, to fight their country's battles. Rely upon it that not only is dear Cambria proud of you, but you are held in deepest affection by the Queen and the whole of the British nation. In handing these colours to your safe keeping, I implore you ever to look upon them with that veneration, devotion, and reverence which they deserve. Never let them be soiled by the touch of your enemies, who are the traitors of freedom, the despoilers of your homes, the haters of your country."

THE WELSH VOLUNTEERS OF 1804.—We take the following abstract of the return of all the Welsh volunteer and yeomanry corps, whose services were accepted in 1804, from a complete return for England and Wales. The return is given, with the view of showing the patriotic spirit which animated the several counties and boroughs

of Great Britain, at a time when considerable anxiety was felt respecting the hostile intention of the First Napoleon in regard to this country :—

Localities.	Cavalry.	Infantry.	Artillery.
Anglesey	—	1,000	—
Brecon	—	1,196	—
Cardigan	—	567	—
Caermarthen	120	2,316	—
Caernarvon	—	1,100	—
Denbigh	194	2,344	—
Flint	270	2,429	—
Glamorgan	213	2,488	—
Merioneth	—	464	—
Montgomery	120	1,560	—
Pembroke	440	1,851	70
Radnor	—	1,000	—
Total	1,357	18,315	70

Total of effective rank and file in England and Wales	341,687
Field Officers	1,246
Captains	4,472
Subalterns	9,918
Staff Officers	1,100
Sergeants	14,787
Drummers	6,733
Grand total	379,943

REVIEWS.

IDYLLS OF THE KING. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Edward Moxon and Co.

The name of Arthur, King of Britain, suggests one of the fairest themes possible for the British Muse. No more worthy national epic could be produced than one that should embody his great deeds, and delineate his high character, in a coherent and clear narrative. No poet could win brighter laurels of song, or warmer gratitude of his countrymen, than he who, uniting the research of the historian, and the fire of the patriot, to the genius of the bard, should present a picture faithful to the lineaments of nature, yet not unadorned by the warm lights of fancy—a picture at once to satisfy the reason and captivate the heart.

We do not, it will be seen, express any desire for a romantic epic built up of the marvels of the Mabinogion, or Geoffrey of Monmouth, and too freely ornamented with the mediæval *fabliaux* of Le Grand and Malory. These sources, offering much that is truth-like and good, should be appealed to, doubtless, with discrimination and care, and made to supply episodes and embellishments to the main

subject. But the great object of a poet should be to develop the historical career of Arthur from the materials available, which are by no means so scanty or so incapable of arrangement as an English critic may suppose. Happily a spirit of inquiry in regard to our ancient records is being awakened; and when the gradual dissipation of the ignorance, hitherto so dark and so general, on the subject of the history of Britain of the first seven centuries, shall have followed the recovery and diffusion of the buried lights of the past, the prejudices which no persuasion now seems able to soften, and no evidence to overcome, must also be constrained to give way.

We would merely indicate in this place the chief circumstances of the Arthurian epoch, of that wide circle of glory which, to the especial honour of one remote county, had Tintagel and Camlan for its points of beginning and end. We would name the hero's birth—his early virtues and talents—his first series of contests with the Saxons—the twenty-six years of the Pendragonship—his not unworthy enemy Cerdic, more than once victorious, as the Saxon Chronicles, omitting all the rest, fail not to report—his fierce engagements with the Picts—the splendours of his courts at Caerlleon and at Caerduel (for Celtic Britanny has almost an equal share in these)—his illustrious friends and allies in war, as Maelgwn, Cador, Hoel, Nathanleod—in the Christian faith, as Teilo, Dubricius—in song, as Taliesin, Cattwg, Llywarch Hên—his undoubted band of true knights, as Caradoc, Gawain, Geraint—his three wives, each a Gwenhwyvar—the loyal love and happiness that marked his connection with the second—the miseries entailed by the third, which have been so finely described by the Laureate in the last Idyll—even his vices and failings, temporary and venial as we are glad to own them—the interesting incidents at Glastonbury, given by Caradoc in the *Life of Gildas*—his long absence in Armorica—the treason of Medrawd—and, above all, the grand campaign of seven years preceding the battle of Camlan, when the Pendragon saw himself opposed to his own kin and people, and in conflict at once with Saxon, Pictish, and British foes.

Brilliantly do the skill and bravery of Arthur shine out in this last and greatest effort, recalling the older struggle against the Roman armies of that other Prince of the Silurian family, who has made famous as Camlan, the lonely hill of Caer Caradoc.

Surely here is the outline of an epic! We desire in fact to see Arthur treated not solely as the shadowy hero of romance, the Alexander of the sixth century, overrunning Europe and even penetrating Asia, with knights all Paladins, and a Round Table of impossible chivalry and mystical enchantment; but as the skilled and intrepid defender of Britain against her swarming enemies—as a prince at once brave, beneficent, civilized, whether in the fierce fight of Mount Badon, or in the peaceful halls of Caerlleon.

We are aware that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in his preface to *King Arthur*, a work on which we believe he has declared his willingness to rest his fame, has taken in this respect a correct view of the king; but we must decline to accept *that* epic for anything more

than a laboriously polished and sonorous production of a scholarly mind; for a poem, indeed, not less faulty in design and erroneous in incident, than deficient in poetical fire and verbal grace. His prose novel *Harold* is far superior to it in most of the elements of superiority. And if Bulwer fails, what must be said of the twenty-two books of Blackmore? We can only imagine it to be extremely probable that Dryden was deterred from taking up Arthur, by the natural dislike of meddling with a theme which had been so mishandled by a contemporary who "wrote to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." In truth it is with the greatest of the British, as with the greatest of the Saxon kings. Given, a subject of noblest magnitude, of deepest national and human interest; and our best poets, either too languid or too indifferent to grasp the whole, timidly content themselves with culling an episode, or borrowing an allusion, while other writers, without fear or remorse, rush forward to their prey, and the result is that Alfred is left in the hands of a Cottle, and Arthur in those of a Blackmore.

We offer these remarks, suggested by the *Idylls* before us, chiefly with the earnest wish to induce Mr. Tennyson to redeem his name from the effect of the fragmentary and objectless character of his writings, and to connect it for ever with one great epic poem, taking for hero the "blameless king," whom he has already in the *Morte d'Arthur*, and in these sketches, so beautifully though so slightly portrayed.

A well known American critic has said that Tennyson would be the greatest living poet if only he had a *subject*. We give him one. We wait for an *Assertio Arturi* completer than Leland's, and such as a Ritson cannot slander, or a Giles ignore. No man could more fitly do the work; no work could better dignify the man. The necessary technical knowledge may be easily attained; and, in consulting original authorities on the subject, he would meet the readiest assistance and the warmest sympathies of a large and increasing section of scholars and archæologists.

In the meantime we have much pleasure in according our tribute of praise for his present work, of which, as it is in everybody's hands, a comparatively brief notice will suffice. The four Idylls, named respectively Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere, are extracted for the most part from the *Mabinogion*, as collected by Lady Charlotte Guest, and from the now very popular book of Sir Thomas Malory; and they present very attractive versions for the majority of readers who are now first made acquainted with these heroic legends. The adornments of sentiment and language are of course the Laureate's own; and, in general, he has happily succeeded in investing the subject with the delicate shades of thought, as well as with the simple graces of diction, which he can so completely command. The verse is rhymeless, being that form of the epic-iambic familiar to us in the old dramatists, and revived by Leigh Hunt and Shelley. It is distinguished for ease and naturalness, for power of expressing emotion, and of sustaining a narrative with clearness, sweetness, and strength. *Simplex*

munditiis. It is, however, characteristic of this blank verse, that it suggests too many commonplace and pointless expressions, with a fatal facility of its own; and in the work before us, instances are not wanting of lines which may be called prosaic, flat, and harsh.

The four Idylls are throughout similar in rhythm and style to the *Morte d'Arthur* which is surpassed by none of them, and which now falls naturally in its place as the last in the series. The tale of Geraint ab Erbin and Enid, taken from the second Mabinogi, is the longest in the book, and presents most graphically the loves and sufferings of the fair Enid, Earl Yniol's daughter, who is exposed to the cruel and causeless suspicions of her lord, and made to wander with him on desperate adventures of knight-errantry—a prototype of patient Griselda—until her true love and faith, proved by situations of increasing pain and difficulty, meet their appropriate triumph and reward. We hardly know in literature, and certainly not in life, a more beautiful presentment of the highest qualities in woman—purity, constancy, humility, and courage. The entertainment of the knight by Yniol, and his first meeting with Enid, as well as the scenes between the maiden and her mother, are exquisitely rendered; and her last trial in the Hall of Doorm has an intensely dramatic effect. Throughout this fine tale, the definitions of the impetuous Geraint and his heroic wife are admirably given in language remarkable for its antique simplicity and strength.

In strange contrast to Enid, the second tale, Vivien, is perhaps the most striking of all, and displays the highest poetical power, being that to which Mr. Tennyson evidently has most applied the original resources of his genius. *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.* We are not sure that there is sufficient authority in the romances for the complexion given to the intercourse of Merlin and Vivien. The name and story of Vivien in this shape do not occur in the bardic records. The *Morte d'Arthur,* however, mentions an enchantress who to escape from the importunities of Merlin immured him by a charm; and in other versions Viviana seems to be Morgren, the fairy-sister of Arthur. But whatever may be the sources of it, as a picture of seductive power in woman, and of wisdom artfully surprized into weakness, we look upon this Idyll as a great success.

We are unable to assent to the charge brought against it of undue colouring and immoral tendencies, unless it can be shown that the poet, whose office and privilege it is to deal with all developments of passion, and all phases of the mind, for general instruction and admonition, is bound to write down to the capacity of children, and to tone his masculine thought and language to the mild proprieties of a young ladies' boarding-school. Firm in our requirements of purity of purpose and loftiness of design, our *index expurgatorius* of themes is very brief. We have no craving for *verbal* immaculateness, and no desire to see poetry illustrated by family Shakspeares, or history taught by family Gibbons.

We could quote, if our limits permitted it, several fine passages from this poem; we would instance Merlin's tale of the Eastern king,

his queen, and the wizard who subdued her by a potent charm. The second of the last four lines of the Idyll contains a consummate stroke of graphic art.

Elaine—Mr. Tennyson seems fond of this form of accentuation—is a tale of considerable pathos, and has some noble descriptive lines; witness the knight's picture of Arthur in the twelve battles named by Nennius, and the death-drooping of the Lily Maid of Astolat. Our interest in her hopeless love for Lancelot never for a moment flags; and we doubt not that this will be the popular favourite of the four poems. The fate of Elaine and her last romantic wish may remind the reader of a well known poem of Mrs. Browning, as also of Mr. Tennyson's own first draft of the subject, the *Lady of Shalott*.

In each of the Idylls is given a song, written in the same metre, but with rhyme, in Mr. Tennyson's best manner, which we need hardly say is music itself. These are scarcely inferior to the bugle song in the *Princess*. The following from Enid perhaps best deserves to be cited; it is the song of Enid, in her father's hall:—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

The last Idyll, Guinevere, relates to Arthur's third queen, whom the Laureate has, not unnaturally, confounded with the others. She was not childless, being the only queen who had issue; nor was she the best beloved of the king's wives; that distinction was enjoyed by the second Guinevere, or more properly Gwenhwyvar, in whose grave Arthur was buried. All the queens are said to have had the *aurea coma*, the cherished yellow hair. The consequences of the criminal attachment of the third Guinevere to Lancelot, and, as the records tell, to Modred (Medrawd), "one of the three arrant traitors of the Isle of Britain," form the subject of this beautiful poem. The queen has fled to Amesbury (Caerlleon is otherwhere mentioned) for sanctuary; and in the nunnery, with no other companion than a little maid or novice, she awaits, unknown, the news of her own fate, and of the deplorable civil war which she has in a great measure excited.

The novice, who in the stranger suspects not the queen, expatiates with girlish garrulity on the queen's notorious crime, and on the virtues and sorrows of the prince and husband she has outraged. She narrates the fabulous incidents of his birth and career, and depicts the desolation brought on all by the queen, whose wounds she therefore only deepens in the endeavour to divert her sadness. This part of the

poem is very artfully managed, though it is perhaps of too great length. While the queen, who in a fit of passionate anger has driven away the novice, is saddening with the memories of her old state, and of her first meeting with the king, and is admitting the lingering emotions of her dishonourable passion, Arthur comes suddenly to the convent door, on a farewell visit of mercy to the fugitive, while on his way to the great battle in the west. This scene is by far the grandest in the book. The king addresses Guinevere, prostrate in her repentance and abasement before him, and at first, in a reproachful tone, recounts how she has "spoilt the purpose of his life," and brought discord and confusion into his kingdom, and among his knights, destroying the unity and purity of the Round Table, or, as Mr. Tennyson persists in calling it, the "Table Round." The following noble lines refer to this famed company:—

> "For when the Roman left us, and their law
> Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
> Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
> Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
> But I was first of all the kings who drew
> The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
> The realms together under me, their Head,
> In that fair order of my Table Round,
> A glorious company, the flower of men,
> To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time.
> I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
> To reverence the King, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they won her; for indeed I knew
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

He then tells her how, though his love has not departed from her, they must part for ever in this world, since he could neither live alone to see the desolation she had caused, and bear the reproach of her memory, nor yet live with her as Queen, in her guilt. Then comes this truly beautiful passage,—

> "He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
> Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
> Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
> Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
> As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"I loathe thee:" yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
Farewell!'

"And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

"Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found

The casement: 'peradventure' so she thought,
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom."

It will be observed that throughout this scene Mr. Tennyson seems to treat the three Guineveres as one only. The happiest portion of Arthur's life, as well as the most brilliant aspects of his Court and Round Table, are to be found during the queenship of the second Guinevere—a circumstance that would tend to remodel the king's address in the Idyll. We have no good opinion of any part of the third queen's life save its penitential close. The old distich tersely touches her character,—

"Gwenhwyvar, merch Gogyrvan Gawr,
Drwg yn vechan, gwaeth yn vawr!"

Throughout all the Idylls, and especially in the last, is apparent a high appreciation of Arthur's character, for which, in the interest of truth and of nationality, we cordially thank Mr. Tennyson. Yet the somewhat indefinite manner in which the hero's conduct is glanced at will prevent the full comprehension of him in the popular mind. And we are not sure that the epithet "blameless," applied to him, is itself blameless, or well chosen. We maintain that Arthur should be considered not as a demi-god, but as a hero lifted, it is true, above his fellows in virtue, ability, and valour, yet partaking of their failings, weaknesses, and sorrows. The solemn epic of humanity, as it is the dearest to human sympathies, is the highest that human genius can frame. We recur, therefore, to the leading purpose of this notice, and solicit from Mr. Tennyson a poem of greater expansion in design and detail—a heroic poem, worthy to the fullest extent of his hero, and of himself. Let him thus raise a monument to the glory at once of the sixth and the nineteenth centuries, solid and self-sustained, commanding the love and admiration of all who are called Britons, which may not be given for the mere subordinate enrichments of episode and allusion, even though these be set in a *Polyolbion*, or a *Faëry Queen*. We hail the present volume as bringing to *him* a fair accession of fame, and to *us* of good poetry, in a time when so much

of spurious is poured from a too facile press. But while confessing that *this* arrow has well reached the mark assigned to it, we demand from his richly stored quiver another and a mightier shaft, to be despatched on a loftier mission, and directed with a nobler aim.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Published under the Direction of the Central Committee of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. June, 1859.

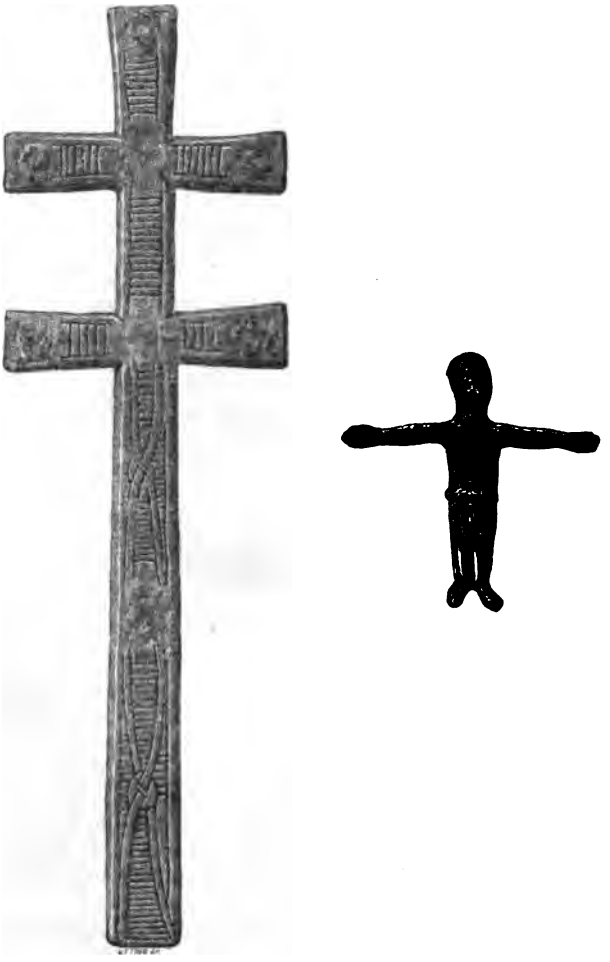
The present Number of this valuable Journal is highly interesting, not only in respect of the original articles it contains, but also with regard to the part appropriated to the report of the various meetings of the Institute. From the latter portion we learn that, at one of the recent meetings, Mr. W. W. E. Wynne, M.P., exhibited a cross and crucifix, found last year at Llanaber Church, in Merionethshire; and a thurible, apparently of the thirteenth century, found last year, near Corwen Church, in the same county. On the occasion of their exhibition, Mr. Wynne made the following observations, which we have much pleasure in transferring to our pages:—

"Llanaber is unquestionably the most interesting church in North Wales; in magnificence it certainly does not vie with the large, though very late churches of Mold, Gresford, and Wrexham, but, independently of its great beauty, it has some very peculiar features, as has been suggested by Mr. Freeman, either native Welsh, or imported from Ireland. These were described in a very interesting account of the church by that gentleman in one of the recent volumes of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, but the representation of the roof as there given is incorrect. It is not the good Early English roof of the nave, but that of the chancel, of probably much later date, and of a type, though good, very common in the North Wales churches. I will not dwell upon the generally admirable restorations of Llanaber Church, but proceed to give an account of the finding of this crucifix. At the east end of the south aisle was a rude mass of rubble masonry, which evidently had been the support of an altar-slab and frontal. This it was intended to preserve, but the workmen, when not watched, removed it. The cross was first found in the débris of this altar, and immediately afterwards the image. It seems doubtful, however, whether they belong to each other. The cross measures 7½ inches in length. I should mention that the clerestory windows of Llanaber, early as they appear to be, are insertions subsequent to the erection of the church. The principals of the roof come down immediately over the windows, and the end of each principal is cut off horizontally. Upon removing the plaster underneath the windows, in a line immediately below each principal, a square hole was discovered, edged with worked freestone; into these, evidently, had originally been inserted a hammer beam or corbel, supporting the roof above.

"In reference to the suggestion of Mr. Freeman, in his description of Llanaber to which I refer, that there are features essentially Welsh or essentially Irish in the architecture of the church; I may mention, that about the middle of the thirteenth century, or a little later[1] perhaps, a branch of the

[1] A relic of considerable interest is to be seen placed against the north wall of Llanaber church. It is the stone inscribed CALIXTVS MONEDO REGI, stated to have been found at the Cerrig Duon (the Black Stones) on the sea-shore, about half a mile distant from the church. Mr. Westwood has taken a careful *fac-simile* of this inscription.

great Irish sept of the Geraldines, Osborn (or Osber) Fitz Gerald, more commonly called Wyddel—the Irishman—settled in the neighbourhood. In an original tax-roll preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, of about



Bronze Cross and Early Crucifix Figure, found, in 1858, among the remains of an altar in Llanaber Church, Merionethshire.

(Two-thirds of the original size.)

the latter end of the reign of Edward I., those assessed at the highest sums in the parish of Llanaber, are 'Decanus,' doubtless the Rural Dean of Ardudwy, and 'Osborn.' Is it not probable that the latter person was founder of the church? If so, Irish features might reasonably be expected in its style.

"With regard to the Church of Corwen, near which the thurible was found, it has hardly an interesting feature. It is a rather large cruciform church, and probably its walls may be of Early English date, but the windows are of Late Perpendicular style, almost Debased, with the exception of an Early English triplet over the altar, now walled up. Corwen was the parish of the 'wild Glyndwr,' as he was sometimes styled. The bronze thurible found at Corwen

Bronze Censer found in Corwen Church, Merionethshire.
(Half size of the original.)

is here figured; it measures about 5 inches in height; diameter 3½ inches. It stands upon three short feet. A portion of bronze chain of very skilful workmanship was found with it; having doubtless served, when entire, for swinging the thurible and raising the pierced cover. These relics have been assigned to the thirteenth, or the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The Very Rev. Dr. Rock remarked that the cross is an example of the description termed the Lorraine Cross, which it is customary to carry in certain services of the church according to the Paris rite. The curious little long-vested crucifix figure does not appear, as he considered, to have originally belonged to the cross."

The woodcuts are those that appeared in the *Archaeological Journal*. We owe their appearance in this Journal to the kindness of Mr. Albert Way, to whom we take this opportunity of returning our best thanks

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